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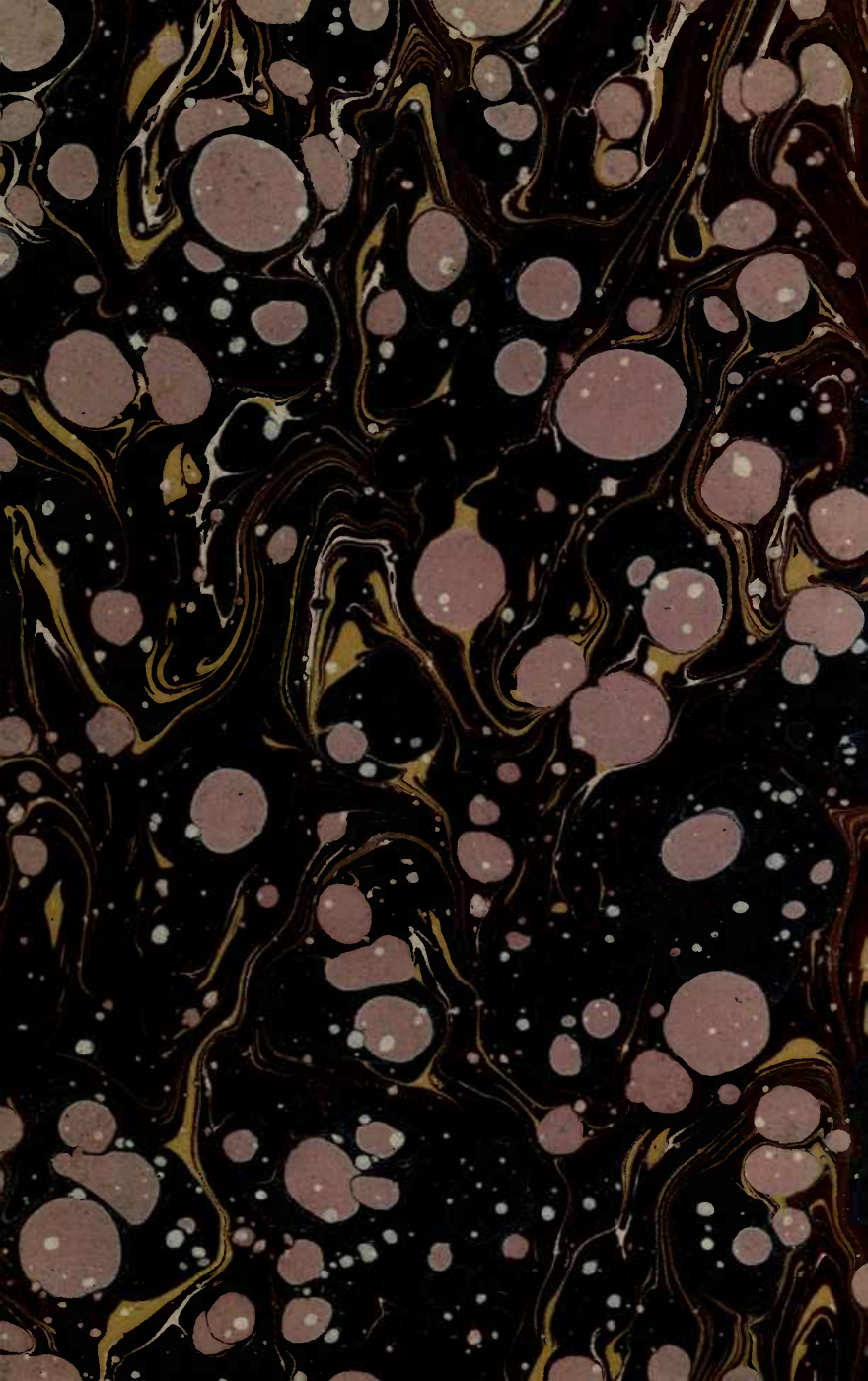

ESSAYS

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CONTRIBUTED TO BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

BY

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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

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ESSAYS.

CHURCH MUSIC, AND OTHER PAROCHIALS.

[APRIL 1837.]

I HEARTILY wish, my dear Eusebius, that the Bishops, in their goodness and piety, would regulate many little parochial matters, which falling upon the minor and less admitted authority of rectors and vicars, and particularly curates, to put in good order, raise a wonderful opposition. The difficulty of interfering with the wishes and habits of men whom you daily meet, and who may personally argue points with you, and thereby surely take offence, is very great. But the unseen power of the bishop—the mandate that comes under Episcopal seal (the larger the more imposing), and couched perhaps in part in elegant phraseology, which is, where not quite intelligible, taken for a mystery—and the impossibility, in general obscure country parishes, of the malcontents encountering a bishop in argument,—all this tells against any particular grievance with powerful decision. I speak not here of parishes of consideration, where there are many gentry, and the inhabitants are generally well informed; but of merely rural parishes, taken possession of, as it were, time out of mind, by small farmers, and a large population of labourers. There are very many of these in the kingdom.

In the old and easy way of repose, and taking things just as you find them, they are very comfortable resting-places for the indolent, or the young curate satisfied with few pleasures, and those mostly out of the parish.

The easy slipping and gliding into one of these ancient "settlements," with an improved stipend, and no greater liability to personal inspection and questionings than is incurred by annual archidiaconal and triennial Episcopal visitations, is justly a matter of self-congratulation to the unambitious "inferior clergy" (as we are called for distinction, and to obtain respect among our very ignorant parishioners, whose vocabulary may not contain words of six syllables). We take possession of house and orchard, fees and flock, if not with a patriarchal, with a classic feeling, and quote our Virgil for the last time—

"Et tandem antiquis Curetum allabimur oris."

Poor curates! the "working clergy"—for we must most of us work—we are not, and cannot all be so easily satisfied as these quoters of Virgil, the unencumbered with thought or family. A London gentleman's gentleman, whose delicate health required country air, sought the official situation of butler to the squire of a parish not far from mine. His manners were genteel—his views moderate—he took *but* two glasses of Madeira a-day. "And your wages?" quoth the squire.—"My *salary*," said he, with an emphasis, "only eighty guineas." *Squire.* "Considering, sir, that the country agrees with your health, and you take but two glasses of Madeira a-day, I think your salary is not very moderate; there are many of the 'inferior clergy' in this neighbourhood that have not so much."—"Ah! sir," replied the invalid, "I have often heard of that unfortunate class of gentlemen, and (putting his delicate hand upon his breast, and bending with an air of condescension) I pity them from the very bottom of

my heart." Now, this was well-bred pity, engendered doubtless by two glasses of Madeira a-day upon a sickly and nervous temperament. But the robust vulgar, better formed for beadles than sympathy, look upon the "inferior clergy" with quite another eye and attitude. A clerical friend, who, while in town, was engaged to officiate in the absence of the rector, was thus accosted by the clerk on his entry in the vestryroom: "Well, sir, are you the gentleman *as preaches*, or the man *as reads?*" Nay, my own poor clerk, who for fifty weeks in the year is a humble docile drudge, with simply a little excusable indented affectation and conceit in minor matters, inherited—for his father was clerk before him—always puts on more familiarity immediately after the two weeks in the year that the rector makes his appearance in the parish, leaving his blessing in his sermon, and taking away the tithes in his pocket. It was after one of these periodical visits I stood in the churchyard; a man in a fustian jacket passed us, nodding familiarly to my clerk. "Who is that?" said I.—"A *brother* officer of *ours*," quoth he, "clerk of ———."

"John," said I to him one day, "I must take you quietly to-morrow, or next day, into the church, and teach you to read, and make the responses better, and quite in another way."—"Why, sir," said he, "if I were to read just like you, there wouldn't be a bit of difference between us."

This is a long parenthesis, so, to return to the first sentence. I heartily wish the bishops would assist us with their authority where we cannot move but to our prejudice. And I really know nothing better, or nothing worse, on which they may try their hands, than country parish music; and if they were to extend it to all parishes it would not be amiss, for the Psalms of King David are not always thought good enough everywhere, and are superseded by namby-pamby mawkish hymns, of which I could furnish some speci-

mens, but I will not, for I do not think them all *proper*. Now, in our rural parishes, what can possibly be worse than the music, and what more difficult to remedy, and yet preserve *harmony?* Singers were ever notorious for loving to have things their own way: ask them to perform anything, they are dumb—there is no end to it when they begin of their own accord. "*Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus.*" But religious singers are of all the most given to sudden discords. They imagine the whole congregation assembled but to hear them: one of them told me with pride, that it was the only part of the service during which no one was asleep. Warming upon the subject, he added, that he had authority for saying, the singers in the Jewish Church had precedence of all other officials, and performed the most essential part of the service, as was clear from the Psalms, "The singers go before, and the minstrels (which he took to mean ministers) follow after." The conceit of country musicians is intolerable; what I chiefly complain of is their anthems. Every bumpkin has his favourite solo, and, oh! the murder, the profanation! If there be ears devout in the congregation, how must they ache! These anthems should positively be forbidden by authority. Half-a-dozen ignorant conceited fellows stand up; with a falsehood to begin with, they profess to sing "to the honour and glory of God," but it is manifestly to the honour and glory of John Jones, Peter Hussey, Philip White, John Stobes, Timothy Prim, and John Pride. Then, when they are unanimous, their unanimity is wonderful, as all may know who remember in full choir clarionet, bass, and bassoon assisting. "Some put their trust in Charrots, and some in Orses, but we will remember," &c. In our gallery there was a tenor voice that was particularly disagreeable; it had a perpetual yap yap in it, a hooh as if it went round a corner; he had a very odd way, of which certainly he did not "keep the *noiseless tenor*." Then not

only every one sings as loud as he can bawl, but cheeks and elbows are at their utmost efforts, the bassoon vying with the clarionet, the goose-stop of the clarionet with the bassoon —it is Babel with the addition of the beasts. By the by, it was a good hit of Coleridge's, it was the "loud bassoon" that suspended, and almost broke the charm that bound the wedding-guest to the Ancient Mariner's tale. Speaking of that audacious instrument, a misnomer was not inappropriate, if transferred to the player. A neighbour met a clown going from his own parish church to mine. "Why, John," said he, "what takes you this way?"—"I do go," quoth John, "to church to hear the BABOONS." He invariably reads Cheberims and Sepherims, and most unequivocally, "I am a Lion to my mother's children," and really he sometimes looks not unlike one. This reminds me of a clergyman I knew ages ago, now dead many years—an amiable excellent man, who went by the name of The Lion, he was so like one. He had, too, a manner of shaking his head at you in coming into a room, that was quite frightful. I have often heard him tell the following anecdote of himself: He had to petition Lord Chancellor Thurlow for the transfer of a poor country Crown living from an uncle. Accordingly, the simple man waited on the Lord Chancellor. He heard old Thurlow roar out (as his name was announced), "Show him in." In he walks, shaking his head as usual, and looking very like a lion. Thurlow immediately cried out, "Show him out," adding, with an oath, *more suo*, "I never saw such an ugly man in my life." But he gave him what he wanted.

If the clergyman happens not to be musical, the whole choir hold him in contempt—but if he make attempts occasionally to join and do his best, pleased with the compliment, they will spare him; as thus—One wishing to put the choir in good-humour, had the hypocrisy to applaud their efforts to the principal singer, who replied, pulling up his waistband

and looking satisfaction, "Pretty well for that, sir; but dang it, we didn't quite pat off the stephany" (symphony); "Does your parson sing?"—"A do mumbly a bit." Now, this was meant to let him down easy; it was neither praise nor quite contempt, but one qualified with the other. But could I put before you their books—could you read or hear what they do sing, especially on occasions such as weddings, funerals, and some festival days, when they take the liberty of an *ad libitum*, and thus outrun King David with a vengeance, you would laugh heartily for an hour or two; and as that might be construed into throwing ridicule on the church, I will not give you the opportunity, but I will, by one anecdote, show you that they are not very nice in their selection. An old singer, who had vociferated from boyhood past his threescore years and ten, wishing to keep up the astonishment of the congregation to the last, asked a young lady to give him some new tunes. In a frolicsome mood she played him the common song, "In a cottage near a wood." The old man was delighted, requested words and music to be given him—it was done—and night and day was he at it. And how do you think he adapted it to the church? You shall hear; and would you had heard *him*, and seen *him*—his flourishes and his attitudes—the triumph of music over age! Thus, then, he adapted it, singing, "In a cottage near a 'ood."

"Love and Laura, ma'am, ain't Scriptural—and must make it Scriptural—so,

'Love and Lazarus still are mine.'"

"*Risum teneatis.*" Never was love so joined. But what will you say to the *charms* of Lazarus? Impossible—no—it is even so. Thus,

"Lazarus, oh, my charming fair,
None wi' Lazarus can compare."

Judging from this specimen, you will not think it safe to request a peep into *his book*. But do you think any piety, any devotion, proof against risibility, with such an ally as Lazarus anthemised with love in a church gallery? I am sure none of the congregation could have slept after that, with the *affettuoso* and the *con spirito* in their ears; and had that been sung last Sunday, instead of the funeral hymn, a compilation from "Death and the Lady" and the 90th Psalm, we shouldn't have been disturbed as we were, for the melancholy drone had set a great portion of the congregation to sleep before I had given out the text. A great fat fourteen-year-old farmer's daughter had seated herself, with three sisters and a little brother, in the exact proportion of the descending scale. They were of the "Nid noddin' at our house at hame" family. A nodding indeed they had of it; the big one lost her balance, fell against the sister, that sister against the other, then the other, and then the boy, and down they all went on the floor of the pew, like a pack of cards,—one, indeed, heavy with her own weight, the rest with additional.

While on the subject of parish choirs, I must mention one situation in which you have it in perfection. Did you ever attend a parish club? I assure you, if you are once a curate, and aim at decent popularity that you may do good, you must not refuse the invitation, which is given with much ceremony, —nay, more, you must carve the mutton, and the beef, and the veal, sit at the end of a long table, close by the door, yourself the only opposing barrier to the fume, heat, and tobacco-smoke, which rushes for an exit thereto. But it is of the music I wish to speak. On these occasions, there is a junction of parish bands; and when, after dinner, to do honour to yourself as a guest, and the club, they are *all* packed in one room, not a large one, with scarcely space to exercise their elbows, which makes them more strenuous at the blowing; and when they set to work with a twenty-musician power of

lungs and instruments, all striving for the mastery—when you hear, you will be convinced that it was a peculiar tyranny in the king of Babylon to make all people and nations fall down and worship him, at "the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and *all kinds* of music." For if Orpheus is feigned to have uprooted inanimate trees, and made immovable things move, so would such wondrous powers have a contrary effect on things animate and movable, of making them stand stock-still with astonishment and confusion. As far as I can observe, cornet, dulcimer, and sackbut are an antidote to worship. In an argument upon the never-ending subject, excepting the self-worship of the performers, the relative merits of the sister arts, Music, Poetry, and Painting, an ingenious friend quaintly observed, that music was very well but for the *noise*. With the remembrance of the parish-club salute upon me, I perfectly agree with him. Shakespeare must have witnessed something of the kind, when he put into Lear's mouth, "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks." I have often wondered at the fact, that farmers and agricultural labourers are, more than any other class of persons, subject to deafness. It never occurred to me before that it might arise from Parochial Music.

I have pointed out a case in which bishops may interfere, and do not. I will mention one where they do, and should not. They should not make any part of the parishioners spies upon the conduct of their clergyman; mutual mistrust is engendered thereby, and no little hypocrisy, and the clergyman degraded. It should be taken for granted that the parish will complain, if there be need; but do not let circulars be sent to John Stiles and Peter Pipes, churchwardens, and Joseph Budge, overseer, to report how the clergyman conducts himself; for ten to one but this triumvirate will think higher of themselves than of their "spiritual pastor and master," to whom their set-aside Catechism taught

them "to submit," with the admirable addition, "to hurt nobody by *word* nor deed. If there must needs be an overseer, let it be, as the name implies, *Episcopus*, the Bishop.

It should seem that the clerical Saturnalia are arrived, and that I could not wait a moment, but must unpack the burden of my complaints, and throw them at my betters; for, in truth, my dear Eusebius, I had nearly forgotten that I sat down to reply to your very grave letter. It is your serious intention, you say, to enter holy orders; and that the curacy of —— is offered to you as a title. You wish to know my opinion as to the compatibility, both of your temper and turn of mind, for the sacred office? You are now twenty-eight years of age; I know you are free from all mercenary views (and God help the honesty of those who would construe the taking the curacy of —— into a mercenary act). I know, as you say, you have no *interest* in the Church. Your object is to devote sincerely to the profession an ardent enthusiastic mind; and, according to your gifts, to do good. But, my dear Eusebius, we are not all what we would be, and often ourselves overlook some trifling disqualifications, when our zeal urges us to attain the accomplishment of great things. There is in you, then, believe me, a spice of genius, that, for want of early direction to any one pursuit, has mixed itself with everything you undertake—and excuse me if I say, somewhat whimsically. When I say genius, I am not showing that you are poet, painter, or musician, or any other *er* or *ician;* but you might have been any of these. The genius within you then, for lack of regular employment, has sported and gambled with your ideas, and, like an idle imp, furnished you oft with very inappropriate ones. On the most grave occasions have I observed you in vain try to set aside obtrusive pleasantries, and buckle your mind to the matter of fact. Far be it from me to charge you, above all men living, with levity—the symbol of a weak head and unfeeling

heart. With you, all Nature's sympathies are alive and active. How shall I describe your peculiarity ?—you have a spice of Yorick in you. You will be perpetually misunderstood; and from the uncontrollable sportiveness of your own fancy, never give yourself time to understand and manage the opinions and tempers of others, with which your own must be brought in conflict. Your ready perception of the ridiculous, and your irresistible propensity to laugh, and speak according to your humour, offer serious obstacles in the way of the good you would do. You will say, the solemnity of religion will protect you. Believe it not. If you could prescribe and limit the solemnity, it would; but your solemnity is not all the world's solemnity; and with even religious things, and in religious offices, are mixed up the ridiculous and the disgusting. We need indeed daily, we, the working clergy, patience, charity, and forbearance—to keep in abeyance our own feelings, tastes, and even understanding, that we may thoroughly enter into the minds of those with whom we have to do. But, my dear Eusebius, can you do this ?—I fear not. I know well the curacy you are offered; it is a wild place. The people say of it, that it was the last that was made, and there was not enough of good materials left —it does appear, in truth, be it spoken with reverence, a heaven-forgetting and heaven-forgotten place. With some few exceptions of a higher cast, and who do not think the less highly of themselves, but will think less highly of you, and not relish your being above them in the eyes of the rest, your parishioners will be very small farmers and labourers, the latter in all respects by far the best; the former, ignorant, prejudiced, with a pride peculiarly their own, and extreme dulness of understanding. Now, judge for yourself. But it will not be amiss if I look over my diary; and remember that it will tell of occurrences in a parish very superior in intellectual advancement to that which you purpose to be the scene

of your labour of love. I shall omit dates, and not separate from the extracts my comments, by marking anything as quotation from my commonplace-book or diary.

Marriages.—How very lightly people think of marriages when they make them, whatever they may do afterwards; and many examples are there then of the evil and the good —the "better" and the "worse." I had been called upon, in the absence of my friend B——, to marry a couple in the little town of ——. After I had married this couple, a very dirty pair offered themselves—a chimney-sweeper, in his usual dress and black face, and a woman about fifty.—What could possess them to marry? The man ran off from the church door as soon as the ceremony was over, as fast as he could run; the woman took a contrary direction. As I was on horseback, I overtook her; she had a rabble after her, and seeing me, pointed me out, hurraing, "There's the man that ha' done it—there's the man that ha' done it!" Unused to such salutations, and not knowing if it was the habit of the place, and fearing a wrong construction as to what I had done, I rode away somewhat faster than some think consistent with clerical regulations. It is astonishing how ill understood are even the words of the marriage-service. It is in vain you explain. It is nearly always, for "I thee endow," "I thee and thou," and the holy ordinance is fired out of their mouths as if it were a piece of cannon. How should it be otherwise? they never heard of the word before. But I cannot excuse them not practising beforehand the putting on the ring, which is almost invariably *forced* on—the man's thumb wetted in his mouth, and the fat finger squeezed, and the ring finally forced down with the nail. They take, "To have and to hold" so literally, that, having once the ring on and the finger held, they never know when to let go.

I said, I cannot tell why the couples that marry should marry. Now, here is an instance of a reason being given;

and it being a rare thing, and a rare reason, it ought to be noted. Very recently, bluff big farmer M—— told me he was to be married on such a day. I was taken by surprise, for I had buried his wife but a very few months. He was a stout, big widower, near sixty, with lungs louder than any Stentor, and very irritable. He saw I was surprised, and took fire, and literally roared, "Why, now, what be I to do? I got vive cows to calve, and nobody to look ater 'em." Foolish man, thought I, and I remembered the passage—"How shall a man have understanding whose talk is of bullocks?"—"And pray," said I, to the bride-elect, as I met her soon after this, "what may be your reason?" She was a widow, and, like an old bird, was not to be caught with chaff. She looked very grave and business-like, and replied, "There is a widowhood on the estate."

One had practised the ceremony beforehand—he was a deaf man, but, unfortunately, he had taken the wrong leaf; and being asked if he would, "forsaking *all* other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live;" and being nudged to answer, repeated the response from the Order of Baptism, "I renounce them all."

There is a very curious custom here, of ringing the wedding-peal for all who die unmarried. They are then supposed to be married like St Catharine. Is this a remnant of Popish practices? I was shocked the other day at an instance in which this ceremony was performed. A wretched old creature died in the poor-house; certainly she was never married, but her son attended her funeral. She had, in truth, lived a sad life, but was a St Catharine in her death; and oh! abused, insulted virgin purity! she was now the bride, and had her marriage-peal. How strange it is, that the people themselves do not see the insult to all virtue, the mockery and the silliness of this.

Christenings.—They tell of Bishop Porteous, that he had an

utter aversion to long names, and fine names, and more than one name. That being called upon, when a parish priest, to christen a poor man's child, Thomas Timothy, he dipped his finger hastily in the basin, cut the matter and the names short, and christened the child "Tom Tit." The fashion is now running, and has been for some years, to fine names—Bettys, Sallys, Sukeys, Nannys, are all gone;—and apropos upon Nanny, I have seen the beautiful old ballad, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me," adapted to modern elegance thus, "Amelia, will you go with me." This, however, has nothing to do with church christenings, but it shows that "a rose, by any other name," may in time smell sweeter.

A clown, who had been engaged to *stand* godfather, and had not practised *kneeling*, ludicrously disturbed the ceremony, not long ago, by overshooting the hassock, and falling completely over on his face on the bare stones. He cut his nose, the bleeding of which took him out of church, and delayed us some time.

Now of names.—Surely I have entered on the register the strangest imaginable. A mason's wife, and belonging to the next parish, presented her urchin. What took place is exactly as follows: "Say the name," said I, with my finger in the water. "Acts, sir," said she. "*Acts*," said I, "what do you mean?" Thinks I to myself, I will *ax* the clerk to spell it. He did—A C T S; so Acts was the babe, and will be while in this life, and will be doubly, trebly so registered, if ever he marries or dies. Afterwards, in the vestry, I asked the good woman what made her choose such a name. Her answer *verbatim:* "Why, sir, we be religious people; we've got vour on 'em already, and they be caal'd Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and so my husband thought he'd compliment the Apostles a bit." The idea of complimenting the Apostles with this little dab of living mortar was too much; even I could not help laughing. I have no doubt she

will go on to Revelations, they being particularly religious people.

Funeral.—Poor farmer Q——! I feel for him—he has lost a good wife, and a good mother to his large family. It made my heart ache to see the poor man bringing his children, down to the youngest, all in decent mourning, to pay their last duty to a faithful wife and tender mother. They were earlier than I expected; I overtook him and his children (they were in a covered cart, with curtains behind), half a mile from the church, in a shady lane. The sun was flickering through the foliage of the high hedge, and playing upon the dark curtains, and the youngest child, with almost an infantine smile, was playing with them, and putting her finger on the changeful light. As she removed the curtains, within were seen the family group, the cast-down father at the head. The children, from sixteen years of age downward, were variously affected—the elder weeping; a middle one, probably a pet, sobbing loudly; others below, with a fixed look, as if surprised at the strangeness of their situation. But the childish play of the youngest, who could not, perhaps, conceive what Death was, was such a vindication of the wisdom and goodness of Providence and Nature that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, that I have often since had the scene before me. That poor child required unconsciousness of this world's miseries, that, fully and deeply felt, would have torn its weak frame, and nipped the life in the bud, and therefore permanent sensibility was denied, and is denied to all such. I never saw the awfulness of death and the newness and sportiveness of life so brought together. The occasion was death, and the child was at play with it, and unhurt;—and I thought of the passage—"The weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den." The accident of thus meeting the funeral affected me greatly. There was another incident attending it that distressed me

at the time, and does so even now when I think of it. How often do the most solemn and the ridiculous unite, and how difficult is it for poor weak infirmity of human nature to say, to this I will positively incline, and resist the other. I trust I did resist; but, my dear Eusebius, what must have been the case with you? I received the funeral at the bottom of the churchyard, and there lives at the very gate the general tradesman of the village, who acts as undertaker. He was at the head, directing the procession, and by his side, and fronting me, stood, as if waiting for the order to move, a tame magpie, the property of an old dame who lived in a cottage facing the undertaker's. The creature, with his black coat and white breast, looked so like an undertaker with his scarf, and he stood so in order, and looked so up at me, that I would have given the world if any kind hand had wrung his neck. The procession began to move; and what should the creature do but hop on and join me as I was reading the service, and so continued hopping close at my side, even into the church, and to the very step of the reading desk. I did not dare to suggest to any one to remove him, for I know there is a superstition about magpies, and I feared directing the attention of the mourners to the circumstance. He hopped out of church with me and peered into the grave, and then looked up at me; and yet I went through the service, and I trust seriously—but there was at times a great difficulty. My good Eusebius, I tremble when I think of you in such a situation;—why, you would have been so taken possession of by your sense of the ridiculous, that I know not what gambols you would have made—you might have capered over the coffin for aught I can tell—have been called an unfeeling wretch, and represented as such to the bishop of the diocese—all the while, that I will answer for you, your heart would have been aching for the poor distressed family, and you would have given your year's stipend—ay,

much more—that this had not occurred, to add to their distress.

We have had, as I think, a disgraceful burial. A poor youth, about nineteen years of age, has been buried in a ditch in the churchyard, at twelve o'clock at night, because a stupid coroner's inquest jury would bring in their verdict—*felo de se*. It was as clear an act of temporary insanity as could be. The case was this: The poor boy had gone into the town of ——— on a market day, and had purchased a print with some little savings, intending, when he could save more, to buy another he saw. He returned home, ate a hearty supper, and was very cheerful—went into the stable to do up his horse, and there was found suspended and dead. I remonstrated with the foreman of the jury. "We couldn't by no means do no other," said he; "for we couldn't discover *the least reason* for his destroying himself!"—"Then," said I, "he did it without reason, did he?"—"Without the least," replied he.—"Then," said I, "if he had done it *with* reason, with intention to be released from a known trouble, and perfectly in his reason, you would have brought in a contrary verdict?"—"Insanity, without doubt," he replied. Oh, it is lamentable that the stupidity of a foreman should infect a whole jury! To argue further would have been a waste of words. This reminds me to refer to another case in which a boy hanged himself, but was cut down in time. This happened a year and more before the other. I was called to see the boy (an apprentice to a poor and small farmer), he was a half-stupid, half-cunning, and wholly wicked-looking boy, stunted in growth, apparently about sixteen years of age. The account given of him was that he was desperately wicked—that, a little before, he had attempted to drive the plough over one of the farmer's children, and they were greatly afraid of him. I talked to the boy—"Why did he do it?"—"The devil had told him to do it."—"Where did

he see him?"—"Very often."—What sort of a person was he?"—"Like a gentleman, with a bit of white hanging over his boots." I then left the boy and went into the house to talk with his mother, who had arrived, and directed the doctor to be sent for. When I went out to the boy again, a man who had walked to the farm with me was making him repeat, after him, the Lord's Prayer. They had just come to the words, "Give us this day our daily bread."—"Bread!" said the boy, with stupid astonishment, looking up in the gentleman's face; "we don't ha' much bread—mostly taties." I knew the medical men would give him physic, and I, to keep him safe in the interim, gave him promise of a treat worth living for—that, Sunday-week, if he would come to the Parsonage, I would give him a good dinner of roast-beef, and a shilling in his pocket. He did not make another attempt—but he turned out very ill—was near committing murder, and, through fear of it, induced a poor girl to marry him. I fear it was a sad affair, and perhaps will end in one of the deep tragedies of the lower walks of life, of which there are more than the higher wot of. I had recollected this youth being once a scholar in our Sunday school, but he stayed a very short time, and then showed either his wickedness or his ignorance, for, to a question in the Catechism, he returned thanks "for this state of starvation." I took no notice of it; and he was, in truth, ragged and starved enough. There is sometimes a quaintness in these half-cunning, wicked stupid persons, that is very like wit. I remember an instance. A half-witted boy, maintained by the parish, was in the habit of tearing off all his clothes, till they found a method of buttoning his jacket behind. Doubtless he was not fed like a fat friar. Meeting one day a greyhound (there is always a fellowship between such and these dumb creatures), he looked earnestly at him, and felt with his hand down his backbone, and spanned him round his body. "Ah,

my poor fellow," said he, "it is bad times for you and I since buttoning-in in the back is come into fashion." It is very questionable if education would add anything to the intellects or habits of these poor creatures.

We never could establish more than a Sunday school. There is no class of persons so indifferent to education as farmers; they do not give any encouragement to it. There is good and evil in most things. I have seen so much loss of filial and parental affection from the parish becoming the general supporter (for it frequently happens that old people in a poor-house know nothing whatever of their families, if they be dead or living, though perhaps not separated many miles), that I doubt much if the little hearts of children, or the bigger of their mothers, are bettered by the removal of the one from the other, as in infant schools; and the removal of the solicitude, the hourly care, is, it is to be feared, at the same time a removal of affection. Why should they at these infant schools teach the children such antics? They learn the numeration-table by thumping or slapping, rather indecorously occasionally, the different parts of their persons, and cannot count "wan, too, dree, fower, vive," without it. There is by far too much rote learning, parroting, in children's schools. A sensible friend told me he was called in to hear the children, when, disgusted with the parrot-order of the thing, he said to one of the children, when quite another question should have been asked, "Come, my good little boy, tell me what's your duty to your father and mother?"—"It's all sin and misery," squeaked out the urchin. Perhaps, in the modern system of separation, the answer may become appropriate. I remember a circumstance narrated by a friend that at the time much amused me. A very good lady had taken great pains to establish an infant or children's school upon a large scale, and had sent into the country a person who happened to be one of the

Society of Friends, to collect money, and apple-trees for the school garden. He called upon the narrator, and told his double purpose. "Ah!" said my friend, "apple-trees! a very proper thing, and the poor little children will have nice apples to eat."—"No, friend," quoth Starch, "not to eat." "Oh! for puddings, then! better still—a very good plan."—"No, 'tisn't for puddings neither, nor pies." "No?" said my friend; "what then?"—"It is to teach them to *resist temptation.*" "Oh! that is it, is it? To resist temptation! That is very strange. Mayhap, then, you are not acquainted with a book that, in my younger days, was thought much of—indeed we were made to read it daily, and learn it; and I recollect a passage in it well, for I always repeated it twice a-day, rising in the morning and going to bed at night. Perhaps you never read that book, for it was taught me by my mother before infant schools were thought of. The passage was this: 'Lead us *not into* temptation.'" This was too much for the district missionary for the planting of apple-trees; he broke away with some warmth, saying, "Ah, friend, I see thee dost know nothing about it." There is something pleasant in the conceit that the little urchins of our present day, by a little routine of slapping *all* their sides to the numeration-table, and singing all that they should say to the canticle of "This is the way to London town," should be so very superior to our full-grown first parents. I have very little experience in these matters, but it does appear to me that it would be much better to "whip the offending Adam out of them" before they are put in the way of temptation; and certainly they will have some tunes and slapping practices of perpetual motion to unlearn before they will be of use in any known trade or employment.

I do not see that there was any occasion for my attending the funeral of Farmer M., to ride in procession five miles from the house to the church. My unlucky clumsiness has

put me quite out of humour with myself and the silly people. I was invited at half-past ten, and thought it was to breakfast, but it turned out to be a dinner at twelve. It was a wet day, the whole house smelt of damp and black cloth. I never saw mourning look so ill and inauspicious as upon the company of farmers in top-boots. I felt quite out of place and uncomfortable. But let me give some account of the dinner. I suppose it was according to some rule. There was a piece of beef at the top, next to that a fillet of veal, then a leg of mutton—then a leg of mutton, a fillet of veal, and a piece of beef; the sides had baked plum-puddings opposite to each other. Everything was by duplicate, so that, from the centre, the top and bottom were exactly alike. Before setting off, the nurse that had attended the sick man brought round cake and wine, with a peculiar cake folded in paper for each to put in our pockets. It was certainly very stupid of me—and I thought the old hag, when she entered the room, looked like an Alecto—but so it happened, as I put out my hand to take the glass, and at the same time turning somewhat round, the sleeve of my gown knocked down the wine-glass, spilt the wine, and broke the glass. The old nurse croaked out in a tone that arrested every one's attention, "There will be another death in the family! the parson has spilt the wine and broken the glass!" I thought she spat vipers out of her ugly mouth. All looked first at each other and then at me. If I had been guilty of murder they could not have looked, as it then appeared to me, with more scowling aspects. I may *now* add to this, that, in fact, it little signified. The significant looks at each other on the occasion were not on my account. The sister of the dead man, whose husband was present, was then actually dying of a consumption; and in the course of a very few months the widower and the widow made the omen lucky by sanctifying it in church in holy matrimony. I will, however, take great

care not to spill wine again at a funeral, for it is not to be expected that on all occasions the parties concerned in the omen will so help me out of the predicament. There are a great many silly people very wise in their own conceit, that for ever tell you philosophy has driven superstition from the land, which only proves that these foolish people know very little of the land, and are themselves superstitious enough to believe that the whole world is rolled up in their own persons. I will venture to say, there never was more superstition — political and religious. Reasonable things are rejected in both, and absurdities and impossibilities believed in both. Many of our large cities are divided between these two infatuations. The one half is a hot-bed, where the newest religions are raised as occasions may require, and the other half rears political mushrooms, poisonous and credulous. But there is still pretty much of the old superstition remaining in country places; and I am not sure that it can be replaced by a better—it is generally harmless. How many town-thousands take tens of thousands of Morison's pills, and why should not the country have its cunning man? I have known three old women notorious witches; one believed herself to be one at last; I saw her die, when she had a very large pair of scissors laid on her bed, and she moved her fingers as she would clip with them. She could not then speak. The people about her said, all the boxes and drawers in the room must be opened, or the soul couldn't escape, and that was the reason she was so long dying. When they think a person is dying, you will always find them facilitate the passage by opening the boxes. By the by, two old nurses were overheard complimenting each other on their many "beautiful corpses," and their various methods of making people die easy, when one whipped a bit of tape out of her pocket, and said she always found when they struggled, that just gently pressing this against the throat

was an invaluable remedy for hard dying—they went off like infants in a sleep. But to the matter of witches—of the two other, one is now living, and was shot at by a young farmer, who thought himself bewitched, with a crooked sixpence; it went through her petticoat. This not succeeding, he caught her and drew blood from her arm. Her witchcraft, I believe, consisted in her having more sense than her neighbours, and being able to read and write. Yet there is a much worse superstition creeping in very fast. The Initiated are religionists. They get a poor weak creature in among them in a heated close room, and roar and throw themselves into wonderful tantrums, calling upon the Lord, and ordering him very audaciously to come down and convert the sinner. I have often heard them, and on one occasion a person coming out, I asked him what was doing. He said that John Hodge was "under a strong conviction," and would soon give in. And so in fact he did, for I heard a tremendous noise, which I found to be, that the poor fellow had tumbled down in a fit, and they all fell down upon him, shouting, laughing, and giving thanks. I cannot possibly describe the uproar and blasphemous tumult I heard with my own ears. There was a young girl, about seventeen years of age, who had been, as they said, put into a trance by the spirit for three days. On her awaking she told the Initiated, and they to all the neighbourhood, that she had been to the "wicked place," and had there seen Mrs B. (a very respectable lady of the next parish) trying to escape from the fire, and the devil tossing her back with a pitchfork. She, with a deputation, went a few days after to Mrs B. to warn her of her danger. How sorry am I to say it, the visions of this young girl were scarcely disbelieved by any, at most doubted; but very many of the poor believed all she said. The girl turned inspired preacher, as might have been expected, and would have been the founder of a new sect in the

parish had she stayed long; but she went off with a male preacher, and we never heard more of her, and there was an end of it. I dare say when she is somewhat older, and has learnt a few more tricks, she will start up in full blaze in London, and be the possessor of Johanna Southcote's silver pap-dish and cradle.

Ghosts *have* been seen; and more than one person *walks*. This reminds me of a whimsical scene. It is the custom in the parish to have sand floors. A new one was laid in the poor-house; after a certain time it must be beat till quite hard. The operation of the beating and pounding in this instance took place in the night, by a solitary mason—a seemingly simple fellow, but a great knave. The poor-house window looks into the churchyard, below the level of which is the floor. This house nearly joined mine, and the noise awoke us, and it was thought thieves were breaking in. A young man in the house jumped out of bed and slipped on my surplice, determined to ascertain from whence the noise came. He looked in at the window from the churchyard, and saw the mason hard at it: of course at such work he could hear no step; so that, when the youth suddenly appeared before him in his surplice, he took him for a ghost or an angel, dropt his rammers, and was upon his knees in a moment, crying—"O Lord, O Lord, don't come nigh me; go back again, go back again; which of them things (meaning the ancient tombs) did ye come out of?" He fell sick from fright, and put himself on his club for a fortnight. I have often tried to make out the exact ideas the poor people have of angels—for they talk a great deal about them. The best that I can make of it is, that they are children, or children's heads and shoulders winged, as represented in church paintings, and in plaster-of-Paris on ceilings; we have a goodly row of them all the length of our ceiling, and it cost the parish, or rather the then minister,

who indulged them, no trifle to have the eyes blacked, and nostrils, and a touch of light red put in in the cheeks. It is notorious and scriptural, they think, that the *body* dies, but nothing being said about the head and shoulders, they have a sort of belief that they are preserved to angels—which are no other than dead young children. A medical man told me, that he was called upon to visit a woman who had been confined, and all whose children had died. As he reached the door, a neighbour came out to him, lifting up her hands and eyes, and saying, "O she's a blessed 'oman—a blessed 'oman."—"A blessed woman," said he; "what do you mean? —she isn't dead, is she?"—"Oh no—but this un's a angel too—she's a blessed 'oman, for she breeds angels for the Lord." There is something very shocking in this; it will be so to read as it is to write—but being true, it must be written, or we cannot give true and faithful accounts of things as they are. I called but a short time since at a farmhouse, where was an old woman, a servant, in trouble, I believe, about one of her family; and there was a middle-aged, solemn-looking woman trying to comfort her; and in a dialect I cannot pretend to spell, which made it the more odd, told her she ought to go to church, and look up at the little angels she was sitting under, and see their precious eyes, and take comfort from them.

I had for some time observed the parish-clerk hurried in his manner, and flushed in his face; and one morning I saw him running wildly, apparently without an object—but I said nothing. All his relatives and connections were Methodists, and I knew he frequented their chapel; but little did I think that any one of the sect would boast of driving him out of his senses. But so it was: on Sunday night one of the principal persons in the village of that persuasion came to me with a very solemn, mysterious, and mystical face, and told me that my clerk was out of his mind; that he had been at chapel,

and heard a most powerful—a most working discourse, from the Rev. Mr A.; that he was then raving, and it was wished that I should go and see him. "My good friend," said I, "do not either yourself or your reverend minister take any burden upon your consciences that you have driven the poor fellow mad. I assure you it is no such thing—I saw it coming on this week past." That which should have comforted, however, made my informant chopfallen. But will it be credited at headquarters? his friends of the connection went to the cunning man—of that, by-and-by. I went to see the poor fellow. Melancholy as was the circumstance, the scene was ludicrous in the extreme. He was sitting up in bed, surrounded by his friends; some were praying, some crying. When I arrived there was a pause; but what made the scene so ludicrous was the position, the employment, and expression of features of the carpenter of the village, a sot, and unshaved. He was behind the clerk on the bolster; he looked for all the world like a huge monkey; and he was shaving the head of the unfortunate man, pretty much perhaps as he would plane a board. The clerk, as I said, was sitting up in bed; he knew me, and conversed, but incoherently, with me; then broke out into singing, with the following intermixture of spiritual address to me :—

"My love, she is a pretty maid,
Tallura, lura, lura.

Oh, sir, these are rough means of grace—

Tallura, lura, lura."

Again went the plane over his head, and again—"These are certainly rough means of grace—

Tallura, lura, lura."

Poor fellow—my dear Eusebius, had you been there!—but I will spare you—I will only tell you one fact, that the coroner's jury and foreman who sat upon the body of the poor boy were there; and I would not answer for the manner in which

they would have treated you. I said the friends went to the cunning man—the result was, that, in a week or two, they walked the poor man by a river, and suddenly pushed him in, and drew him out, they said, cured. Certain it is he did recover perfectly, and never has been so since. You, my dear Eusebius, never would have suspected danger in such a duty; and well do I know the human sympathies that throb from your heart, and set in motion every nerve, sinew, and limb to run to the relief of the afflicted, without considering if any relief can be given, or what danger may be to yourself in offering it, would have sent you to the spot, whatever might have been the consequence.

There is another incident of the ludicrous, which I am almost ashamed to mention—it may bear the appearance of levity—far from such is my intention in any part of this letter. One side of our churchyard is bounded by an orchard, into which it so happened a poor ass had strayed, and either not liking his quarters, or being weather-wise, or from some cause or other, at the very moment, mind you, that I was in the pulpit, and had just uttered the words, "Let us pray," set up such a hideous and continued braying, that half the congregation were on the laugh or in the titters. It would almost seem as if the animal had mistaken the doubtful letters, or, I should say, letters of affinity, and had followed an injunction, that, in the eyes of the congregation, put *us* on an affinity. Now, Eusebius, you know you could not have borne this; you would have burst out, and tossed your sermon-case in the air; and though they had been the heaviest of discourses—the "*sermones repentes per humum*"—they would have risen "fugitive pieces," and been lost as the sibyl's leaves. Your detestation of hypocrisy would, I fear, have sometimes led you into imprudences. All is not gold that glitters; true, but if we handle brass too roughly to show its tarnish, we are not the better pleased with the odour of our

own hands. I will tell you of a beggar that came to my door, and his presumption in begging—but I will contrast him with another character—every parish has its "ne'er-do-weels." There is a great difference, however, in rogues. There is your honest rogue, who will do you a good turn, and always remembers a kindness; there is the dishonest rogue—he is a hypocrite. One of the former kind was working for a friend of mine, who told me the dialogue that passed between them. "How comes it, John, that you're no better off—you're a handy fellow enough, but it seems you're one of the poorest, and never did yourself much good?"—"Why, I'll tell you what it is, sir. I was as honest a veller as any in the parish, but I don't know how 'twere, but I were always poor; and so says I to myself, John, this won't do, thee must make a change; and so, sir, I took to stealing a bit—warn't particular, a duck or a goose or some such matter—and then I fell into poaching, and then I got into jail, and somehow or other I got out o't; and then said I to myself, John, this won't do neither—thee must change again."—"Well, John, and what then?"—"Why, sir, now I do mix it." This now was an honest rogue, or "indifferent honest." But take the other rogue; he, too, affected *his* honesty, and yet was a hypocrite. A man called at my door one Sunday evening, mark you the day, and sent me in a written paper, containing the confession of his sins; that he had committed many more than were down in that paper, that were too bad to mention, that he had been drummed out of one or two regiments, and had been a most incorrigible scoundrel; now note the rest, up to last Thursday, that then, happening to go into the —— meeting-house at ——, he heard a discourse from the Rev. Mr D. the minister, and came out a "converted man." This was literally as I tell it to you. I let him know, that considering he had committed so many crimes, and had been drummed out of regiments, I would take care that he should be whipt out

of the parish if found in it a quarter of an hour after my notice. Now, my dear Eusebius, I had no right to do this, and probably not to say this, but I fear you would have taken the office of beadle into your own hands, and not forgotten the staff. I well recollect when I first came into the parish (shall I describe the first day? no I won't, I have my reasons). As I said, when I first came into the parish, a mumping old woman came up to me to try what she could get from me. She hoped I was "one of the heaven-sent ministers." May I be forgiven! I said I was sent by the Rector. Finding that would not do, she boldly begged, and boasted how much she had received from my predecessor. "Pray," said I, "tell me what will satisfy you?" and I put on such an air of benevolent simplicity, that for once my own hypocrisy served me instead of argument, and I took her in. She thought I was in a most giving mood. "Tell me," said I, "what will satisfy you?"—"Why, your honour, the rames of a duck or a fowl two or three times a-week, and a shilling now and then;" and I counted up the number of poor equal claimants, and number of ducks and fowls required per week. But I must do justice to the poor, and say that, in general, they are very thankful for attentions, and for any little matter given, and that they are by no means like that mumping old woman. Nothing pleases them more than sitting down in their cottages with them, and talking to them, not formally, but in an easy familiar manner, illustrating what you say by objects and things around you. If they do not suspect you are "lecturing," they like being led on to think and reason, and put in their own arguments. It is a wicked falsehood, that the clergy are not greatly respected. It must, you may be sure, take a long time and systematic villany at all to succeed in removing the respect that parishioners, particularly the poorer, have for their clergy. They talk to their clergy in a way that no other class of persons do; and even those

who are not of the good of the flock, feel abashed and checked under the clergyman's eye, and thus pay homage to what they conceive to be religion and virtue; and even these, if they want advice, notwithstanding the sense of their own shame, to whom do they go? They all think the clergyman is the poor man's friend one way or another; and they are certainly jealous of his duty being infringed upon by any one else; they won't let others talk to them as the clergyman does. They become impatient and peevish—to lecture, advise, or anything they look upon as approaching it, is, in their eyes, like claiming a superior authority over them. They admit this in the clergyman, but are not easily brought to like it in another, and this is the reason that all the Dissenters give themselves the religious distinction of authority, and call themselves reverend. I have recently had instances of this dislike. I was obliged to be absent a few days, and as the wife of a farmer had been long ill, and her life was very precarious, I requested Mrs —— to visit her. She did so; but the woman was cold to her, and almost sullen. Mrs —— was well qualified to discourse "seriously" with her; she did so, and read to her with much zeal, animation, and piety. Only once the woman seemed to take any notice, and then she seemed inclined to speak herself. Mrs —— paused, when the woman looked her in the face, and said "Do ye ever make use of any geese, because I've vifteen, and may be you'll take one a-week?"

The poor woman did not live a month; I saw her die, and must notice how easy death seemed to be to her. She was in bed, leaning her head upon her hand, the arm raised and resting on the elbow—she was sound asleep, gently snoring—her breathing suddenly ceased for a second or two, then returned once or twice so, and returned not again; and it was only by the cessation we knew she was dead; the position and the features remained unaltered.

But I was speaking of instances of dislike or coldness to religious conversation in general, excepting from the clergyman. The other instance leaves no pleasant impression perhaps; but I tell it as it happened. A man had met with an accident, from which he fell into an illness likely to be soon fatal. A good servant of mine went to him often, and on one occasion told him he ought to pray very earnestly. He shocked the visitor by saying peevishly, "I do pray to the Lord as hard as I can; and if the Lord won't take that, I can't do no more." I mention this to show the difference; for when I visited him, as I did before and subsequently, he was the humblest of the humble. Let us not be uncharitable — a moment of pain, of distressing anxiety for those he might leave behind him, must not be taken to show the man; but at that time the language sounds coarser in our ears than was his meaning. It is a good rule, "judge not."

On my return after the temporary absence I have just mentioned, I was led, rather malapropos, from the sorrowful aspect of a parishioner, into a mistake. I found the blacksmith had buried his wife. He was leaning against his door, looking very dejected, when I accosted him, and told him I was sorry for his loss. "'Tis a great loss," said he, "surely." I reminded him that it was inevitable that we should lose those dear to us, or they us; and that the condition——He did not let me finish my sentence, but broke forth, with energy, "Oh, dang it, 't'aint she! I don't care for she; but they've took away all her things." I did not think, or I ought not to have thought, he had great reason to care for her, but seeing him so dejected, I did not know but that habit had made him feel her loss. It seems her relations had come to the funeral, and having possession of the room, had rifled the boxes.

I have often noted a difference in the sympathy with the dying in the rich and in the poor. With the former, there is generally great caution used that the sick should not think themselves going; if it is to be discovered, it is rather in a more delicate attention, a more affectionate look, which the sick cannot at all times distinguish from the ordinary manner. The poor, on the contrary, tell the sick at once, and without any circumlocution, that they never will get over it. Is it that the shock is less to the poor, that they have fewer objects in this world for which life might be desirable? But this is sometimes dangerous. I was once going to visit a poor woman, and met the parish surgeon, and inquired for his patient. He told me the room was full of friends and neighbours, all telling her she couldn't last long; and, said he, "I make no doubt she will not, for she is sinking, because she thinks she is dying; yet I see no other reason why she should, and I could not get one to leave the room." I entered; my authority had a better effect. I turned all but one out of the room, and then addressed the woman, who was apparently exhausted and speechless. I told her exactly what the surgeon had said, and that she would not die, but be restored to her children and husband. The woman positively started, raised herself in bed, and said, with an energy of which I did not think her capable, "What! am I not dying? shan't I die?—No! then thank the Lord, I shan't die." I gave strict orders that none should be admitted—and the woman did recover, and has often thanked me for having saved her life. Clergymen should be aware of this propensity in the poor, that, when mischievous, they may counteract it.

I have written, my dear friend, a long letter. I will not, *ad infinitum*, lay before you parochial details. Perhaps you will see from what I have written, that many things must

occur that do not, previously to undertaking parochial charge, enter into the imagination of a curate. However difficult it may be to "know yourself," I have taken some pains that you should know something about a parish; for which, notwithstanding that you are really zealous, sincere, generous, and pious, I must say, I think, for the reasons given, you are unqualified. Should you still doubt, question me as you please, and I will answer you with all sincerity.

Your affectionate Friend.

MEDICAL ATTENDANCE, AND OTHER PAROCHIALS.

[MAY 1837.]

Your reply, my dear Eusebius, has not at all surprised me. You tell me that my account of parochial matters first made you laugh very heartily, and then made you very sad; and had you been curate of ——, what effect would the incidents themselves have had upon you? precisely the same as the narration,—excepting that the scene of your immoderate mirth, if not of your sorrow, would have been one not quite so safe as that closed library, where, though it be full of information, there are no informers, and from which you date your letter. And I doubt if you would not have had more real occasion for your subsequent sadness. I am aware that to many, the parochial memorabilia might appear over-charged or feigned—but it is not so. I have often heard you say, that Truth beats Fiction all the world over—and you are right. More extraordinary things happen than imagination can well conceive, and happen every day too, in all cities, in all villages, and in most families; but they often are the results of progressive action, and intermixed with everyday proceedings, and are not therefore collected at once, and to the immediate point of their oddity, or of their pathos. The novelist, the tragedian, and the comedian, by the mere power of separation and omission, of all that does not bear

upon the chief incident to be enforced, excite in us most wonderful emotion; but only so long as they keep within the bounds of nature. A few facts may be collected, and but a few, considering that every moment of life is teeming with them—they are the stock for all writers; but, my dear Eusebius, I believe the absolute invention of them to be very rare. And here, I must observe, that a great part of mankind suffer things to pass before their very eyes, without their seeing them, in their exact and true bearing. How many even educated persons do you not daily meet with, who are totally deficient in any perception of wit, or even of the more broad ridiculous? I know one whole family, consisting of many individuals, to whom, on my first acquaintance, I appeared very disadvantageously, from their utter misconception of my meaning, when I spoke facetiously, and *ad absurdum*. It must be very broad farce, indeed, that can move any given mass. Think but for a moment of the mummeries and absurdities that fanaticism will invest with seriousness. I have seen the puppet-show, from the habit of attraction, employed as an adjunct to divinity. Where? it will be asked wherever I make the assertion. Then the matter of fact will prove it. Many years ago I was at Milan on Christmas day; while the service was going on within the Duomo, immediately before it on the outside was a common itinerant Punch puppet-show, in which was enacted, in imitation of the choice of Hercules, the Young Man's Temptation and Choice. He was between the devil (as commonly represented) and the Saviour. Had this appeared a ridicule and a blasphemy, in the eyes of common spectators, the authorities would not have permitted the exhibition. I once watched a man at Venice on a little bridge near St Marc's Place, walking backwards and forwards, entreating the passers-by to take the advantage of praying to his most excellent Lady, whom he exhibited in his little portable chapel, which he had set up. He had

little success—he became irritated—shook his fist at "Our Lady," calling her by all sorts of abusive names, which, though some may have fancied sounded very well in Italian, will not bear translation, and slammed the door in her face; many passed—nobody laughed, and nobody seemed shocked. Did you ever, Eusebius, look into the books describing the virtues of particular saints, pretty common in all Italian villages?—particularly of the local Madonnas—with full and particular accounts of the cures for which they are celebrated? The worldly-wise authority that allows and promotes their dissemination, knows very well the extent of all that is absurd, that yet will be taken for sober serious truths, and that the faculty of a perception of the ridiculous is not the one which they have to fear. What, in fact, are these innumerable saints, but the old heathen deities, mountain-nymphs, and water-nymphs, and Pan, and all the monstrous progeny that possessed the land in heathen times, new-breeched, petticoated, and calendered, and impiously set up by their priesthood, in partnership as it were with the one, the only Mediator? Once travelling from Naples to Rome by vetturino, as it was somewhat late, and the road had a bad reputation on account of frequent robberies, I urged the driver to make more speed: "Pense niente," said he, shaking his finger, and immediately handed me a paper, which, on opening, I found to be a receipt in form of a payment to a certain convent, and, in consequence, a regular insurance from all evils that beset travellers. There were portraits of saints, and on each side of the receipt, prints representing the different states of purgatory, and the souls released by the contribution of the pious. The paper further stated, that the insured, even though under the knife of the assassin, would be nevertheless safe, inasmuch as the souls released from purgatory would pray to all the saints in heaven for a rescue. No one laughed at this; but when I stated that *I* was not insured, and that

I thought it safest for me to pay him my fare, and called witnesses to the payment, I did see a mouth curl into a smile, but I am by no means sure that it was not in contempt of my incredulity.

Here am I, in the midst of my travels, Eusebius, when, according to the modern public determination to enforce strict residence, I ought to be in my own parish, and there I will be in a few minutes. Yet I must compliment Lord Brougham a moment upon his very liberal view of clerical imprisonment, to be found in his bill. It did occur to me at the time he brought it forward, that as he was then keeper of the King's conscience, another bill should have been brought in, enforcing with precisely the same strictness, the Chancellor's adjunction to his Majesty's side, to insure more perpetual political "ear-whiggery," and inviting, as informers and inspectors of the Siamese adhesion, every attendant and domestic of the palaces, from the Lords of the Bedchamber to the lacqueys and runners. If anything could have induced a pity for the poor good King William the Fourth, in the hearts of his refractory and radical subjects, it would have been that lamentable predicament—and with such an antipathy existing! And how would Lord Brougham have relished the position to which he would have brought the clergy? But the attempt to make not only our parishioners, but the very servants in our houses, spies and evidences as to how many successive nights in the year our heads have rested on the parochial pillow, could only have arisen from a mind atrociously gifted with liberality. The Whigs hate the clergy, that is the truth of the matter; they think they owe us a spite; and if they are themselves at all deficient in that article, their friends the Dissenters will readily subscribe for prompt payment. Since I have heard, my dear Eusebius, of your intention to become a resident curate, I have much wondered what would have been your answer to Mr Lister's

notable Letter of Requests, especially that request touching the not troubling him in reply with any matter not relating to the registry queries. You would, if I mistake not, have told him he was a very impertinent fellow, and so were those who put him in his office, to lecture you, and forward his insolent requests, one of which is, that you act as his petti-fogging attorney to dun your churchwardens for seventeen shillings; and having given him honestly a piece of your mind, his requests would have been in the fire in a moment, though we are requested to keep them, as the following extract will show: "I must also point out to you, that inasmuch as it cannot be calculated at what period the register-books and forms herewith sent to you will be filled, it is necessary that you should give *timely* notice (that is to say, three months beforehand), by letter addressed to me, when a further supply will be required. I request you to keep this letter with the register-books, in order that it may be consigned with them to the officiating minister by whom you may be succeeded."

Every man thinks every man mortal but himself, they say; so it is, we conjecture, with Mr Lister. He intends to survive all the present generation of the clergy, and hold official communication with their successors. Perhaps he has an eye to future church dangers, and, like the prudent insurance-offices, will not risk upon the lives of the clergy; or, perhaps, with more modest views of his own vitality, he looks to another kind of *succession*, and that his requests, and the parish registers, and the parish churches, too, are to be handed over to his friends the Dissenters. Now, Eusebius, you will have, when one of us honoured clergy, to be the servant to the superintendent-registrar of your district, resident, perhaps, ten miles from you, to whom every three months you are to deliver certified copies of the entries in the register-books. Off you must trudge every quarter your

ten miles with your copies, under penalty of being found guilty of misdemeanour, and appear before the Grand Lama, the deputy-registrar, who will say, when he is at leisure to attend to you, "Stand, and deliver!" My dear friend, pause a moment—you will surely be guilty of a misdemeanour; and all your parishioners do not know that the pillory is done away with, and will, if they owe you a spite for laughing, think themselves entitled to throw rotten eggs at you, in anticipation of the sentence of the court. In the first place, you will never know the quarter-day; in the next place, if told, you would receive the intimation as an indignity; and should you find yourself by accident or mistake before the great deputy-registrar, you would so bethink you of "my Lord Marquis of Carabas" and Puss in Boots, or some other nursery or whimsical tale, that you would laugh in his face, and fling your copy to the winds—and would that be safe? Have they not nowadays, contiguous parochial bastiles; and where would you be? And if there but for a visit, how would you pity the poor inmates that must not have a window that looks out upon the blessed green fields, nor their own crony friends to look in upon them? And would not you tell them all, that it is a sin and a shame to separate man and wife—for they were married upon Christian terms, "that no man should put asunder those whom God hath joined together?" You would point out that our present marriage-service says truly, "For be ye well assured, that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God; neither is their matrimony lawful." You would tell the people that they were no longer necessarily to be joined together by God, that there might be a better pretext for separating them. You will certainly, Eusebius, when it comes to the point, be taken up as an incendiary. Words burnt Bristol; and, my dear friend, yours are occasionally the "thoughts that breathe, and

words that burn." You never will mince matters even with an Act of Parliament that blows hot and cold—that authorises two contradictory things—First, That people may be coupled together without God's word at all, and their matrimony be lawful; and, secondly, That you should be required solemnly to declare, at the altar, that all such marriages are "unlawful"—that is, you are bound to declare that to be unlawful which the same act that so binds you (for you have no other form given) makes lawful. My dear friend, you have too strange and too free a spirit for these things. I fear you, with many of us, will be open to the malice of the base and mean minded, who are ready to take advantage of all our slips, inadvertencies, and omissions; those who, with the plea of conscience for urging all these changes, will have no respect for yours or mine. I should say that the deputy-registrars are not, in respect of marriage, treated much better than the clergy, for they are bound to make and attest as a civil contract, merely that which their consciences tell them should be a religious contract, unless it be intended by this very clause in the Marriage Act to give a monopoly of the office to Dissenters. Now, Eusebius, you will have to ask very impertinent questions yourself, which I am confident you never can do; for every woman that presents herself at the altar to be married must be asked her age, which all do not like to tell, and you must (a very odd thing indeed) tell, I know not how you are to learn it, "*her condition*," not meaning her rank or profession, which forms the next item you are to put down for the information of the Deputy-Registrar. I am sure I cannot tell what any lady's or others' condition may be, nor am I very curious to know what has been her *profession* previous to marriage; but suppose all this settled somehow or other, with or without odium to the questioner, you will have other scrutinies to make, that I am sure your delicacy will shrink from; and yet you will not

relish the *certifying* to anything you do not know. Yet you are required to certify, "that you have on such a day baptised a *male* child produced to you," &c.; and that some difficulty may be put in the way of infant baptisms, which are by this Act discouraged, the poor, who now pay nothing, will have to pay one shilling. Take great care in your touching these precious registers of Mr Lister's, for if you soil them you will be subjected to a heavy pecuniary fine; you, in mockery, will furnish yourself with a pair of silver tongs. In short, my dear Eusebius, you will expose all this legislative folly in a thousand ways, and perhaps make a foot-ball of the Whig enactments at the church porch, and render yourself an object on whom authorities may exercise a vindictive tyranny.

You tell me that you have been giving some attention to the study of medicine, that you may be useful to the poor. I fear you vainly flatter yourself: although, now that the poor are farmed out at a few farthings per head—a price at which none but the lowest of the profession can come forward, or those who look upon the advantage thereby offered of *subjects* for experiment, I am not surprised that one so humane as yourself should think some medical knowledge requisite in the clergy, to prevent the effects of this cruelty of the Poor-Law Commissioner; and yet your knowledge will gain you no credit. You will have powerful rivals, who will think you encroach upon their privileges; and should you practise largely, and prevail on the sick to take your remedies, before you have been long in the parish, you will find many a death put down at your door, as a sin and a shame. Do you think (to say nothing of neighbouring Ladies Bountiful) that the old village crones will quietly give up the sovereign virtue of their simples, their oils, their extracts, their profits, and their prescriptive right of killing their neighbours after the old fashion, to please a curate, and one of such vagaries, they will add? Infants will still die of

gin and Daffy's Elixir, and the wonder will be pretty widely circulated that you are not haunted by their ghosts. And should you quit the parish, and visit it again after many years, depend upon it, though from a different cause, you will have as much reason as Gil Blas had, when he came in sight of Valladolid, to sigh and say, "Alas, there I practised physic." And, besides these old crones, you will have opponents you wot not of. There is the cunning man within a few miles of you, who has a wonderful practice; there is the itinerant herbalist, and the drunken hedge-doctor, who entitles himself M.D., and talks volubly of the ignorance of professional men in general. There was such an one recently in this neighbourhood, who might have made a fortune among the farmers' wives, from five-shilling fees, had he known how to keep them. He had a sure method: he used to frequent the village shop, and converse half familiarly, and half learnedly, with the incomers; and frequently when a proper dupe left the shop, he used to remark to the bystanders, that he could see by that person's complexion, interlarding unintelligible words, that he or she was going into a dropsy, and sometimes a disease whose name the poor ignorant creatures never heard of, taking care to be always intelligible in the main point, that he could avert the dreadful malady. From this ingenuity he had much practice, and acquired a reputation for wonderful cures. But, oh! Eusebius, the cruel herbalist, I never can forget that man, nor the sight he showed me. The case was this: the sexton's wife was suffering from a cancer; I interested myself much about her, and made interest with my friend, a most able surgeon, and humane, sensible man, to see her; he did so, and told me nothing could be done for her then, but to retard the progress of the disease. In this state she put herself under the travelling herbalist. He very soon made a horrible wound, and promised a cure in a few weeks, receiving as earnest-

money about forty shillings. She suffered dreadful tortures from his corroding applications; but, clinging to life, endured all in hope of a cure. I desired to be sent for at his next visit. In a few days I met him in the sick-room, and told him he was attempting impossibilities, and inflicting unnecessary pain. He removed the cloths, bared her side, and roughly pulled out a quantity of tow, which he had thrust into the wound—a deep hole, which seemed to enter her very vitals—and put it in again, saying that he would forfeit his life if he did not entirely cure her. I told him he was working at his peril. If he cured her, I would take care that his name should be celebrated, and the cure well known; but that if he failed, I would try to the utmost to punish him. He merely replied, that he would forfeit his life if he failed. The poor creature did not live a week after this. I consulted my medical friend as to the best mode of punishing the man, and to my surprise learnt that he was protected by law, if he could show that he had practised so many years, and that I could do nothing with him. Did the herbalist flatter himself into a belief of probable success? It is charitable to hope he did; and I now should be more willing to entertain such a hope, as I have heard that the man has been found murdered under a hedge. But the poor ought to be protected from ignorance and presumption—*the poor particularly*, for they are totally unable to distinguish real merit from rash pretensions in any medical practitioner. Speaking of this horrible disease, I must mention, that a very old man in the parish had one in his lip, which was so slow in its progress, that he at last died of extreme old age, and not of the disorder: he was stone deaf. I knew a case in which a very celebrated man in London acted very indiscreetly. The gentleman underwent an operation, and it was removed from his lip. I met him very shortly after, and he appeared quite well, and in high spirits; in a day or two after, he felt a

little irritation in his lip, and instantly went to London to an eminent surgeon, who advised him to apply to a medical man in his own place, to whom he gave him a letter. This was an injudicious step—for the poor man travelling more than a hundred miles with this letter in his pocket, could not resist the temptation of opening the letter, that he might study in the meanwhile his best means of a cure—when, what was his horror to find the letter consigned him indeed to the care of a medical practitioner, but without the slightest hope, and more unfortunately still, expressed the tortures, as well as the death to which the disease would shortly subject him. On his arrival home, he shut himself up, tried to be resigned to his fate, never left his room again, and died in great agonies. There is also the cattle-doctor, who often arrives at considerable celebrity; and from his habit of practising upon brutes, has acquired wonderful decision. Our carpenter had cut his thumb sadly; the cattle-doctor happened to be near, and was sent for to dress it; but with the greatest seeming indifference, he whipped out his knife and cut it off entirely. The man was a carpenter, and it would have been unquestionably proper to have tried to save it. But decision had been acquired, and excision is akin to it.

> "The wind in the east,
> Is neither good for man nor beast,"

is a common saying; hence the ignorant conclude, that if what is bad for man is bad for beast, so what is good for beast is good for man. A poor small farmer, seeing a quantity of turpentine administered to his cow, fancied soon afterwards that it would cure him; and not being particular in the quantity, took half-a-pint, which killed him. This was bad enough; but there was something ludicrous in the tragical catastrophe of the next case. Another farmer, of great experience, upon which he prided himself, and who, though not professional, was an amateur cow-doctor, was

taken very ill with internal inflammation. Having suffered great agonies, his family insisted upon sending for medical aid; but, alas! the poor man tasked his own experience before the medical man arrived. When he entered the room, the farmer was out of pain, and said he never was better in his life, adding, "Now, sir, as I have a liking to you, and always had, I'll just tell ye how I cured myself. I ha' given it to many a cow; and I'll tell thee the remedy, as it may be of use to you in your practice." He then detailed such horrible items of inflammatory and combustible substances, as I will not venture to put down on paper. The fact was, that mortification had immediately resulted from the dose, and in a few hours he was no more. Had you been there, Eusebius, and prevailed upon the poor fellow, in that state, to have taken the most simple matter, all his family would have said how well he was till he took *your* medicine. "Throw physic to the dogs," Eusebius, for I am quite sure yours will never do for man, woman, nor child.

Nothing is more striking to a minister, and oftentimes nothing more disheartening, than the indifference with which his parishioners meet death. It is rarely that one expresses a strong desire to live. The very persons whom you would expect to see most alarmed, or most desirous of life, are often the least so. I should generally conclude, that the presence of the clergyman is more advantageous to the relatives than the sick. Besides the great debility of sickness incapacitating the dying from any mental exertion, there is the gradual loss of senses, and the wretchedness of extreme old age, when the sight and hearing have long since failed. Deafness is so extremely common in rural parishes, that it is one of the greatest obstacles to making the impression we would wish. And, let me add, that there is something so ludicrous, and apparently irreligious in uttering solemn warnings, and truths, and texts of Scripture, in a voice at its

utmost stretch, that you often shrink from the attempt. Poor people have universally one remark, when you point out to them how little good you can do, when the sick have from age or other infirmity lost all sense of hearing and understanding—"The prayer of a righteous man availeth much," is the constant reply. Where there is this superstition, I should think it proper to withhold prayer, certainly such as the sick may be supposed to hear, and direct a lecture and discourse to the attendants on the sick-bed; and I think it right, on such occasions, to call up as many of the family and friends as may be collected. I knew one instance of a man who prayed very fervently to live a little longer. He had been a labouring man—and for a labouring man, "pretty well to do." He had never had sickness; was strong, stout, and hale; of perhaps seventy-two or seventy-three years of age. He then had a paralytic attack, and sent for me. He continued in a doubtful state some time. At every visit I paid him, he earnestly prayed, and hoped to be allowed once more to sit in the sun before his cottage-door, and then he would be so thankful, and so good! How seldom are these self-formed resolutions of much avail! He was able to sit and sun himself at his cottage-door, and often did I sit there with him, and remind him how he had prayed for that as a blessing, and that it had been granted. But by degrees I found him pass from silence to sullenness. I was evidently not a welcome visitor. He was enabled to do more than sun himself at his door—he was able to walk about his little garden. At length I observed that, as I entered his cottage, he would make his escape at another door. On one occasion, his wife, nearly his own age, shut the door by which he would have escaped, purposely, so that he had no help for it but to seat himself sullenly in his chimney-corner, and endure my presence. I saw him, as he thought unobserved, clench his aged fist at his wife, and put on an expression of

imbecile malignity. This a little roused the old woman, who told him he was a bad man, and had bad friends—that he had better listen to the parson. This put me on the inquiry; but first I questioned him as to what could be the cause of his change,—did he not believe as he formerly did? He did not know that he did; all he knew was, that some people believed very differently, and he did not see what great harm he had ever done, and he was not afraid to die. Upon inquiry, I then found that a workman had come out from the neighbouring town, and having work to do at a gentleman's house about a mile off, had taken lodgings within a few doors of this poor cottager. The old woman said he called himself a "Sinian;" and I verily believe she thought it meant an encourager of sin: "and a' reads a book here," said she, "that nobody can't understand; but that there's no wicked place for ever and ever; and a pack o' things that ha' turned his senses topsyturvy; and I knows it can't be good, for he ain't no longer kind like to me." This account gave me great pain; mischief was doing all around me, and how hard to combat! It is very unpardonable to shake the faith of the aged, and remove from them, in their last days of pain, sickness, bodily and mental infirmity, their only solace, a Christian hope. I wish that those who do so would first consider, if, in uprooting all from the heart, they find the soil really fit for the new seed they would throw in. Ten to one that they leave nothing but entire barrenness and desolation—and all for what? To make a worthless proselyte to philosophy, and to divinity without mediation, when they, who would thus new-engraft the old tree, do not believe that it is essential to the safety of their convert, that they should believe otherwise than they have been wont to believe. Not very long after this the man had another seizure. He then, himself, anxiously sent for me. He cried like a child—and was in all respects, perhaps, as weak as one. I

was much struck with the contrast of the mental imbecility in his whole expression, and the yet remaining sturdiness of constitution in his appearance: he did not look very ill, and though at so advanced an age, he had not a white hair, but a strong, dark, curly head, as if he were not more than thirty. That was my last visit—he died.

There is not a human being who would more rejoice in the innocent mirth of others, than you, my dear Eusebius, but when the sot, the profligate, the idle, meet for revel, "there is death in the pot." How lamentable and how awful is the following: A man of education, and of one of the learned professions, and of considerable talent, became, after various degrees of misconduct, greatly embarrassed in circumstances, and entirely lost his rank in society, and his reputation. I believe he had no means but the annuity of a woman with whom he lived. They took a house in my parish. Cut off from better society, to which they were born, they still found many among the villagers willing to idle away unprofitable hours with them, especially when the temptation of drowning care was proposed. On one such occasion no very small party was assembled. I think there was dancing; there certainly was much intoxication. A common mason was among the number, and in the course of the night he was carried up into a room and laid on a bed. After an hour or two his wife went up to see him, and found him—dead. I know not what immediately passed, but the end of the night's revel was the death of three persons; at least I so concluded. The man above mentioned who gave the feast, did not long survive. I cannot state the precise time, but very ill he was. A fever came on. In his last illness—the last day—he addressed a person thus: "They think I'm an unbeliever, but I am not, and should like to see the clergyman." I went; but I was not allowed to see him. Very soon after this a middle-aged woman who attended him

as a sort of nurse, was seized with the same fever, which took her off in a very short time. Not a very long time after, one of that party died of "delirium tremens," brought on by habitual intoxication. But the poor woman who, as I mentioned, acted the part of nurse, took the matter very ill when apprised of her danger. She was almost the only one I knew that expressed much horror at dying. This person had before come under my observation immediately upon my first entering upon the curacy, and in a manner that had something of the ludicrous in it. I had been called to attend her mother, a very old woman, the widow of a small farmer. She was then in a dying state; but I should conclude she had been a gossiping, curious woman, and retained her ruling passion, curiosity, strong in death. The first time I visited her I was accompanied by my wife. I suppose the people in the house saw us coming, and announced it to her. I talked to her some time; and as my words became more serious, as suiting the solemn occasion of a death-bed, for such it was, the old dame appeared restless, and was rather trying to look than looking about her, till at length she interrupted me querulously thus: "I do want to see the parson's wife." My wife came forward, bent towards her, and said some soft or gentle thing, as women, and parsons' wives particularly, know best how to say; when the old lady, looking with evident curiosity, said, "What! you the parson's wife? such a little bit of a thing as you?" Now, my wife is of a middle size; but in her second childhood the poor old creature always thinking the parson and his wife to be the first, and in that sense the *biggest* people in the parish, concluded their bodily magnitude must be equivalent to that of prize oxen. The daughter followed us to the door, then into the road, repeating at every other step: "Oh, sir, I'll never forget the Lord." I looked back after I had gone a little way, and there was she standing, and speaking. I thought

she had something to say, and went back—she only made a drop, but not at all like Goldsmith's "mutilated curtsey," and repeated again: "Oh no, sir, I never, never will forget the Lord!" And this was the poor woman who was so rapidly taken off by that fever.

The effect of fever which I am about to mention is probably very well known to medical men, but to me it was strange, and I shall not easily forget it, for the case had another interest. The wife of a tailor, a handsome young woman, about six or seven and twenty years of age, was considered dying when I entered the room; the fever was very high, and she somewhat rallied her strength. I was standing at the bed-side; she made a tremulous sort of noise, that in a few seconds had a termination and began again, and so on incessantly. It was most like the cooing of a dove; she was all the while very busy moving about her tongue, and rolling the saliva into little balls, like small shot, which she then passed over her lips in a very extraordinary manner. Her husband, poor man, was forced out of the room at the moment that she fell back exhausted; I caught her as she fell, and gently laid her head upon the pillow. She however recovered. When I left the room, I found the ejected husband lying along in the passage, and listening to the smallest sound that might come from under the door. When he saw me come out he broke forth in an agony, "Oh, she is dead, she is dead." When I told him it was not so, he rapidly again laid his ear to the bottom of the door, that he might hear her breathe or speak. They were both favourites with me and my family.

The inmates of the poor-house always consider themselves more entitled than any others to the bounty and attention of the clergyman—and there is a familiarity established between the two parties, if the establishment be not very large, that is by no means disagreeable. At first,

indeed, they would all complain sadly of being straitened by the parish; I am speaking of the state under the old poor-laws. But I think a little mirth, and a light easy way of treating their ill-founded complaints, half-reasoning and half-bantering, greatly tends to put them in good humour with their condition. I so treated half-a-dozen old women in one of my early visits, by calculating for them their expenditure, and some of the items and their wants were whimsical enough; I then called in an old man before them, and calculated his expenditure to meet his means—but, alas! there was a penny a-week for shaving. I sent him out, and congratulated the old ladies (upon my word, a little against my conscience) that they had no beards, and consequently had the superabundance over their wants of a penny a-week for snuff as a luxury. Whether they were pleased at the discovery of their abundance, or at the flattery that they had no beards, I know not, but they laughed very heartily, and never complained afterwards. Now here, my dear Eusebius, I borrowed a leaf out of your book, for in some such manner you would have treated them. And yet I never found that these little familiarities in the least lessened respect, or prevented seriousness when requisite, from having its due effect. They were old stagers, and understood me very well, and always sent for me to settle their little disputes, and in all cases of emergency.

One mumping old man would lie in bed all day long, unless the weather was very fine; and then he would get up and go about the roads begging. He was a white-headed old man, and would put on such a look of simplicity and respectability too, that showed he was formed by long habit for a mumper. Long did he try, in vain, to excite a little more commiseration from the parish officers, trying hard for an additional sixpence per week at every parish meeting. The poor-house people sent in to me early one

morning to tell me that old William had cut his throat. Before I went in I made some strict inquiries into the affair, which convinced me that it was all sham, and to effect his purpose; and in fact, there was no harm done, as none was intended. When I entered the room, he was leaning back on his bed, one or two good women holding his hands and applying a cloth to his neck, which had bled—a little. He affected a fainting and miserable look. I pretended not much to notice him, and in rather an upbraiding voice, and very loud, asked the inmates how they could think of preventing him—did they not know how much the parish would have gained had he effected his purpose, at the same time giving them a look they well understood. The mumper suddenly turned round his head to look at me, and forgot his fainting doleful expression directly; and I shall never forget the look he gave me—it was one which told plainly that he directly knew he was detected, and it was succeeded by another which seemed to beg that I wouldn't betray him, and that he would do so no more. I often charged him with his real purpose, and he could not deny it. He never made another attempt.

A curious incident once occurred to me, of which I never was able to solve the mystery. I was sent for to a man supposed to be dying on the road. I went, and found a strong, stout fellow, by the road-side, apparently in great pain. He was accompanied by another man and a boy, but the boy rather attended to some donkeys belonging to them than to the man; the donkeys carried saddle-bags. I thought it colic, and sent to the house for some spirits and water, and remained, as did others of my family, by the man until he was able to proceed. He told me he came from some distance, and should pass by again in about a month. I was interested in knowing how he journeyed, and begged him to call and I would give him something; but I never saw him till six

months after, when I met him crossing the churchyard. He did not know me—declared he never saw me—never was in the parish before. "Why are you then," said I, "going through the churchyard, for it is no high-road, and leads only to places known to and frequented by parishioners?" he gave me a surly answer, and went on. I found his donkeys on one side of the high-road at some distance from the churchyard, and the same boy watching them. I much regretted, and regret still, I did not contrive to find out what those bags contained. I have my suspicions that stolen goods, and plate particularly, are conveyed from place to place by such means. It was not long after this that there was a discovery of a communication between some gangs of thieves and of plate sent from one distant city to another. If some of these carriers were watched, I cannot but think that discoveries would be made. Certainly if I had been disposed to be active and scrutinising on this occasion, I could have placed very little trust in the constables—for one, a stout one too, happened to be in my house at work—when three sturdy fellows in that disgraceful state of more than half nudity, which we sometimes see about the roads—and why so suffered, I know not—came across my garden boldly up to the window begging. I refused to give them anything, when they insolently seated themselves on the grass plot before my window, folded their arms, and passed insolent jokes from one to the other. I told the constable to remove them, and if unable, to go for help. He refused, and said the magistrate of the place would be very angry with him if he did, for it would put the parish to expense. Constables, however, are not always wanted; thieves sometimes catch themselves, as the following incident will show: A gentleman living not very far from me had his orchard repeatedly robbed, and bidding defiance to prohibitory acts, had an old man-trap repaired, and set up in his orchard. The smith brought it home, and there was a consultation as to which

tree it should be placed under; several were proposed, as being all favourite bearers. At last the smith's suggestion as to the *locus quo* was adopted, and the man-trap set. But the position somehow or other did not please the master, and as tastes occasionally vary, so did his, and he bethought him of another tree, the fruit of which he should like above all things to preserve. Accordingly, scarcely had he laid his head upon his pillow when the change was determined on, and ere long the man-trap was transferred. Very early in the morning the cries of a sufferer brought master and men into the orchard, and there they discovered—the Smith.

It being unlawful to set man-traps and spring-guns, a gentleman once hit upon a happy device. He was a scholar, and being often asked the meaning of mysterious words compounded from the Greek, that flourish in every day's newspaper, and finding they always excited wonder by their length and terrible sound, he had painted on a board, and put up on his premises, in very large letters, the following—"Tondapamribomenos set up in these grounds;" it was perfectly a "Patent Safety." We had one great knave whom I often wished to catch somehow or other, but I never could, though many a time I caught his donkey. He kept a donkey and a cow, without any pretension to keep either. However, as they did his work, and found him milk, he sent them forth to shift for themselves, and find free or make free quarters everywhere. He taught them both to open gates with the greatest facility; but the cow was the most accomplished of the two; for where she found good provisions, she not only opened the gates, but had learned to shut them after her, that no other might intrude: a neighbour of mine caught her a dozen times, and declared his field was of little use to him. The donkey had a taste for orcharding, and the rascal at last became so delicate that he liked the smell of my flower-garden: and there, early in a morning, he was sure to be seen.

He has been driven out repeatedly, and observed to open the gate as if it had been his own. The gate was tied, supposing that he must then be at a nonplus—not a bit of it. I have no doubt he went back to his master, and complained of being shut out; and though he could not then have opened the gate, still when the blackbird and thrush called me early to look out of the window, there was donkey, his feet on the flower-beds, smelling flowers, and listening to the blackbirds. He was worthy of Mahomet to have ridden him.

Do not, however, suppose that we had a greater number of rogues than we were entitled to. There is a pretty good scattering everywhere. A most provoking piece of roguery occurred at a great funeral. The road not being in a good state, the undertaker asked permission for the hearse to go through my gate, and so through my orchard by my stable: it was readily granted. Yet in that short yet woeful passage they contrived to steal a saddle. It is no wonder that I never *heard* of it more, for I believe it was stolen by a *mute*. While on the subject of stealing, I will not omit to make mention of a poor girl who called upon me for advice and for my prayers. She was, she said, under a temptation to steal; she never had done so, however, but she was always tempted by Satan so to do. She was a servant. Though I believed the poor girl to be labouring under a delusion, I did as she required: she attended the church on the following Sunday, and I offered the prayer for her as for a person in distress of mind; I saw her in great agitation during the service. She came to thank me some time afterwards, and said she thought Satan had left her. None knew the person for whom the prayer was offered but the clerk and myself. She had applied to him likewise, as demi-official. I desired him to say nothing about it; or the poor creature might have been bantered out of her senses. But I think, without any admonition, my clerk would not have troubled his head much

about her. He had always a little of the nature of contempt for the sex, and was thoroughly possessed with the conceit of the vast superiority of his own. I wanted to establish a school and make him a teacher, and spoke to him about terms: I thought he required too much, and told him I could employ a woman for much less. "A woman, sir!" said he, and drew slowly back three steps, as much as to bid me look at him; and, by the by, as a touch of nature, I must observe that such was the exact thing that Hecuba does in Euripides, when she would have herself surveyed as a picture, to see if any be so wretched. Now, my clerk, I venture to say, had never read and never will read a line of the tragic poet; so that it was pure nature in him, and a proud nature too,—for he repeated his words with an emphasis of astonishment. "A woman, sir!—I hope you do not compare *my* abilities with those of *any* woman!" The good man was not then married. I think he has since discovered that they have more abilities than he gave them credit for. And as this reminds me of no bad reply of one of the Society of Friends to a banterer, I will tell it to you, Eusebius, for it will, I am sure, from its gravity, set the muscles that move the corners of your mouth into play. Friend Grace, it seems, had a very good horse and a very poor one. When seen riding the latter, he was asked the reason (it turned out that his better half had taken the good one). "What," said the bantering bachelor, "how comes it you let mistress ride the better horse?" The only reply was—"Friend, when thee beest married thee 'llt know." I am always pleased with the sedate, quiet manner of the "people called Quakers," as the Act of Parliament styles them, and can forgive their little enmities to tithes and taxes. I know, Eusebius, you are inclined to laugh when you see them, and call their dress coxcombry; but they are changing that fashion. Yet there is nothing that I have

been more amused with than the ingenuity of one, in transferring the scandal of his own temper upon the church: riding a restive horse, his equanimity was disturbed; he dealt the animal a blow and a word (which I must not write, but is usually written with a d and an n and a stroke between them), "d &c. thee," but, recollecting himself, he added, "as the church folks say." Don't impatiently send me back upon my parish, Eusebius. Let me follow the current of my thoughts, and you shall hear one more anecdote, though I go to America for it, for it is characteristic, and then will I quietly settle for the rest of the chapter. I heard the anecdote from a gentleman long resident in Philadelphia. Two Quakers in that place applied to their society, as they do not go to law, to decide in the following difficulty: A is uneasy about a ship that ought to have arrived, meets B, an insurer, and states his wish to have the vessel insured. The matter is agreed upon. A returns home, and receives a letter informing him of the loss of his ship. What shall he do? He is afraid that the policy is not filled up, and should B hear of the matter soon, it is all over with him—he therefore writes to B thus:—"Friend B, if thee hastn't filled up the policy thee needsn't, for *I've heard of the ship.*"—"Oh, oh!" thinks B to himself—"cunning fellow—he wants to do me out of the premium." So he writes thus to A: "Friend A, thee be'est too late by half-an-hour, the policy *is* filled." A rubs his hands with delight—yet B refuses to pay. Well, what is the decision? The loss is divided between them. Perhaps this is even-handed justice, though unquestionably an odd decision. My dear Eusebius will extract the moral from a tale in which there is but little morality to be discovered.

I am not surprised that the ancients had their words of omen. I wanted to go straight back to my parish, and the word moral takes me back there as straight as an arrow, far

straighter indeed than the *Moral* I am going to speak of ever went when once out of it. And if the circumstance happened in your presence, Eusebius, and in the church, as it did in mine, you know well you would most sadly have exposed yourself. I had a servant with a very deceptive name, Samuel Moral, who, as if merely to belie it, was in one respect the most *immoral*, for he was much given to intoxication. This of course brought on other careless habits; and as I wished to reclaim him, if possible, I long bore with him, and many a lecture I gave him. "Oh, Samuel, Samuel!" said I to him very frequently—"what will become of you?" On one occasion I told him he was making himself a brute, and then only was he roused to reply angrily, "Brute, sir—no brute at all, sir—was bred and born at T——." But the incident, which would inevitably have upset the equilibrium of your gravity, was this. I had given him many a lecture for being too late at church, but still I could not make him punctual. One Sunday, as I was reading the first lesson, which happened to be the third chapter, first book of Samuel, I saw him run in at the church-door, ducking down his head that he might not be noticed. He made as much haste as he could up into the gallery, and he had no sooner appeared in the front, thinking of nothing but that he might escape observation, than I came to those words, "Samuel, Samuel." I never can forget his attitude, directly facing me. He stood up in an instant, leaning over the railing, with his mouth wide open, and if some one had not pulled him down instantly by the skirt of his coat, I have no doubt he would have publicly made his excuse.

I had another of these Trinculos, who put a whole house into a terrible fright, and the silly fellow might have met with a serious injury himself. One day his mistress sent him to a neighbour's, about two miles distant, with her compliments, to inquire for the lady of the house, who had very

recently been confined. The sot, however, could not pass a hamlet that lay in his way without indulging his favourite propensity of paying his respects to the public-house. When a drunkard loses his senses he is sure to lose his time. The first he may recover, but never the last; so it was with our Trinculo. When he came to himself, he bethought him of his errand; but was perhaps totally unconscious of the time lost, and had not quite sufficient senses to make inquiry; and the stars he never contemplated; there were always so many more than he could count. But to my neighbour's gate he found his way. He knocked, he beat, he rang, and he halloed—for now he did not like to waste time—and it was two o'clock in the morning. The inmates were all in confusion. "Thieves! fire!" was the general cry. Some ran about half clad—some looked out of window—dogs barked, and women howled. The master took his blunderbuss, opened the window, and called out stoutly, "Who's there! who's there!" Trinculo answered, but not very intelligibly. At last the master of the house dresses, unbolts and unbars his doors, and with one or two men-servants behind, boldly walks down the lawn-path to the gate. "What's the matter—who are you?" Trinculo stammers out, "My master and mistress's compliments, and be glad to know how Mrs —— and her baby is." Yet, upon the whole, I have little reason to complain of my domestics. The very bad do not like to enter a clergyman's family. Indeed my female servants have had so good a name for all proprieties, that this circumstance alone led to the very comfortable settlement of one of them, and I think that event has been a recommendation to the house ever since.

One evening as tea was brought in, I heard a half-suppressed laugh in the passage, and observed a simpering strange look in the servant's face as the urn was put on the table. The cause was soon made known; it was a courtship,

and a strange one. A very decent-looking respectable man, about thirty-five years of age, who carried on some small business in a neighbouring town, a widower, and a Wesleyan, knocked at the door. He was then a perfect stranger. The man-servant opened it. "I want," said the stranger, "to speak with one of Mr ——'s female servants."—"Which?" —"Oh, it doesn't signify which." The announcement was made in the kitchen. "I'm sure I won't go," says one. "Nor I," says another. "Then I will," said the nurse, and straight she went to the door. "Do you wish to speak to me, sir?"—"Yes, I do," said the stranger. "I am a widower, and I hear a very good character of Mr ——'s servants. I want a wife, and you will do very well."—"Please to walk in, sir," said nurse. In he walked, and it was this odd circumstance that caused a general titter. But the man was really in earnest—in due time he married the woman; and I often saw them very comfortable and happy in the little town of ——; and I verily believe they neither of them had any reason to repent the choice thus singularly made. She fell into his ways—had a good voice, and joined him in many a hymn—thus manifesting their happiness and their thanks, while he was busy about his work, and she rocked the cradle. I represent them as I saw them, and I doubt not their whole life was conformable to the scene.

There was another widower, whose cottage was within a few fields of us, who was not so very disinterested. He was a labouring man, and had his little income, a pension, and, for a labouring man, was pretty well off. I had attended his wife in her last illness, who, by the by, was the ugliest woman I ever beheld. This man cast his eyes, if not his affections, upon the rather simple daughter of an old man who was then hind to a gentleman, had kept a dairy, and was supposed to have saved a little money. The daughter was about thirty. Upon her he cast his eye; and as her eye had

a slight cast too—they met—and a courtship commenced—the whole progress of which she very simply told to her mother-in-law, and her mother-in-law brought it to the parsonage. The man, it seemed, wanted sadly to know if she would bring him anything, and in a thousand ways, with all his ingenuity, did he twist it, but never could arrive at the point, and he dared not be too explicit for fear of offending the old father. "May be," said he, "we might keep a cow?" No answer. "May be, *with a little help somehow*, we might rent a field?" No answer. "May be, with summut added to what I've got?" A pause—no answer. "May be your father might spare?" No answer. The man's patience could hold out no longer; he let go her arm, and looking at her angrily, said—"Domm it, have a got any money?" And what said she?—nothing. "If thee beest so stupid," added he, after a bit, "I must go to thee faather." The father, I suppose, gave something, for the *loving* couple married. O Love, Love! what is it, and what is it not, in this working, and this unworking world! The business of it—the pleasure of it—the pain of it—the universal epidemic, but how various in its operation in our different natures! It is a raging fever—a chill—an ague—the plague—some it makes sober—some it drives mad—some catch it—some breed it—in some it bears fruit naturally—in others it is engrafted, and then we have sweet apples on sour stocks. There was no very hot fit in either of the instances just given. Some take it for all and all; for its own value—some in exchange for lands and tenements—and some with them for a make-weight—some will have it pure—some can only bear it mixed—some have it for ornament—some for use. Take an instance of the latter. An aged gentleman, who had been more than ordinarily successful in the world, and had well thriven in business, so connected in his mind love and trade together, by an indissoluble link, that he never could think of the one without the other: no

matter which came uppermost for the time, the other was sure to be tacked to it. He recounted his amours thus—for, be it observed, he had been married to no less than four wives. "Well," says he, "I began the world, as one may say, by marriage and by trade at one and the same time. For the first Mrs Do-well had something decent, and I immediately put her money in the trade. It did very well, and we did very well; and then it pleased God to take Mrs Do-well; and so I went on with my trade till I thought it time to look about me; and I didn't marry foolishly when I took the second Mrs Do-well, and I put *her* money in the trade, and there it did very well and *we* did very well; and it pleased God to take her too; and so I looked about me again, and married the third Mrs Do-well: she had a good purse of her own, and so I put *her* money in the trade; and all did very well; and it pleased God that she should die likewise: and then I got my friends to look out for me—and they did, and I married the fourth Mrs Do-well, and I put *her* money in the trade, and the trade wasn't the worse for that; and now here am I out of trade, and they're all dead, and I'm very comfortable." "It pleased God," or "if it pleased God," are most convenient expressions; they let down sorrow so gently, and with such an air of resignation; or express a satisfaction without exposing the sin of it; they cover a secret wish with such a sanctity, that I know of no form of words more comprehensive, or capable of more extensive and more varied application; but they solely have a reference to the human species and their affairs: a murrain may seize all the brute creation and carry them off, but such expressions never will be used unless in reference to the loss some human individual may sustain thereby. You will generally find that they mean what the tongue dare not utter. I was once in company with an elderly gentleman who had in his early days spent much of his time in America:

he was questioning another, who had recently arrived from that country, respecting many of his old acquaintance there. It was very well known that the elderly gentleman was not *blessed* with a wife—that is, he had one that was no blessing to him. They say he was once recommended a perpetual blister, when he sighed and confessed he had one in his wife, and without doubt the fact was so; but, as I remarked, making inquiries about his old acquaintance, he added,—"If it should please God to take Mrs ——, I will go and see my friends in America;" and the other, as if to show that his domestic calamity was well known across the Atlantic, replied, "And they will be particularly glad to see you." Now, though this was put but hypothetically, and even with an air of resignation, if such a thing should happen, the poor gentleman would have been particularly unfortunate had mistress overheard the expression. I believe she gave him very little peace; and the idea that he should ever enjoy any out of her jurisdiction, would have thrown her into a towering fury. It is very amusing to enter into the very marrow of expressions, to dissect them, and come at their real ingenuity. I knew a gentleman who, although he bore the name of his legal father, bore nothing else that could be at all referred to him, but was bequeathed a handsome property by his *illegal* father. But never to mention one who had left him such a bequest, would not have pleased the world (which always means fifteen miles round one), and he would have been called, behind his back, an ungrateful fellow; and as he lived on the bequeathed estate, it would have been impossible. To mention him as an alien to him, would have been sure to have provoked the smile of satire and perpetuated scandal; yet by one happy expression, he admirably avoided the awkwardness and the odium—he invariably called him his "predecessor." An elderly gentleman of Ireland, and a bachelor, once in my presence managed

this sort of thing very badly, but very ludicrously. I was in the drawing-room conversing with the lady of the house when he was announced; he was himself rather a diminutive man. He came into the room, holding by the arm a big youth about eighteen years of age, robust enough to have brandished a shillelah with any in Tipperary. He pushed him a little forward towards the lady, and said, "Ma'am, give me leave to introduce to you my nephew," then merely putting his hand on one side of his mouth, in an Irish whisper, which is somewhat louder than common speech, he added, "*He's my son.*" It is fortunate that Eusebius was not present. Every grade of life has its vocabulary—and it varies much in counties and in parishes. You will find it no easy task, Eusebius, to master the vocabularies that ought to be known, if you would understand every grade in the parish to which you may attach yourself; but it is hopeless to suppose they will ever understand yours. And here is a fair spring of much misunderstanding. The sacrifice must be on your part. Educated persons speak much more metaphorically than they are aware of. But that which is a conventional language in one society is not so in another. The simplest mode of expression, and at the same time the most forcible, must be studied; and in our intercourse with the poor, I believe it to be a good rule, as much as possible, to discard words exceeding two syllables—and never trust your tongue with a parenthesis, under any hope that the sense will be taken up by any thread in the mind of your hearer, after you have once made him take the jump with you, and have left it behind you. You must speak the words your poor parishioners know, but not in their manner; they will see that it is an imitation, and think it a banter and insult, and they expect you to speak differently. They will look up to your education with respect, but do not ever lower it in their estimation by laying it aside; nor hurt them by supposing

they cannot understand it. Be assured, the poor are sensible of the grace and beauty of clear and gentle (I use the word in opposition to their coarse) diction, in a greater degree than we commonly suppose; and they will be as ready to pull off their hats to your words as to your appearance. They believe that there are two sorts of English, and they expect you to have the best, and take great pride in understanding you, thinking they have acquired something, when all the merit may be in your plainness, and in your better manner of saying common words. I say, they think there are two sorts of English. This reminds me of an anecdote which a schoolmaster told me. A farmer wished his son to have some learning, and on a market-day brought him the lad; he was to be taught Latin. I daresay the farmer had heard of dog Latin, and bethought him of it after he had left the school; for on the next market-day he came to the school with a sack, and said to the master, "I do understand there are two sorts of Latin; I should like my son to ha' the best, and so I ha' brought ye a pig." Now, Eusebius, it is to me very clear that if they wish their sons to have the best, they will expect us to have the best, whether it be Latin or English; and if they find we have the best of the latter, there is no fear they will not give us credit for the former. I have often thought it would be worth while to take the best sermons, and translate them, as it were, into short sentences, and words of two syllables. The story of the poor gardener, who, being asked what felicity meant, said he did not know, but he believed it was a bulbous root, is well known. There cannot be a greater mistake than, as some do, to trouble and perplex a country congregation with technical divinity, nor with such words as "the Philosophy of the Stoa," "the responses of the Hierophant," which were yet uttered in a country church. Their only value will be in their unintelligibility, that they may be taken for a mystery, which made

the old lady exclaim—"Oh, those comfortable words, Mesopotamia, Pamphylia, Thrace."

But we have a habit of lecturing, and so here do I find myself lecturing—whom! no other than my friend Eusebius, who has a more quick sense of what is right in these matters, and a somewhat unfortunately more keen perception of what is wrong in them, than any man living—*Vive valeque.*

A FEW HOURS AT HAMPTON COURT.

[DECEMBER 1840.]

How many, and those too who profess to be lovers of art, speak of the Cartoons, who have never seen them; and yet they may be enjoyed at less trouble and cost than the greater part of the fooleries and buffooneries that are crowded with visitors! The Southampton railroad and an omnibus will set you down at Hampton Court in a very short time. The difficulty is not to get there, but to return. There is so much to enjoy, that it must be left with reluctance. It is a noble thing to have Hampton Court open to the public—the palace —the gardens—and even the park—the pictures—to say nothing of the associations connected with it: its retirement from the noise and stir of the great hive—the "fumum et opes, strepitumque"—render it a scene of enchantment. It is like a palace from the romance of Ariosto, where all was to be had at a wish. If poor, you are made rich in a moment; for all is your own. You walk through richest galleries and rooms furnished with the greatest treasures of the world, and are not asked a question. You feel the luxury of a proprietor, without the burden of the property You are a prince, inasmuch as the detail of keeping up the establishment is kept out of your sight: you enjoy, without repining either at the cost or trouble. You know not how the walks are kept in

order—but there they are. All you see are your invited and well-behaved company; you know that they are gratified; you have no responsibility; and, if the heart can be at ease from extraneous cares, you are sensible that none will meet you here. You are really "monarch of all you survey," and "your right there is none to dispute." Hampton Court has thus its return of sunshine. Retributive justice makes recompense for all the wrongs that have been done. The beneficent and magnificent spirit of Wolsey now triumphs. The architecture is indeed mutilated; but what remains is happy in containing treasures infinitely greater than those removed. If there were nothing here but the Cartoons, Hampton Court might be considered one of the richest palaces in the world. Poor Wolsey! The sour and the spiteful to any outward honour of Church, State, and the liberal arts, still rave at the name of the "proud and pampered churchman," and his ambition—fellows that have not the smallest conception of the ambition of such a mind as the cardinal's. It would be worth dissecting: for it is a history of itself, of greater depth than most men can fathom. If it were a personal ambition, it enlarged his personality, drew within its compass a large society, with which it was identified in every enjoyment, and for the loss of whose happiness it felt keenly, as in reality a part of its own. We give things names—and ill names too—and choose to call pride, that all may scoff at it, what in fact is in its nature too complicated to have a name. In Wolsey it was a compound of various noble and excellent feelings, crowned with ability and power, and enlarged to a beneficence far out of sight of self, and ever alive to grand and immortal purposes. Wolsey had self-love—and who has not? True; but he loved himself, and prided himself, and honoured himself, not out of low gratification, but as an idea of his own creation, quite set apart from the low and grovelling lust of praise, as an image of history even created by himself, and to

be maintained and supported throughout with the propriety, in all parts and movements, that a great dramatist would attach to his ideal character, the coinage of a genius that seeks something above the common world. Who will dare to say that Wolsey's grandeur had but himself for its object? His great mind would have been weary in a week of such a poor aim. He used magnificence as a means, and because he was of a magnificent nature, and all the materials of his mind were magnificent; and he used them, ready ever to bring out magnificent conceptions. And the true greatness of his character was in this—that the kindliest affections still found their natural play in his heart; a heart that, had it been of common capacity only, must have been too full with the pride heaped upon it, to the suffocation of the better feelings. And what had he not to contend with? "Some are born to greatness, and some have it thrust upon them;" but, when it is so thrust, can all bear the burden? If it be answered, nor did Wolsey—we deny it. He bore it well; and to his historical character greatness ever did, does, and will attach itself, as an essential quality, and spread, moreover, some of its superabundant brightness over England's, and even the world's honour, begotten and cherished by him while he lived; and, now that he is dead, the greater through him. But Wolsey raised himself. He could not but rise: his abilities were rare. And how hard is it to cast off the weeds of early habits, of low station and poverty, and to assume of one's own will, and wear well too, and as if born to it, the splendour of the highest dignity! To fit the mind to every situation, and one as remote as possible from that in which it originally grew, is the acquirement of a master spirit—and this had Wolsey. Shakespeare, in a few well-chosen words, paints the man:—

> "*Chamb.* This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
> To many lords and ladies; there will be
> The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lovel. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall everywhere."

King Henry VIII.

The Great Master of Nature, though compelled to make the character of Wolsey subservient to the purpose of his play, and to put all the evil that could be said against the cardinal into the mouths of his adversaries, has, after all, given a true and high name to that great man, and has judiciously published its admission from the suffering queen:—

"*Griffith.* This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford!—one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it:
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
Kath. Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!"

This gives, perhaps, the truest portrait of Wolsey; yet are the dignified virtues of his character not magnified. Nor can we be surprised at this, if we consider the nearness of the time when this was written; and if it be true that the first play acted in the great hall was this very play of Henry VIII., before that very king's daughter, and that Shakespeare was

one of the actors, it must be owned that the author was in a strait of no little difficulty.

The death of Buckingham, with the exception of the general sin of his ambition, set and jewelled as it were in bright virtues, seems alone to press with strong suspicion upon Wolsey's fame; and here we can scarcely condemn, not being certain of the facts either for or against that event. There may be, too, a clue to his pride and ostentation in the character of the king he had to please, and to entice to better and greater acts than were quite consistent with the royal nature. We know not how much Wolsey might have assumed, as a charm to accomplish a wisely-conceived end. That he coveted the papal throne there can be no doubt. His ambition there may have been honourable, and emanating from a conscious power and fitness to govern; and there can be no doubt of his desires to have employed his power for the real advancement of learning and civilisation; and be it observed, that with Wolsey fell the whole character of the king. What wretches he had about him, and what a brute did he become, when the salutary, the preserving influence of the greater mind was removed! All Henry's atrocities were after Wolsey's fall. And this great man had not to deal with mankind as they are now; but in times which it now even requires labour and study to understand, and which are therefore not at all felt by many, and but inadequately for the purpose of forming a right judgment by any; that is, we cannot easily convey our acquired knowledge into our feeling, so as to carry it with us through the history of those times. There is something extremely pathetic, and of great and beautiful simplicity, in the speech of Wolsey to his retinue in his disgrace. In his episcopal habit, he called all together, gentlemen, yeomen, and chaplains, and addressed them from a great window at the upper end of his chamber. Thus says Cavendish: "Beholding his goodly number of servants, he could

not speak unto them, until the tears ran down his cheeks; which being perceived by his servants, caused fountains of tears to gush out of their sorrowful eyes, in such sort as would cause any heart to relent. At last my lord spake to them to this effect and purpose:—'Most faithful gentlemen and true-hearted yeomen! I much lament that, in my prosperity, I did not so much forgive as I might have done. Still I consider that, if, in my prosperity, I had preferred you to the king, then should I have incurred the king's servants' displeasure, who would not spare to report behind my back that there could no office about the court escape the cardinal and his servants; and by that means I should have run into open slander of all the world; but now is it come to pass that it hath pleased the king to take all that I have into his hands, so that I have now nothing to give you; for I have nothing left me but the bare clothes on my back.'" Here is a noble subject for a historical picture.

Wolsey's taste and knowledge of architecture must have been great. Who can see the tower of Magdalen College and doubt it? And Christ Church, and Hampton Court, though mutilated, bear sufficient testimony to his knowledge and love of that excellent art of architecture, which none but superior minds should venture to meddle with; for if it makes greatness and wisdom conspicuous to the world, it makes folly so too, and therefore the more contemptible. Architecture is the natural constructive instinct of a great mind, the throwing off into palpable form of high thoughts. It is a part of that noble constructiveness which would build up institutions; the practical language of a governing mind. It is an empire in itself, in which genius loves to reign and be supreme. It was highly characteristic of Wolsey. We believe all really great men love architecture. A man who builds to himself a notable palace, or house, and by his arrangements adequately shows forth and appropriates a fine estate, makes to himself

at least a centre of the world, to which all things come, or seem to come, and from which all thoughts radiate by enclosing apparently so much of the world's wilderness as he wants: all within his eye's reach is his real, and all without, his imaginary domain. He creates the happiest delusion of space, regulates it by his own ideas, making it what he would have it, and ornaments it to charm him. It was a beautiful idea, and expressive of its perfectness, that named the temple of the god the ὀμφαλός γης. In a fair and noble mansion, a man must, in some degree, feel himself a king, for his will has sway, and room to move in. It has a tendency to elevate, to give him character, decision, and that dignity which ever arises from repose within one's self; that need not be shoved and hustled from meditation and reflection by the too near proximity of ill-assorted things and persons. We look upon the taste for architecture as a national good. It is the means of raising families to a visible responsibility, giving them something to keep up, and to hand down to others, greater than the littleness of uncultivated, unadorned republican man. The other arts require it; and all arts thus assisting each other, build up and constitute all that is beautiful in the world, visible and moral. How hard is it to give up any thing we make and call our own! Now, in nothing was Wolsey's superior greatness more shown than in the readiness of so large a sacrifice as Hampton Court. Had he pride, he had enthroned it here; but his pride was a part of him. Driven out forcibly from one palace, it had a sure refuge in himself. Nothing, no outward act of malice or tyranny could rob the world's history of Wolsey. He knew it, and even in his fall was greatest. This noble fabric of Hampton Court was, however, readily resigned by Wolsey into the king's hands, who afterwards seized too his palace, subsequently called Whitehall. It is a curious fact, and one that marks a visible retribution upon things, names, and persons, whereby

a sort of moral history of the world is written by a Divine hand, and carried on in continuance by striking incidents—it is a curious fact that these two palaces of Wolsey, as they are monuments of the rapine of royalty, so are they of the humiliation of royalty. We see the crime, the penance, and the punishment; and we must regard rather the official than the personal characters of the agents and sufferers. It is the tale of Naboth's vineyard. These two palaces, plundered by the royal hand, were, in their due time, one the prison, the other the place of execution of royalty. Wretched, unfortunate Charles! who can visit Hampton Court and not think of him, and detest his brutal persecutors? But there is intermediate interesting matter for reflection that may not be entirely passed over. The amiable, excellent Edward VI. resided here, and yet, as if the guilty punishment of the house began early, not without fear of having his person seized, the short-lived successor of the rapacious Henry. Then follows the inauspicious honey moon of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain which was passed in this palace; then indeed the evil and prophetic spirit of the house might have uttered their epithalamium in the words of Cassandra the doomed.

"Φόνον δόμοι πνέουσιν αἱματοσταγῆ."

Unhappy nuptials! from which, in the place of other offspring, was begotten the furious bigotry that deluged the land with blood—the blood of saints and martyrs. But for this, retribution on the Papal bigots was at hand. Protestantism triumphed in the succeeding reign; and here Elizabeth held her festivities. A respite is given to the house to perform this act of justice, to make it indeed complete; for the bigotry here engendered, was here put down under James I. For at this very palace was the conference held, the blessed effects of which were found in the improved translation of the Holy Scriptures, at which conference

James uttered the grave aphorism, "No bishop, no king." Hampton Court now becomes interesting to us, having witnessed Charles I.'s happiness and his misfortunes. It was the scene of his happiest days, for here he, too, passed his honeymoon; and of his worst, for it was his prison. Poor King Charles! It was to his taste and love for the arts that Hampton Court owes its present glory — the Cartoons of Raffaele. They alone make up to us for all the architectural diminution this fine palace has suffered. These cartoons were purchased at the recommendation of Rubens. They had been cut into slips, for the purpose of making tapestry from them; and we must not omit our gratitude to William III., who had them carefully attended to, put them on frames, and built the gallery for their reception. Hampton Court owes its present appearance to William III. The alterations by Sir Christopher Wren are easily distinguished from the original buildings of Wolsey. The public are now indebted to him more for the Dutch style of the gardens than for some of the ornaments of the palace. It was the residence of Queen Anne—the scene of Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. Courts were occasionally held here by George I. and George II.; and Frederick, Prince of Wales, afterwards occupied it. Since then it has been appropriated, in apartments, to various persons. But the mind naturally reverts to the misfortunes of Charles. Here was he a prisoner of Parliament, in the very scene of his former happiness, that he had adorned with pictures worthy the taste of a king; and what became of the majority of them?—Sold by the tasteless republicans, and dispersed throughout the courts of Europe, and many destroyed — even the most sacred subjects torn down, or defaced, in sour relentless bigotry, which then, as a general disease, infected men's minds; and, however mitigated, the disease has never been eradicated, and occasionally breaks forth, even now, with more or less strength. The king-kill-

ing, picture-destroying, taste-despising, virulent faction is still in existence; and had they full play, the results would be the same. King James's aphorism is for all ages, "No bishop, no king." There were multitudes rife for the full mischief, when, under the Reform mania, they would have murdered the bishop at Bristol; did mutilate and burn the Bible; set fire to the bishop's palace and the cathedral, and were ready to march to London to dethrone the king. No man, with the slightest pretensions to taste, or indeed to any true feeling, can pardon the atrocious acts of the Puritans, which have retarded to this day the cultivation of the arts introduced into this country and fostered by the first Charles. Go where we will, we see still their mutilations, their barbarities, monuments of their hypocrisy and infamy: and we see worse monuments in the characters of their descendants. The historical events that offer themselves so readily to the mind, upon a visit to Hampton Court, are of themselves sufficient for many a day's speculation; and the extremely valuable and curious portraits give an identity to such speculations that can scarcely be obtained elsewhere. We could not help smiling, however, at the whimsical notice with regard to the Portrait Gallery, which we found in our amusing and useful guide-book, to this effect: "There are several interesting and curious portraits in this room, *that are unknown.*"

Our object in visiting Hampton Court was not to make historical speculations, but to see the pictures; and we hope we have not wandered too far from our purpose. In fact, we consider some such preface is necessary; that something of the history of the place, its founder, and its inhabitants, must be known and felt before any person can fully enjoy the works of art at Hampton Court. For ourselves, had we confined our views to the mere pictures, we should not have written at all; for we do not presume, in a few hours, to

have been able to have formed a correct judgment, where there is so much to see, and much so arranged as not to be very visible. There is unquestionably a great deal of trash, mere rubbish, and no little of this cast that occupies a large space. But we could not help thinking that there are, or might be, some really fine things so placed as to be lost. Perhaps this is more the case with the portraits than with other subjects. We do not despise ornamental painting when it affects nothing beyond ornament. It is generally disgusting when it assumes subject, and conspicuous folly when it plays vagaries in allegory. Allegory, in fact, has been an incubus upon art and poetry. However Spenser and Rubens may have given it an eclat by their genius, we cannot but perceive that it was a clog upon their powers—but in bad hands what does it become? An insipid, senseless display of pictorial or poetical riddles not worth solving. It is the handiwork, at best, of a smart intelligence without feeling. That presuming allegory should show its barefaced audacity in a palace sanctified by the Cartoons, is to be lamented — and more glaringly absurd allegories than those large performances on the staircases and ceilings at Hampton Court were never perpetrated. But we admire, how it could ever enter into the brain of mortal man to twist the grave buffooneries of the heathen gods and goddesses into a courtly flattery of modern princes. On entering a gallery of allegory, the visitor should be forewarned that he is expected to lay aside his common sense. Never was there such confusion of allegorical personages as figure on the walls of "The King's Grand Staircase"—painted by Verrio. It is quite after the fashion of the description in the Groves of Blarney—

> "Julius Cæsar,
> And Nebuchadnezzar,
> All standing naked in the open air."

Verrio was an ass, as a wholesale manufacturer of fulsome

allegories must needs be. He was the man that introduced himself and Sir Godfrey Kneller, in long periwigs, as spectators of our Saviour Healing the Sick. What hole of mythology has he left unransacked for ornamenting this staircase? It is "Allegory at Home," or a fancy-ball given by Folly and Flattery jointly to Heathenism. Here are Apollo, the Muses, and Pan and Ceres, and Thames and Isis, and Flora and Ganymede, Juno and her Peacock, the Fatal Sisters and Jupiter. The Signs of the Zodiac, the Zephyrs and Destiny, and Venus with her legs upon a Swan, and Venus and Mars her lover. Pluto, Proserpine, Cœlus and Terra, Neptune and Amphitrite, Bacchus, Silenus, Diana, and Romulus and his Wolf. Hercules, Peace, Æneas, and the Twelve Cæsars, and the Genius of Rome; and (we must suppose, not in compliment to the Christian religion) Julian the Apostate writing at a Table, with Mercury the God of Eloquence attending upon him. But if the king's grand staircase is shocking, there is a very proper matrimonial agreement between that and the queen's; for that blockhead Kent was allowed to daub the ceiling, and Vick to perpetrate the great picture upon the wall representing the Duke of Buckingham as Science in the habit of Mercury, introducing the Arts and Sciences (that is, duplicates of himself) to Charles II. and his queen. Was there in those days no lunatic asylum to have provided a "Custos virorum mercurialium?" But we must confess, that of all these vile perpetrations, Verrio's are the best—we trouble not ourselves about the designs of any of them—but Verrio's keep up the ornamental intention best. They are light and gay in colour, and are at once both rich enough and weak enough to set off the more solid furniture. Some are dingy and heavy; and to have allegories ready to drop *en masse* as a dead weight, and overwhelm the spectator and his ideas, and bury him under Titans of brown umber, is a sad check upon a lively imagi-

nation. The "First Presence Chamber," too, presents us with a big allegory, eighteen feet by fifteen—William III. on horseback, in armour, and with a helmet that Mercury and Peace think it necessary to support, decorated with laurel—and Neptune with his attendants by the side of a rock acting master of the ceremonies villanously — while Plenty and Flora present flowers; for all which King William would have done well, had such a happy invention been then in existence, to have sent Sir Godfrey Kneller to the treadmill, and Flora with him. Would we wish to see these allegories destroyed? It is a puzzle. They contain, some of them at least, portraits—and are, therefore, curiosities. It is to be lamented, then, that they are so large—the staircase walls, we protest, would look better whitewashed than as they are. But we fear, were we called upon to decide, it would be that they remain—for the precedent of destruction is a bad one; and there are who may take a fancy to have their fling at the Cartoons. It is, perhaps, fortunate that those noble efforts of the mature genius of Raffaele were not set up in their present state, when by an ordinance of Parliament, "Sir Robert Harlow, 1645, gave order for the putting down and demolishing of the Popish and superstitious pictures in Hampton Court, where this day the altar was taken down, and the table brought into the body of the church; the rails pulled down, and the steps levelled; and the Popish pictures and superstitious images that were in the glass windows were also demolished; and order given for the new glazing them with plain glass; and, among the rest, there was pulled down the picture of Christ nailed to the Cross, which was placed right over the altar; and the pictures of Mary Magdalen and others weeping by the foot of the Cross; and some other such idolatrous pictures were pulled down and demolished." We extract this from Jesse's little useful and amusing volume, *Hampton Court*, which, as a guide, judi-

ciously contains much information which a visitor would wish to refresh his memory with, and to which we stand indebted for this and other matters. He took the above passage from a weekly paper of that date, 1645. The Parliamentary Commissioners, to the disgrace of the country, sold the treasures of art collected by the first Charles, and among them the nine pictures in distemper, "the Triumphs of Julius Cæsar," by Andrea Mantegna. They at that time sold for a thousand pounds, and were repurchased, at the Restoration, by Charles II., and are now in Hampton Court. We do not pretend to offer any detailed account of these admirable designs: they require much time to study them. We should be glad to learn if they have ever been engraved. Andrea Mantegna was a great master of design: his engravings are very scarce, and very valuable, some being subjects from Raffaele. He has been thought to have been the inventor of engraving. Nor shall we attempt to say much of the Cartoons, which, though they have been so often described, may yet be critically examined, both with regard to their effect on the general spectator, and with regard to the rules and principles of art employed in, and to be discoverable from them. This, as well as a particular account of the pictures throughout the palace, we hope to make the work of some future day. But we earnestly recommend Mr Burnett, who is now bringing out the Cartoons in a new and most effective manner (and, we are happy to add, at a very low price), to write a small treatise upon them to accompany his plates. His great knowledge of all the details of art, and his judgment and feeling for the great master, particularly qualify him for the work. We had intended, when we began this paper, to have extracted from our note-book our remarks upon the pictures in Hampton Court; but, upon reflection, think it better, on some future occasion, to examine them more closely; and we do hope that the good will be, by a discreet

hand, separated from the rubbish. Many, too many, by far the greater number, are worthless—injure those that are good, as evil company is apt to do; and surely nothing little or contemptible should be suffered in a palace originally erected by Wolsey, and rich in associations of what is great, and what is important in history. So should all the unauthenticated portraits be removed. Where there are so many undoubtedly genuine, it is a pity that a doubt should arise. There should be a delightful confidence in such a portrait gallery; that the vision, the waking dream of olden times, should pass before the mind, or linger where desired, with the most complete power and true enchantment. The faithfulness of Holbein should have nothing that is false near it. We are sure of the truth in Holbein's Queen Elizabeth when young, probably thirteen or fourteen years of age. It is the only portrait of the great maiden queen that is pleasing. The countenance is very interesting, even pretty; the figure graceful; and with the countenance expressive of a sweet simplicity of manner—a *gentilezza*. Self-will had not yet overcome the submission of her mind. Power had not enthroned the "glorious Gloriana." But, from this maiden age, there is not a portrait of Queen Elizabeth that is not hideous. The most unaccountably whimsical is that of Queen Elizabeth in a fantastic dress, by F. Zucchero. It is as inexplicable in its hieroglyphic as it is ugly in dress, and strange in every accompaniment. It is said that the Queen would not allow her face to have any shadow, whether from ignorance of art, or from a conceit partly belonging to herself, and partly the fault of that age of flattery, so that here all the shadow is in the background. She is supposed to be in a forest, a stag behind her, and a tree on which are inscribed mottoes, the meaning of which is past conjecture; her dress would disgrace a Kamtschatkan milliner. On a scroll are some verses, by some supposed to be her own, and

by some to have been from the pen of Spenser; we should acquit the latter of unintelligibility. The picture of the Queen, allegorically treated by Lucas de Heere, is extremely curious; but, for some specimens of this kind, we could scarcely credit the fulsome allegory of those days—allegory that well-nigh quenched the fire of genius, not that we mean to speak of the genius of De Heere. Allegory was then the court etiquette; in language and in art it was the veil between majesty unapproachable and her people. In language, it had its ameliorating and courtly use, when modified by genius and a love of truth; and perhaps even the wonderful power and fascination of the language of Shakespeare may be not a little indebted to this faulty source. But this only *obiter:* we fear getting out of our depth, and so return to this picture of Lucas de Heere. It represents the sudden appearance of Queen Elizabeth before Juno, Pallas, and Venus. Queenly is the step of the terrestrial majesty. Juno is in the act of retreating; Pallas is in utter astonishment, and Venus blushes at being overcome in beauty. The goddesses forget their own discord, each conscious that Queen Elizabeth alone would have been worthy the golden apple. Now the wonder is that Elizabeth herself did not start aghast at the ugliness of the picture, and particularly of the representation of herself: and yet her two attendants have grace; but the ingenuity of the painter in this is admirable; for, as he could not preserve the queen's likeness, and give beauty at the same time, he makes *her* the standard of beauty, by representing Venus as much like her as possible, preserving, nevertheless, a very manifest inferiority on the part of the goddess.

The following Latin lines beneath describe the picture:—

"Juno potens sceptris, et mentis acumine Pallas,
Et roseo Veneris fulget in ore decus.
Adfuit Elizabeth, Juno perculsa refugit,
Obstupuit Pallas, erubuitque Venus."

It is scarcely fair to poor De Heere to place this his picture directly under Holbein's Queen Elizabeth when young. It has been asserted, that there is no undoubted portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. What is, then, to be said of this by Janette? It is exquisitely beautiful, and, in style of art, surpassed only by Raffaele. It is like both Raffaele's and Holbein's portraits. It bears a "royal presence" and sweetness: as a picture, it has wonderful grace, and truth, and power. There are several others by this master, and all of them strikingly good. The historical portraits of this period are most interesting; few before that time can be relied upon; but here we find the satisfactory attestation of Holbein and Janette. After that, art dwindled, and nearly sunk under senseless allegory, and has little to attract till we come to the beauties of Charles II.'s reign. These are so well known, and all that can be said about them has been so well said by Mrs Jameson, that we can only refer to her book. We believe that, besides portraits, there are some very excellent pictures at Hampton Court; but, placed as they are, they do not tell their own story. They are in a wretched state. We could have wished, for the sake of art that would not be conspicuous in her defects, that Mr West had been a miniature painter. He occupies far too much space, considering that he has not dignified what he has occupied; and his works are a satire upon the taste and patronage of good old George III. There has been an attempt made, and is not yet altogether relinquished, to have the Cartoons removed to the National Gallery, or to some National Gallery within the city smoke. If there is danger of injury thereby, as some say there is, who would wish the removal? and why rob Hampton Court of its greatest treasure? and surely now it is accessible enough. We fear they must suffer deterioration where they are, their surfaces being exposed to the atmosphere. We should think

no cost too great to put glass before them, if, at the same time, they could be so placed as to be well seen. The first thing to consider is their preservation. It is said that others of the set are extant; if it be the case, surely they should be secured for the nation.

This is a slight notice of Hampton Court; but if it be allowed to be a precursor to more detailed observations, and may attract the attention of those concerned in these matters to a careful scrutiny of the pictures, we may have our pleasure, not without some public profit.

GRANDFATHERS AND GRANDCHILDREN.

[NOVEMBER 1841.]

Do you in earnest, my dear Eusebius, congratulate me on being a grandfather—a grandfather, like the infant, of some weeks old—the *insigne* and proper mark of an incipient second infancy? Two more such births, and you will write me Nestor; and when will it be your pleasure to ask me if I have yet lived up to the old crow? You know very well that I never keep birthdays—and so you are determined to note down one against me. You have often said that you pride yourself upon being the young Eusebius, because your friend Eugene is older than you, and his father is living: so, as you argue, your friend being Eugene the younger, yet older than you, you must be Eusebius the younger! It is thus, in your ingenuity, you try to cheat Time, and are but cheating yourself: and there is Time mocking and jeering you, out at the very corners of your laughter-loving eyes; and while you, and all the world about you, think it is nothing but a display of your own wit, there sits the thief, nicely pencilling his crows' feet, and marking you as surely his own, as if you had been a tombstoned grandfather, and ancestor to twenty generations. So, be not proud, Eusebius!

Do you really think me of such an infantine taste as to

delight in such things? And here is the age overstocked already; and Miss Martineau and the Utilitarians abstain from marriage, that babies may not be born, or that they may be themselves, in their own persons, the big monopolists of babyism: and you, I see, mean to make a prate about these delinquencies of me and mine! I remember when there was an universal taste for infant Cupids—that was in Bartolozzi's time—printed in red, to look more rosy! Everything was then embellished with babyism—cards, boxes, perfumery, bijouterie, frontispieces to grave books—universal was the *cupidity* for infantine show. Taste was in its infancy certainly; but the offspring could not keep it up, or some, such as Bartolozzi's, floated off by their own lightness and flimsiness; while others sunk by their weight—heavy-blubber, would-be bubbles, with a pair of silly butterfly-wings, each of them tacked on to their shoulders! From those days to the present unhappy ones of great mouths and little loaves, the world has never gone on right—all squabbling in this great nursery! No wonder our orphan asylums and lying-in hospitals were full, and required additions and additional subscriptions, before such a taste as that for babyism could be put down. It is a happy thing that they have discovered more land to the South, and it is all taken possession of in the name of Queen Victoria. We shall want room, space for vitality—we shall be so thick here, that we shall nudge each other into the sea for standing-room; and, if the manufactory monopolists have it all their own way, we shall have to import pap. There is a state of things to look to—to import pap, and grow infants!!

I wish, Eusebius, you had the nursing of half-a-dozen of them for a month or two, that you might congratulate me. I cannot but imagine I see you, Philosopher Eusebius, officially petticoated for your new duties—now half-distracted with an ebullition of squalling, and your own utter

incapacity; and now trying to interpret and reduce into some of your recondite and learned languages, inarticulate sounds—practising the nurse's vocabulary, and speculating upon it as a charm; while the poor things, all their little wants neglected, would treat you as the lady's lapdog did the private tutor of Lucian, showing indignity to the Greek philosopher's beard. Then should I like to congratulate you on your acceptance of office!

You see what babble you have set me into—showing the state I am getting into—the second state of it! Never mind, Eusebius! You will come to it too: you get a little garrulous, and not with knowledge neither. We have both, as the world goes, a lack enough of that. You and I should both be plucked at an infant school; and take care they don't set up one in every parish, for children from five feet eight to six feet high! Yet I should not wonder if you were to take upon yourself to be examiner. Don't do it! Children now are born with knowledge in their heads, more than you or I had acquired at the age of ten! Every one now is a young Hermes: they are born with so much in their heads, they look overloaded with it, like human tadpoles; and that is the reason they can't stand, and, when they do begin to walk, go at an amazing pace, because they can't stand steady under it; and that sort of mad run is nowadays called, to give some dignity to the absurdity, "the march of intellect!" Don't say any more—such a one has no more sense than a child; or, if you do, clothe it in Greek—for I don't think the infant schoolmistress is yet mistress of that—so you may just spout it out from Menander—

"Ἡ παντάπασι παιδάριου γνώμην ἴχει."

Greece was said to be the "cradle of the arts;" but now arts, and sciences too, spring from every cradle. When a child throws out his five fingers, you may conclude he is

calculating, πενταζεται: he has algebraised before he can speak—

"And lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came!'

The cradle is the thing—it beats Babbage's calculating machine out and out, for the child jumps out of it into the grown man; while nothing is ever likely to come out of the other. But the greatest of calculators may go back to the cradle, if he live long enough. Perhaps you and I, Eusebius, may be amusing ourselves with our second playthings, and not know it. As Lord Chesterfield said of himself and Lord Tyrawley, "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known." Though you were as big as the Gallic Hercules, you may come to swim your boat again. Here was a pretty child's comfort in old age: "You see how I comfort myself in my old age: I launch my little bark once more, which had been long laid by; repair, rig, and furnish it, and boldly venture it into the middle of the ocean. Fan it, ye gods, with a propitious breeze, for now, if ever, I want a favourable wind to swell my sails." Why, nowadays, there is not an infant of three years that would not be ashamed of this childishness. Folly, fanning her "Ship of Fools"—of old fools, Eusebius—and the whole infant school standing by, shouting "good voyage to you!" laugh at it, Eusebius, if you can, and you have the gift of laughter. To come into the world crying, and to go out of it laughing, is the end of the fool's philosophy. But take care, as I was going to say, you don't laugh too much, nor at too many things, nor at too many men, women, no, nor children either; or, as the world is going, you may chance to have the laugh against you: and mock not me in my grand paternity. Such things must happen; but let us take them quietly—not go cackling about, like the stupid hen telling the whole parish about her one egg. Rejoice as much as you like when your own quiver is full, and then it

will be time to have a grand "archery meeting." "Many a man," they say, "talks of Robin Hood that never shot with his bow." Put yourself in the predicament, and then banter about other people's bantlings. Who ever heard of such a thing before, as being complimented upon being a grandfather? In all your learning, where do you find that? Telemachus's grandfather was quietly passed off to pig with the swineherd, and plant cabbages, or something of that kind. Your pattern of female virtues, Andromache, endearingly calls her Hector her father, her mother, &c., but never goes further back. "Cousin, uncle, aunt," was left for very burlesque. Even Sheridan's unlicensed wit (yet am I not wrong there, for he was licensed, or the theatre was) never touched the grandfather. He is the very old nurse's scarecrow to frighten children, or was—for children, though now born frightful, are not born frightenable. He used to be the "father long-legs, that couldn't say his prayers," and therefore to be "taken by his left leg and thrown down-stairs"—and he is treated accordingly as worse than an infidel. There is a style of certain favourite "Good Books for Children" which always tell them how Master Bad-boy, of a year or two old, was all of a sudden, *instanter*, without a why or wherefore, in the midst of his wicked idleness, converted into Mr Good-boy, and went and preached to his wicked, abominable, old grandfather, and converted him—a child upon the forlorn hope. They are mere pegs to hang anything upon, just as authors choose: if they speak of them at all, it is not with respect. Do you know a single novel wherein the grandfather is the hero? If one is unfortunate enough to be introduced, is he not sure to be knocked on the head at last, that the happy couple may enjoy his fortune? He is generally killed outright, to get rid of him as soon as possible; and he is made unamiable, a sour, morose, and stingy curmudgeon, that none may regret his departure.

He is made a glutton, to be more readily despatched by apoplexy, and is given fairly to understand that he was introduced for no other earthly reason than to be got rid of.

"Edisti satis atque bibisti,
Tempus abire tibi est."

And so generally ends that "Tale of a Grandfather." Grandfathers are not introduced into plays either, because they are so put aside in real life—only considered just to give their names to their grandchildren, as if it were no longer fit to be their own. At best, they are each in his son's or daughter's family but a sort of head-nurse, to take the children an airing, to lift them over stiles, and if anything goes wrong, the veriest urchins are ready enough to pin the fault on the right person. I said they were not introduced upon the stage, but they are, in the old fool that runs after his runaway Columbine; and do not your Terences and Plautuses exhibit you the same folly? If authors of any kind have anything to do with them at all, it is to put them in some ridiculous light — they are expected to do all sorts of impossibilities.

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a *naked Pict his grandsire won.*"

Who but a grandsire would have been sent upon such a fool's errand as that? So it ever was. Your favourite classics do not treat them much better—Admetus coolly asks the grandfather of his children (in the *Alcestis* of Euripides) to step out of the world for him into the grave, with no more ado than if he had requested him to step to the corner of the street to the apothecary's, for his elixir of life. And how often do those old authors make the old gentleman perfectly ridiculous, by assuming in their names and persons an extraordinary imbecile fury, when in their feebleness they snatch up arms and talk big? And your friend Virgil sins

in this way: had he had the good taste of Homer before him, who treats old Priam with singular respect, he would never have so put to death even the progenitor of such a numerous race, nor made him hurl his "*telum imbelle sine ictu.*" But this author treats them throughout infamously. Only see the ridiculous position of Anchises riding pick-a-back, with all Ascanius's playthings in his hands, and you see plainly enough he has nothing to do after but to die and be forgotten; for his famous doings are not in the catalogue for the young Ascanius's remembrance, but it is—

"Et pater Æneas et avunculus excitat Hector."

But to speak of Virgil before Homer, is indeed to put the cart before the horse—and a lumbering sonorous cart too, that had carried dung for the pitchfork, and Tityrus's cheese to market, before it was laden with the remnant of furniture saved from Troy; so, be that as it may—go back to the original genius of epic and of history. I reminded you how old Laertes was treated; with that exception, the good Homer is nearly the only author that fairly respects the "venerables." Hobbes, by the by, in his translation of a passage of Homer in Thucydides, calls their wives their "venerable bedfellows." Homer, I say, does treat Priam with respect, and gives him a god as a conductor—the old king is never made ridiculous. Alcinous too, who, if he was not actually, was on the point of being a grandfather, does nothing absurd. There is only the slightest hint given that he is a little under the family rule, just enough to show what he was coming to—the being made a grandfather. One ought to be ashamed to speak of that mythology; but it shows the manners of that age — and others are too like it; do any of his grandchildren show respect for discarded Saturn? He had swallowed stones enough to mend the roads of a county, yet is as quietly set aside as the giant

Rabelais speaks of, who, though he had swallowed windmills, was choked with a pat of butter. You, Eusebius, have always the classics in your mouth; so I bring them to your remembrance, that you may see even through their spectacles, that there is no occasion to congratulate any one on the birth of a grandchild. But if authors so treat or pass by these aged gentlemen, tell me, if you can, any one author of tale, novel, or play, that ever wrote a line for a grandfather reader. Neither "gentle reader," nor "courteous reader," is addressed to them. It is curious, but, if you consider it, you will find, that by nearly all authors' eyes, their readers are seen distinctly as considerably under thirty years of age—most, indeed, are under twenty! You see at once what tastes authors cater for. There is little, indeed, in common with any but mere juvenile heads and hearts. Amidst all the mass of daily literature, either to amuse or to instruct, there is scarcely a soothing plaster for old age—even our modern divines have given up grandsires and grandmothers. They belong to the Hospital of Incurables. They are not excitable enough; and can't learn so easily the trick, nor acquire the privilege, of presenting gloves, nosegays, and silver tea-spoons: so that there is scarcely a stray sermon printed for them, and that only by subscription. They are, in fact, expected to read nothing but the newspapers, which are common to all; and they are printed in such wretchedly small type, as plainly to show that such readers are not much thought of. No, Eusebius; the "reading public" are under age. The young march of intellect has tripped up the old one's heels—the abstruse sciences are reduced to easy slip-slop literature for the young. A child may teach his grandfather, but a grandfather will never teach his child again: so that race are altogether left out of consideration, even in publications of "Tutors' Assistants." There has been, indeed, a sort of

attempt of late to get up statistics for the old folk; but it is a lame and quizzical thing.

I am told that now there are very few grandsires in the great scientific body peripatetic. They run about the world at such a rate—"modo me Thebis modo ponit Athenis"—that the respectably aged scientifics cannot possibly keep pace with them. Even if they can bear the fatigue of getting to the places, they are sadly foot-weary with the perpetual motion required, the very first day of the series; so they get knocked up—die off—and the rest take warning!

I tell you, the whole system of things is a sort of general vote of mankind, that there are to be neither grandfathers nor grandmothers—that is, acknowledged as such; of which many must be exceedingly glad, seeing that their grandsires have been something like their old clothes, rather shabby "inexpressibles." We follow the fashion of "Young France," and kick "Old France!" Then, too, writers are all for young readers: we are begrudged our very spectacles that we should read at all!

The last professed author that wrote for grandsires was the kind-hearted Sir Walter Scott; and that he did in some of his prefaces. Fielding, however, before him, was glorious in this respect. *Tom Jones* is a wonderful work: there are nuts to crack in it for those who have cut their wise teeth; it is deep, and there is something for every time of life.

But, Eusebius, if literature thus shamefully passes old grandfathers, or treats them contemptuously, what say you to music and painting? Handel and Purcell composed music for men, grand and thought-creating! Who composes music now, but mere tintinnabula of folly or licentiousness, with their butterfly flip-flap flights, and die-away cadences? I am sure of this—that neither grandfathers nor grandmothers ought to be present when their grandchildren trill and warble interminable variations, that either have no

meaning, or a bad one. The present musical world won't compose for those old people who go about with cotton in their ears; and really, as things are, the best thing they can do is not to take it out, but to add a little more wadding, that they might have a chance of not hearing!

Painting is worse. Look at the print-shops, and tell me what you see there fit for a grandfather's eyes: there is no appeal to *his* taste—to *his* feelings. We no longer have put before us the fine, pure, dignified subjects of saints and martyrs, nor grave and poetic history—painting heroic virtue, or meditation meet for age. We have prettiness for children without end—plenty for that age which "gaudet equis canibusque;" and wanton portraits, that shame the sitters, and make sinners. They won't now, Eusebius, give a penny for a "Belisarius;" and our "Books of Beauty" are not for elders.

The arts, then, are not for us: and what is? Why, really, the only thing I can think of at present are easy-chairs! They are, in spite of the young world and young taste, made for us—at least, if not made for us, they suit us well, though they may owe their origin to the enervated and debilitated frames of the younger. Yet they do induce us to keep within doors, and enjoy an *otium cum dignitate;* and thereby we old folks may save the reproach of casting a contempt upon age, as Bacon said we do, when old men sit basking in the sun at their doors in the open streets. You see by this remark of his, how well he knew that the tide of favour ran hard against grandfathers. And I think I have said enough, my dear Eusebius, to convince you of that, and that your congratulation was more than superfluous. So let us make the best of it, and see if there is not some pleasant feeling after all, soothing and deluding us at times into a belief that there is a gift conferred in this birth. There is a feeling of continuity of existence—"quod facit per alterum facit per

se." If so, the things we now handle and see, all that makes to us the world, will be felt, seen, enjoyed by ourselves—our other selves having the same consciousness of identity we now have—when we shall be bodily no more; so that we may be in both worlds—in some way we can't tell how, but feel we may—at one and the same time. Grandchildren, then, are the links connecting both worlds. We transmit to posterity. That word "transmit" implies that our act is continuous, for we do not altogether let go—what we transmit is even a part of ourselves, not only in outward resemblance, which is wonderfully strong (for it is said that children are more like their grandfathers than their fathers); but our minds, our dispositions, tastes, nay, extraordinary as it may seem, what we acquire. So that it would take a great many generations to reduce man to a savage—many generations before all acquired by ancestors would become weak in the transmission, and then cease. You surely do not think that the immediate progeny of the first wild horse could be compared with the after stock, after the race had gone some generations through the riding-school. Nor is this very difficult of physical solution; for the brain is the seat of sensation—there all nerves centre; the education which affects that, by that affects the whole; and thus, if we may so say, an educated quality is given, and passed on, and so in succession. Well, then, the old folks sometimes sit in their easy-chairs, and in conceit of all their own fancies, think all will be continued by and in their pet grandchildren; and so they go on improving their estates and houses—nay, their breed of horses and dogs, pigs and poultry; and on their deathbeds even give directions for the planting potatoes, which they think they shall eat by deputy. This is pleasant; they see the chubby things all alive and kicking, and satisfy themselves with a continuity of existence, saying, where I am death is not—and in those dear creatures I shall be. If

that bit of philosophy did not deserve a comfortable nap —you may be sure it was conceited in an arm-chair, cushioned with "all appliances and means to boot,"—it must be an unpurchasable commodity. "Non gemmis, neque purpurâ venale, nec auro." Here, then, I did not "sleep with my fathers," but with my grandchildren: that dream of life did not last long; for my neighbour the vicar of F., with more and harder nails in his shoes than on his toes and fingers— those of the latter are no beauties—came stumping into the room and woke me. The first thing I did was to talk to him of *his* grandchildren, and of the last, and the vain man pulled a letter from his son-in-law out of his pocket, and read this sentence—"Dear little Georgy, your favourite and namesake, although he is a sweet creature, he is the most troublesome I ever saw, and would require two servants instead of one; his mother has no peace, day or night." Now, what *do* you think of that? In waking thoughts could I congratulate him, excepting that for the present he is out of the way of "the sweet creature?" But let him grow up, and if he does not plague his grandfather, he won't end as he has begun. But mine is a granddaughter—no young wild fellow, who must have wild oats to sow—yes, sow—and put his grandfather's breast to the plough, to do the hard work for him— mine is a granddaughter! To speculate, then, in that line: All is yet to come; for even in a year or two she will be not like what she is now. There is a run of questions, such as —will she be gentle or a hoyden?—will she be wise or a fool, or neither?—simply intelligent or stupid?—will she have a hoarse or a soft voice?—a pleasant or a vile temper? It is impossible to describe to you, Eusebius, the nervous interest the mere questioning of this kind creates; alternately comes discomfort and pleasure. To run through the moral virtues and religious duties—how will she behave in them —is really running the gauntlet like a coward. Health and

sickness follow—and then—but I won't anticipate any other evil at any rate; but all I can say is, that my friend the vicar's daughter, that had given birth to this troublesome child, had been brought up most tenderly, doated upon by father and mother, caressed and petted every hour of the day for eighteen years, so that you would have thought father, mother, and daughter could not have lived apart from each other a week; but at eighteen she coolly walked off one morning with a lieutenant of marines, whom she had not known more than two months, finding she could not live without *him*—and as soon as she was married gave this account of it to her distressed parents:—

"My very dear Papa and Mamma—I could not really help it, Charles Henry is so gentle, so kind, so dear a man, so do, dear Pa and Ma, forgive us; we could not, you see, live without each other, and I assure you it was all grandpapa's doing, for he was always saying what a nice man Charles Henry is—and so, old as he is, he must know; so if there is any one to blame, it is grandpapa—Your most dutiful and affectionate,

"Letitia Smallarms."

It is quite frightful, my dear Eusebius, to think of. Shall I have to pet this little dear troublesome creature of mine, to coax and be coaxed—and then be the only one to be blamed if anything goes wrong? She won't go to a nunnery—you may be sure of that! So the safer way is in the beginning to keep one's affections within bounds. Grand-paternity (is there such a word?) is like a disease, like the ague—it has its hot and its cold fit. So I could now go on the other tack, and congratulate the sweet little beauty—for such I take it for granted she is—in being born into this world, while it is, as so many tell us, rapidly advancing towards its perfection; and in consequence, all that are born in it now are in themselves more perfect, to bring about and be fit for that perfect state of things. She might have been brought into

the world before the patent-grand pianos were invented, before any pianos at all, even before spinettes—some young ladies would shudder to think they might have been born before Byron and Moore, but that I don't think much of. The "Melodies" may be very well, but "Corsairs" and those sort of things don't tend to promote the wishes of grandfathers. She might have been born before "finishing schools" had been set up, and never properly learnt to step in and out of a carriage, before carriages were known, or even pattens invented, and then would never have read Gay's *Trivia*, and perhaps never will as it is, for in these scientific days it might be called *trivial* reading—excuse the pun—it is a little relief in a subject melancholy enough—the cold fit's coming. She might have come into an unadorned world, before the art of painting on velvet, or any other painting. What a thought! to have been born when the only pictures were the Picts, and they in sad lack of clothing! She might have come before worsted-work slippers and purses were ready to her hand—might have walked about without a *jupon* or even a flannel petticoat, or only with a *gonnella* just up to her knees, like Guarini's "Pastorella." She might have been burnt for a witch, or in bloody Queen Mary's days for not being one. She might have been her own great-great-grandmother, and be now kneeling in effigy in the chapel at K., painted in black dress with white ruffs and red cheeks, eight daughters behind her, all growing small by degrees and beautifully less. She might have come as her great-great-aunt by the mother's side, and married the gardener, and thus hurt the genealogy tree—which, as Butler says, is like a turnip, with the best part underground. That genealogy tree—how queer to think of! Out of veneration will she date from me—from me, properly heralded and painted lying flat on my back, with a stake through my body branching off into a tree, an heraldic Polydorus—and

so framed and glazed shall I be put up in her boudoir, and in that of all that follow her, while my real and true portrait shall be stuck up in a garret, from which in due time it shall have dropped off the nail, and some sixth or seventh in descent, a wicked urchin, will shoot at me for practice with his bow and arrow, and for joke blacken my eyebrows with the smut and smoke of a candle? There was, however, a country gentleman that did worse, for he hired a painter to put wigs upon his family portraits of Vandyke. I rejoice she wasn't born a puritan, and shouldn't like her to have gone to the theatre in Charles the Second's days—she might then neither have been pure nor puritan. No—if she could have been better born, she could not have been born better than now—so it verifies and comes at last to the old saying, "no time like the present." So it is nonsense to think of what might have been; let us be contented with what is; and now, Eusebius, let us just go and take a look at the infant. I don't think this is very much in your way. You shall see it through my eyes, and you won't think they are too partial. To look at an infant, though, is not always very easily done; you must speak to nurse first, for infants keep a sort of court, and have their antechambers, and mistresses of the robes too, and don't lie now, as your friend and favourite Horace did, the "animosus infans," when the doves came and covered him with leaves. Our infants are not so easily got at. They used to have, what now I can't exactly say, but so it was — as many wrappings as a mummy, lying in a pyramid of clothes. And so they should, for is not an infant, Eusebius, the only mysterious personage in a house? all else you can scan, and know what they think; you read them—but an infant—what do you know about that? what is its consciousness, what is its mind, that which is above life, where too there is but a little of life to overpower the *divinæ particulam auræ?* It is the living miracle of the

house: the coming into this world and the going out of it are the great mysteries which, though of human sufferance, are entirely out of all human knowledge—the living mystery is an infant. It is a pretty and a fond conceit, that when they smile in their sleep they are communicating with angels, those whom they were, as the nurses fondly think, conversant with before their entering on life. They are at once beautiful and awful; I wonder not, as parents look, they make them their idols and worship them, this natural affection moving, as it were, in more than Pythian majesty. For they *cannot* speak, we read they *dare* not speak. They have that in them they must not tell; *Deus ora frænat*—thus the prophetess was made dumb: in as great a mystery utterance has never been given. There lies the child, we think, and it knows, and it alone, an incommunicable truth —that must not be intrusted to memory, but goes, and is utterly lost as humanity grows. This is too deep speculation, Eusebius; we are lost in it, and shall never make anything of it; let us, as the poet says, touch a lighter strain. I asked you to look at the infant with me or through me—there isn't much difference. If we hit the "mollia tempora fandi," and the nurse be in good humour, it is a pretty sight enough —she knows how to set it off to some advantage, to make it look straight, or not look at all, which is perhaps best, and as the infantine arms make their uncertain jerks, she gently waves the creature to make you believe the little unknown has intentions of grace, an air of welcome to visitors and beholders; and when she perceives the unmeaning eyes to be twisting and rolling themselves as if to get out of their sockets, she adroitly and delicately dandles it upward, that it might feel the air fanning its eyeballs, and by instinct close the eyelids. These are the fine arts of nurses, and they paint you thereby as pretty babies as Guido—and he studied all their ways; and, Eusebius, did you ever see his

picture of the Murder of the Innocents? I wonder mothers can ever look at it when I find the remembrance of it so touches the heart of a grandfather; perhaps it is because I am but a young one. At such times, then, when, as in all shows, the shower is pleased, it is a pleasant sight, a very pretty sight, one that Correggio loved and made of immortal beauty, but not "a beauty without paint"—but if the nurse chooses to give you an ugly view, it would be difficult to make a mask ugly enough to represent it—and what can I do with a pen-and-ink sketch, to represent more colours than the rainbow has, and none so bright? Whatever was angelic is gone—feature there is none left, but one shapeless mouth —that which was but recently the very rose-bud of beauty, the sole index of expression in an infantine face, suddenly expands, distends, and fills up the whole face, a wondrous chasm for such a creature, and no χασμ' ὀ ὀντων either. You look in wonder if it can ever get into its place again. The mouth is all and all to a child. Its very tears come through the mouth—so it cries entirely with the mouth; the only means by which it can make known its pleasure or pain. Nature has, therefore, given it a wonderful power; it can contract to a button or enlarge itself to a pocket. A friend of mine once told me that the reason his youngest son had so large a mouth was this—that he was, during the boy's infancy, very much engaged in authorship, and finding himself disturbed continually by the child's crying, he hit upon the expedient of having a pap dish and spoon always at one elbow, and the child's cradle was at the other; so whenever the urchin began to set up his pipes, in went the spoon into his mouth, and "that spoon," said he, "being a table-spoon, and going in so often, it stretched the boy's mouth so that it never could recover—and that is the reason my son Timothy has such a big mouth." I mention this as a caution to all mothers and nurses, more particularly as big mouths require

more to fill them all through life, and less good comes out of them. The beauty and ugliness of the same child are quite surprising. The most whimsical account of the ugliness of one is in Homer's Hymn to Pan. The wood-god sees some nymphs at a fountain, bounds in among them, and, I suppose to quiz him, they sing of his birth, how his father Hermes fell in love with Dryope, and she—but see the hymn—

> "She bore him a wonderful son,
> Goat-footed, capricorn, rough,
> With a strange visage curled into laughter and fun,
> And indeed it was frighful enough;
> For the nurse, in dismay, ran shrieking away,
> When she saw the babe bearded and bluff."

The idea of his frightening his nurse is capital—and I don't wonder at it—for really the infantine faces one does sometimes see, especially when presented as particular dears, do make one very desirous to walk off as soon as possible. Now I know well there will be a digression classical, and all to please you, who I verily believe had rather, for the sake of the Greek, dandle and kiss an infant Pan, though black as a tinker, than my lady Grace's milk-white baby. Pan's father, Hermes, then was a wag—he was so tickled with his own child's ugliness, that he tried to look like it, all he could: and he became so expert at last, that the mother goddesses used to ask him to put on the look to frighten their little celestials, when they did not behave themselves. Callimachus says he acted Cyclops, Argus, and Steropes, for the purpose—but the fact was, it was nothing but Pan's face he put on. However, I give the passage from Callimachus, because it shows how the celestials treated their children, and that "raw-head and bloody-bones" is of antiquity, and should be respected on that account a little—not so utterly discarded as now by modern educationists. Hope and fear are both implanted in us, and I suppose both

work good—and unless fear have fair play, the child will grow up a conceited imp, and perhaps worship nothing but its own glorified self—you want the passage from Callimachus, which I promised you—so take it—

"They [the ocean's gentle daughters] trembled with affright.
As well may be; for even Queens celestial, when long past
Their childhood years, with shuddering fears, behold the monsters vast.
And often in their infant state, and difficult to please,
Hard to obey a mother's sway, they hear such words as these;
'Come, Cyclops, Argus, Steropes, come take the wayward child.'
Then Hermes he within besoots his face, and looking wild,
Comes forth a Cyclop grim and gruff; the affrighted infant flies
To her mother's breast, all closely press'd both hands before her eyes."

But of all the infants of whom we have record, this Hermes himself was the most wonderful—show me the lad at an infant-school that could come near him. Born in the morning, he played upon the lyre the evening of the same day—not only played upon it, but made it, invented it. Here was an "infant lyrist"—what are your infant Lyras to him? After playing a few tunes, and among them, "Over the hills and far away," the conceit enters him, and off he sets, only a day old, over the hills indeed, to steal Apollo's cows. He stole 'em and killed 'em, and returned, slipped through the key-hole and into his cradle in no time. Apollo finds him out and comes to his mother's cave for him. The description of the infant affecting sleep is excellent—a most perfect imitation of everything infantine—

"Down to the cavernous chamber stepp'd
Apollo, the far-darting god,
The threshold in his wrath he trode.
Him Hermes saw, duck'd down and crept
Under his cradle clothes, hands, feet and all,
Huddled up close together, like a ball,
Or smouldering faggot underneath its heap
Of ashes; thus lay Hermes in his nest,
As 'twere a new-wash'd baby mass of sleep.
Yet there withal his tortoise-shell he press'd
Tenderly under his infant arms caress'd."

He didn't want a nurse to sing to him.

> "Hey diddle diddle,
> The cat and the fiddle,"

would never have done for him. He composed his own music, and his own words. He made his instrument—

> "This done, he aptly held his new-wrought toy,
> And with his plectrum smartly struck
> The strings alternate, that off shook
> Up from beneath his hands sounds of wild joy,
> Wonderfully bright—then gain'd he skill to reach
> A prelude in true notes, to each
> Carelessly humming, not with speech
> Articulate, at first, and story;
> Till, warm'd, he reach'd his infant glory,
> And broke forth improvisatore."

It is not wonderful if the first subject of his singing was quizzing his grandfather—for of him we are told he sang, and one may easily conjecture in what vein. Now here, Eusebius, I think one might make a grave note in the manner of learned commentators, and remark as I do not think any before me have done, that, after all, the child's

> "Hey diddle diddle,
> The cat and the fiddle,
> The cow jump'd over the moon,
> The little dog laugh'd to see such fine sport,
> And the dish ran away with the spoon,"

may owe its origin to this first song of Hermes, and partly to his story of making his fiddle, of stealing the cow and leading it a pretty dance, poetically over the moon—and the dish and the spoon he certainly sang of. For "the little dog laughed" is evidently Hermes himself, for a sad little dog was he certainly—the term is most characteristic—

> "He sang of the pots and pans,
> In the nymph's magnificent hall,
> Of the nipperkins, cups, and cans,
> The kettles, and skillets, and all."

It will hardly do to talk any more about infants after such a specimen, quite enough to check the growing pride of any grandfather, if he venture upon comparison. It would barely do to speak of Garagantua himself, who had seventeen thousand nine hundred and thirteen cows of the towns of Pautille and Breemond appointed for him, to furnish him with milk in ordinary. And this puts an idea of another note into my head, as a hint to a future historian of our country in the reign of Queen Victoria. That the farmers of Pennard in Somersetshire were so excessively ignorant, as really to believe that the Queen of England, like a queen ant, must be bigger than any other of her kind; and, discussing the subject, their ideas become so enlarged, as is wont to be the case, that they actually appointed a like number of cows as were appointed to Garagantua, to furnish her Majesty with a cheese for luncheon. I do not imagine the Pennard farmers had ever read Rabelais; but nature is nature—and this of the Queen and the farmers is a sketch from nature. But I cannot give you an immediate sketch from nature of my grandchild. She is out of sight, like a precious gem as she is, packed in cotton, gone to her innocent dreams, and will awaken, if not in a squall, to an admiring world. Did you ever look with an artist's eye at an infant's hand and foot?—they are the prettiest of embryo instruments, unless they be of the downright clown progeny, then they are a little indicative of the spade use—one to hold firm, the other to press down, *pede fossor*. The present helpless uselessness of the most helpful and useful of our members, of itself makes infancy a thing *sui generis*. The hand that is hereafter to cut down a cuirassier or to fell oaks by the hundred, could not for the life of it hold a pin. Yet hold—my granddaughter is not destined to do such execution. The little angelic-looking hand—is it a fancy, or is the habit *handed* on?—but the fourth finger of the left hand is surely

a little pirky up out from the rest, as if it knew it was to have the ring; while the whole right hand is grasping—as if practising "to have and to hold." It is plain the child takes after the mother. And did you ever note the form of infants, how unlike the after growth? They come into the world with everything to learn, and so nature provides them with heads in proportion to a world of learning—every organ full; then there is the body, so much out of size with regard to the limbs—that is the stock to grow out of. Other limbs are not wanted, so they are for the present left to themselves; and ill would they shift for themselves if they had anything to do —for they are cold; all the vitality, as yet but weak, is gathered together, that none of its force should be wasted, and is in the main trunk—so that you generally find the extremities of children cold. Then as growth comes on, what a change! Vitality is strong and compact, youth pinches in the waist, there is no longer the big trunk, and the vital heat can afford to be dissipated, to be thrown into the extremities, that they too may be called into vigorous action, and at the same time carry off the fever heat and violence of grown nature. Then again when we decline, as it is fairly enough said, to second childhood, how certain is the return! The vital heat retreats to the citadel, and calls in all its forces, to maintain that which has less strength, and cannot afford to be dissipated; and so old people have cold hands and cold feet again, the trunk increases, and there is room for the whole strength to garrison in. The hot-headed youth, and cool-headed man, are expressions from which, and from observation, I collect the above; and that is quite as much physical knowledge of the matter as you or I want to have. So pass we on, and consider what a wonderful thing is the φρονιστήριον—the "knowledge box," and it need be capacious. The amazing power of children to learn is most striking to any one who for the first time crosses the Channel; he hears

an urchin talk, and even cry, and complain, and scold, and go through all the exercises of humanity, in French—a mere infant of some two or three years, in a language that he has been in vain hammering at perhaps for twice as many years. But without going to France, is it not a wonder that the child should speak the Somersetshire language, or speak Devonshire, as the Rolliad has it? And yet these very Somersets and Devons, had accident made them open their eyes in India or Arabia, would, in a year or two, have spoken Hindostanee, and beaten out and out the Oxford and Cambridge professors of Arabic. When you hear mothers and nurses talk to children, you must admire the difficulty put upon them in learning any language. How is the pure monosyllabic Saxon converted into a jargon Ionicised—Georgy-porgy and coachy-poachy. Is this what Aristotle calls λεκτικην ἁρμονίαν? Perhaps, however, that makes us such a rhyming nation. Be that as it may, I dare say you remember Dean Swift's specimen of talk to a child; turn to it, it will amuse you; that too is a sketch from nature.

You see by the variety of my speculations, that I begin to cast great things in my mind, and in truth, I find myself growing in fondness, and am already an incipient fool of a grandfather; but I shall be cautious how I draw the curtain from the cradle and present the babe to your more near and scrutinising view, lest I meet with what befell our friend Hermes we have been talking about, who wrapt up his ugly bantling Pan, and flew with him to Olympus, and into the presence of the gods, with—

"Look ye all at my beautiful child."

They all burst out in a roar of laughter; and perhaps I might join in the laugh, should one be set up, for in that case Jupiter was *the grandfather.*—*Vive, Valeque.*

SITTING FOR A PORTRAIT.

[FEBRUARY 1844.]

What could induce you, my dear Eusebius, to commit yourself into the hands of a portrait-painter? And so, you ask me to go with you. Are you afraid? that you want me to keep you in countenance, where I shall be sure to put you out. You ask too petitioningly, as if you suspected I should refuse to attend your *execution;* for you are going to be *beheaded*, and soon will it be circulated through your village, that you have had your *head taken off*. I will not go with you—it would spoil all. You are afraid to trust the painter. You think he may be a physiognomist, and will hit some characteristic which you would quietly let slip his notice; and you flatter yourself that I might help to mislead him. Are you afraid of being made too amiable, or too plain? No, no! You are not vain. Whence comes this vagary?—well, we shall all know in good time. Were I to be with you, I should talk—perhaps maliciously—on purpose to see how your features would unsettle and shift themselves to the vagrant humour, that though one would know another from habit, and their old acquaintanceship, the painter would never be able to keep them steadily together. I should laugh to see every lineament "going ahead," and art "non compos."

I will, however, venture to put down some plain directions

as to how you are to sit. First, let me tell you how you are *not* to sit. Don't, in your horror of a sentimental amiable look, put on yourself the air of a Diogenes, or you will be like nothing human—and if you shun Diogenes, you may put on the likeness of a still greater fool. No man living can look more wise than you; but if you fall out with wisdom, or would in your whim throw contempt on it, no one can better play the fool. You are the laughing or crying Philosopher at pleasure—but sit as neither, for in either character you will set the painter's house in a roar. I fear the very plaster figures in it will set you off—to see yourself in such motley company, with Bacchus and Hercules, and Jupiter and Saturn, with his marble children to devour. You will look Homer and Socrates in the face; and I know will make antics, throw out, and show fight to the Gladiator. This may be, if your painter, as many of them do, affect the antique; but if he be another guess sort of person, it may be worse still with you. You may not have to make your bow to a Venus Anadyomene—but how will you be able to face the whole Muggletonian synod? Imagine the "Complete Body," from the *Evangelical Magazine*, framed and glazed round the walls, and all looking at you in the condemned cell. Against this you must prepare; for many country artists prefer this line to the antique. It is their connection—and should you make a mistake and go to the wrong man, you will most assuredly be added to the Convocation, if not put to head a controversy as frontispiece. It will be in vain for you to say, "Fronti nulla fides;" "γνῶθι σεαυτὸν" before you get there, or nobody will know you. Take care lest your physiognomy be canvassed by many more besides the painter. Are you prepared to have your every lineament scrutinised by everybody? to hear behind a screen the disparagement of your lips, your eyes thought deceitful, and, in addition, a sentence of general ugliness passed upon you? So you must stoop to

paint-pots, have daubs of reds, and yellows, and greys perked up against your nose for comparison. Your man may be a fancy mesmeriser, or mesmerise you, now that it is flying about like an epidemic, without knowing it. If he can, he will surely do it, to keep you still: that is the way to get a good sitter. Eusebius in a *coma!* answering all comers, like one of the heads in the play of *Macbeth!* But I was to tell you how to sit—that is the way, get into a *coma*—that will be the painter's best chance of having you; or, when he has been working for hours, he may find you a Proteus, and that you have slipped through his fingers after all his toil to catch you. I will tell you what happened to a painter of my acquaintance. A dentist sat to him two days—the third the painter worked away very hard—looked at the picture, then at his sitter. "Why, sir," said he, "I find I have been all wrong—what can it be? Why, sir, your mouth is not at all like what it was yesterday." "Ah! ah! I will tell you vat it ees," replied the French dentist; "ah! good—my mouse is not de same—no indeed—yesterday I did have my jaw in, but I did lend it out to a lady this day." Don't you think of this now while you are sitting. You know the trick Garrick played the painter, who, foiled in his attempt, started up, and said—"You must be Garrick or the d——!" Then as to attitude, 'tis ten to one but you will be put into one which will be quite uncomfortable to you,—one, perhaps, after a pattern. I should advise you to resist this—and sit easy—if you can. Don't put your hand in your waistcoat, and one arm akimbo, like a Captain Macheath, however he may entreat you; and don't be made looking up, like a martyr, which some wonderfully affect; and don't be made to turn your head round, as if it was in disgust with the body; and don't let your stomach be more conspicuous than the head, like a cucumber running to seed. Don't let him put your arm up, as in command, or accompanied with a rapt look as if you

were listening to the music of the spheres; don't thrust out your foot conspicuously, as if you meant to advertise the blacking. Some artists are given to fancy attitudes such as best set off the coats; they are but nature's journeymen at the faces; don't fancy that the cut, colour, or cloth of your coat will exempt you from the penalty of their practice. Why, Eusebius, they have lay-figures, and dress them just as you seem them at the tailor's or perfumer's; and one of these things will be put up for you—a mannikin for Eusebius! In such hands the coat is by far the best piece of work; you may be sure your *own* won't be taken for a pattern. You will despise it when you see it, and it will be one you can never change—it will defy vamping. You may be at any time new varnished whenever after generations shall wish to see how like a dancing-master the old gentleman must have looked. It is enough to make you a dancing bear now to think of it. Others, again, equip you with fur, and make you look as if you were in the Hudson's Bay Company's Service. Luckily for you, flowered dressing-gowns are out, or you might have been represented a Mantalini. What can you be doing! It is difficult to put you in your positions. There are some that will turn you about and about half an hour or more before they begin, as they would a horse at the fair—ay, and look in your mouth too. If they cannot get you otherwise into an attitude, they will shampoo you into one. And remember, all this they will do, because they have not the skill to paint any one sitting quite easy. Don't have a roll in your hand—that always signifies a member of Parliament. Don't have your finger on a book—that would be a pedantry you could not endure. I cannot imagine what you will do with your hands. Ten to one, however, but the painter leaves them out, or copies them out of some print when you are gone. This will be picking and stealing that you will have no hand in. What to do with any one's

hands is a most difficult thing to say—too many do not know what to do with them themselves; and, under the suffering of sitting, I think you will be one of them. If there is a child in the room, you will be making rabbits with your fingers. Then you are at the mercy of the painter's privilege—the foreground and background. If you have the common fate, your head will be stuck upon a red curtain, a watered pattern. If your man has used up his carmine, you will be standing in a fine colonnade, waiting with the utmost patience for the burst of a thunder-cloud that makes the marble column stand out conspicuously, and there will be a distant park scene; and thus you will represent the landed interest: or you will perhaps have your glove in your hand—a device adopted by some, to intimate that they are hand and glove with all the neighbouring gentry. And it is a common thing to have a new hat and a walking-cane upon a marble table. This shows the sitter has the use of his legs, which otherwise might be doubted, and is therefore judicious. If you are supposed to be in the open air, you will not know at first sight that you are so represented, until you have learned the painter's hieroglyphic for trees. You will find them to be angular sorts of sticks, with red and yellow flag-rags flapping about; and ten to one but you have a murky sky, and no hat on your head; but as to such a country as you ever walked in, or ever saw, don't expect to see such a one as a background to your picture, and you will readily console yourself that you are turning your back upon it. If you are painted in a library, books are cheap—so that the artist can afford to throw you in a silver inkstand into the bargain, and a pen—such a pen! the goose wouldn't know it that bred it—and perhaps an open letter to answer, with your name on the cover. If you are made answering the letter, that will never be like you—perhaps it would be more like if the letter should be unopened.

Now, do not flatter yourself, Eusebius, that all these things are matters of choice with you. "*Non omnia possumus omnes*," is the regular rule of the profession; some stick to the curtain all their lives, from sheer inability to set it—to draw it aside. You remember the sign-painter that went about painting red lions, and his reply to a refractory landlord who insisted upon a white lamb. "You may have a white lamb if you please, but when all is said and done, it will be a great deal more like a red lion." And I am sorry to say, the faces too are not unfrequently in this predicament, for they have a wonderful family likeness, and these run much by counties. A painter has often been known totally to fail, by quitting his beat. There is certainly an advantage in this; for if any gentleman should be so unfortunate as to have no ancestors, he may pick up at random, in any given county in England, a number that will very well match, and all look like blood relations. There is an instance where this resemblance was greatly improved, by the advice of an itinerant of the profession, who, at a very moderate price, put wigs on all the Vandykes. And there you see some danger, Eusebius, that—be represented how you may—you are not sure of keeping your condition ten years; you may have, by that time, a hussar cap put upon your unconscious head. But portraits fare far worse than that.

I remember, when a boy, walking with an elderly gentleman, and passing a broker's stall, there was the portrait of a fine florid gentleman in regimentals; he stopped to look at it—he might have bought it for a few shillings. After we had gone away,—"that," said he, "is the portrait of my wife's great-uncle—member for the county, and colonel of militia: you see how he is degraded to these steps." "Why do you not rescue him?" said I. "Because he left me nothing," was the reply. A relative of mine, an old lady, hit upon a happy device; the example is worth following. Her husband was the last of his race, for she had no children.

She took all the family portraits out of their frames, rolled up all the pictures, and put them in the coffin with the deceased. No one was more honourably accompanied to the grave—and so he slept with his fathers. It has not, to be sure, Eusebius, much to do with your portrait, but thinking of these family portraits, one is led on to think of their persons, &c.; so I must tell you what struck me as a singular instance of the "*sic vos non nobis.*" I went with a cousin, upon a sort of pilgrimage at some distance, to visit some family monuments. There was one large handsome marble one in the chancel. You will never guess how it had been treated. A vicar's wife had died, and the disconsolate widower had caused a square marble tablet, with the inscription of his wife's virtues, to be actually inserted in the very centre of our family monument: and yet you, by sitting for your portrait, hope to be handed down unmutilated to generations to come,—yes, they will come, and you will be a mark for the boys to shoot peas at—that is, if you remain at all in the family—you may be transferred to the wench's garret, or the public-house, and have a pipe popped through the canvass into your mouth, to make you look ridiculous. I really think you have a chance of being purchased to be hung up in the club parlour as pictorial president of the Odd-Fellows. Why should you be exempt from what kings are subject to? The "king's head" is a sign in many a highway, to countenance ill-living. You too will be bought at a broker's—have your name changed without your consent—and be adopted into a family whereof you would heartily despise the whole kith and kin. If pride has not a fall in the portraits of the great and noble, where shall we find it?

A painter once told me that he assisted one of the meanest of low rich men, to collect some family portraits; he recommended to him a fine Velasquez. "Velasquez!—who's he?" said the head of his family.—"It is a superb picture, sir—a

genuine portrait by the Spaniard, and doubtless of some Spanish nobleman." "Then," said he, "I won't have it; I'll have no Spanish blood contaminate my family, sir."—"Spanish blood," rejected by the plebeian! I have known better men than you, Eusebius,—excuse the comparison—vamped up and engraved upon the spur of the moment, for celebrated highwaymen or bloody murderers. But this digression won't help you out in your sitting. Let me see what the learned say upon the subject—what advice shall we get from the man of academies. Here we have him, Gerard Lairesse; you may be sure that he treats of portrait-painting, and with importance enough too. Here it is—"Of Portraiture." But that is far too plain. We must have an emblem:—

"Emblem touching the handling of portraits."

"Nature with her many breasts, is in a sitting posture. Near her stands a little child, lifting her garment off her shoulders. On the other side stands Truth, holding a mirror before her, wherein she views herself down to the middle, and is seemingly surprised at it. On the frame of this glass, are seen a *gilt pallet and pencils. Truth has a book and palm branch* in her hand." What do you think of that, Eusebius, for a position? But why Nature or Truth should be surprised at viewing herself down to the middle, I cannot imagine. It evidently won't do to surprise you in that manner. Poor Gerard, I see, thinks it a great condescension in him to speak of portrait-painting at all; he calls it, "departing from the essence of art, and subjecting (the painter) to all the defects of nature." Hear that, Eusebius! you are to sit to be a specimen of the *defects* of nature. He is indignant that "such great masters as Vandyke, Lely, Van Loo, the old and young Bakker, and others," possessed of great talents, postponed what is noble and beautiful to what is more ordinary. There

you are again, Eusebius, with your ordinary visage, unworthy such men as the old and young Bakker, whoever they were. But since there must be portraits, he could endure the method of the ancients, who "used to cause those from whom the commonwealth had received extraordinary benefits, either in war or civil affairs, or for eminence in religion, to be represented in marble or metal, or in a picture, that the sight of them, by those honours, might be a spur to posterity to emulate the same virtues. This honour was first begun with their deities; afterwards it was paid to heroes, and of consequence to philosophers, orators, religious men, and others, not only to perpetuate their virtues, but also to embalm their names and memories. But now it goes further; a person of any condition whatsoever, have he but as much money as the painter asks, must sit for his picture. This is a great abuse, and sprung from as laudable a cause."

Are you not ashamed to sit after that? He is not, however, without his indulgences. He will allow something to a lover and a husband.

"Has a citizen's wife but an only babe? He is drawn at half a year old; at ten years old he sits again; and for the last time, in his twenty-fifth year, in order to show her tender folly: and then she stands wondering how a man can so alter in that time. Is not this a weighty reason? a reprovable custom, if painters did not gain by it. But again, portraits are allowable when a lover is absent from his mistress, that they may send each other their pictures, to cherish and increase their loves; a man and wife parted so may do the same." You undertake, you perceive, a matter of some responsibility —you must account to your conscience for the act of sitting for your picture. Then there is a chapter upon defects, which, as I suppose he presumes people don't know themselves, he catalogues pretty fully, till you are quite out of humour with poor human nature. The defects are "natural

ones—accidental ones—usual ones." Natural.—"a wry face, squint eyes, wry mouth, nose," &c. Accidental.—"Loss of an eye, a cut on the cheek, or other part of the face, pits of the small-pox and the like." Usual.—"Contraction of the eyes and mouth, or closing or gaping of the latter, or drawing it in somewhat to this or that side, upwards or downwards," &c. As for other bodily infirmities, how many have wry necks, hunchbacks, bandy legs—withered or short arms, or one shorter than another; dead or lame hands or fingers. Are you so sure of the absence of all these defects, that you venture? You must fancy yourself an Adonis, and not think that you are to be flattered, by having any very considerable number of your defects hid. "The necessary ones ought to be seen, because they *help the likeness;* such as a wry face, squint eyes, low forehead, thinness and fatness; a wry neck, too short or too long a nose; wrinkles between the eyes; ruddiness or paleness of the cheeks, or lips; pimples or warts about the mouth; and such like." After this, it is right you should know that "Nature abhors deformity." Nay, that we always endeavour to hide our own—and which do you mean to hide? or do you intend to come out perfect? I daresay you can discover some little habits of your own, Eusebius, free from vanity as you are, that tend to these little concealments! Do you remember how a foolish man lost a considerable sum of money once, by forgetting this human propensity? He had lost some money to little K——, the deformed gambler—and being nettled at his loss thought to pique the winner. "I'll wager," said he, "£50, I'll point out the worst leg in company."—"Done," said K—— to his astonishment. "The man does not know himself," thought he, for there sat K—— crouched up all shapes by the fireside. The wagerer, to win his bet, at once cried, "Why, that," pointing to K——'s leg, which was extended towards the grate. "No," said K——, quietly unfolding the other from

beneath the chair, and showing it, "that's worse." By which you may learn the fact—that every man puts his best leg foremost. But we must not quit our friend Gerard yet. I like his grave conceit. I rejoice to find him giving the painters a rap over their knuckles. He says, Eusebius, that they are fond of having "smutty pictures" in their rooms; and roundly tells them, that though fine pictures are necessary, there is no need of their having such subjects as "Mars and Venus, and Joseph and Potiphar's wife." Now, though I do not think our moderns offend much in this respect, the hint is good—and some exhibit studies from models about their rooms, that evidently sat without their stays. Gerard was the man for contrivances—here is a capital one. He does not quite approve of painting a wooden leg; but if it be to be done, see with what skill even that in the hands of a Gerard may be dignified—and the painter absolved, "lege solutus." "But if the hero insist upon the introducing such a leg, on a supposition that 'tis an honour to have lost a limb in his country's service, the painter must then comply with his desires; or *else contrive it lying on a table covered with red velvet.*" But capital as this is, it is not all; he quite revels in contrivances: "If he desire it after the antique manner, it must be contrived in a bas-relief, wherein the occasion of it may be represented; or it may hang near him on a wall, with its buckles and straps, as is done in hunting equipages; or else it may be placed among the ornaments of architecture, to be more in view." You see he scorns to hide it—has worked up his imagination to conceive all possible ways of showing it; depend upon it he longed to paint a wooden leg, to which the face should be the appendage, the leg the portrait. "Hoc ligno," not "hoc signo vinces." But here Gerard bounces—giving an instance of a gentleman "who, being drawn in little, and comparing the smallness of the eyes with his own, asked the painter whether he had

such? However, in complaisance, and for his pleasure, he desired that one eye at least might be as big as his own, the other to remain as it was." Fie, Gerard! you have spoiled your emblem by taking the mirror out of truth's hand.

He is particular about postures and backgrounds. "It will not be improper to treat also about easiness and sedateness in posture, opposed to stir and bustle, and the contrary —namely, that the picture of a gentlewoman of repute, who, in a grave and sedate manner, turns towards that of her husband, hanging near it, gets a great decorum by *moving and stirring hind-works*, whether by means of waving trees or crossing architecture of stone and wood, or anything else that the master thinks will best *contrast*, or oppose the *sedate posture of his principal figure.*" Here you see, Eusebius, how hind-works tend to keep up a *bustle!* "And because these are things of consequence, and may not be plainly apprehended by every one," he explains himself by ten figures in one plate—and such figures! As a sitter, he would place you very much above the eye—that is, technically speaking, adopt a low horizon; "because"—the because *is* a because —"because it's certain that when we see any painted figure, or object, in a place where the life can be expected, as standing on the ground, leaning over a balcony or balustrade, or out at a window, &c., it deceives the eye, and by being seen unawares (though expected), causes sometimes a pleasing mistake; or it frightens and surprises others when they meet with it unexpectedly, at such places as aforesaid, and where there is *any likelihood* for it." Your artist will probably put you on an inverted box, and sitting in a great chair, probably covered with red morocco leather, in which you will not be at home, and in any manner comfortable. We see this deal box sometimes converted into a marble step, as a step to a throne! Gerard presents us with many methods of showing the different characters of persons to be painted, some of

which will be novel to you. For instance, you would not expect directions to represent a secretary of state with the accompaniments of a goose. "With a secretary the statue of Harpocrates, and in tapestry or bas-relief, the story of Alexander shutting Hephæstion's mouth with a seal-ring; also the emblem of fidelity, or a goose with a stone in its bill." Methinks the director, or governor, of the East India Company must look very small beside his bedizened accessory, meant to represent Company. "She is to be an heroine with a scollop of mother-of-pearl on her head, in the nature of an helmet, and thereon a coral branch; a breast ornament of scales; pearls and corals about her neck; buskins on her legs, with two dolphins conjoined head to head, adorned with sea-shells; two large shells on her shoulders, a trident in her hand, and her clothing a long mantle; a landskip behind her of an Indian prospect, with palm and cocoa trees, some figures of *blacks*, and elephant's teeth. This figure also suits an admiral, or commander at sea, when a sea-fight is introduced instead of a landskip." Such a figure may, indeed, be more at home at sea, and such a one may have been that famous lady, whose captain so "very much applauded her," and

> "Made her the first lieutenant
> Of the gallant Thunder Bomb."

Not a painter of the present day, it seems, knows how to paint the clergy. Mr Pickersgill has done quite common things, and simply shown the cloth and the band—that is poor device. See how Gerard would have it done. Every clergyman should be a Dr Beattie. "With a divine agrees the statue of truth, represented in a Christian-like manner, or else this same emblem in one of his hands, and his other on his breast, besides tapestries, bas-reliefs, or paintings, and some Christian emblems of the true faith; and representation of the Old and New Testament—in the offskip a temple."

All the portraits of the Great Duke are defective, inasmuch as none of them have "Mars in a niche," or Victory sitting on a trophy, or a statue of Hercules. You probably have no idea what a great personage is a "sea-insurer." He is accompanied by Arion on a Dolphin; and in a picture a sea-haven, with a ship under sail making towards it; on the shore the figure of Fortune, and (who are, think you, the supercargoes?) over the cargo Castor and Pollux. In this mode of portrait-painting it would be absolutely necessary to go back to the old plan of putting the names underneath the personages; and even then, though you write under such, this is Castor, this Pollux, and this the sea-insurer, it will ever puzzle the whole ship's crew to conjecture how they came there together. Gerard admits we cannot paint what we have not seen, and by example rather condemns his own recommendations. Fewer have seen Castor and Pollux than have seen a lion, and he says men cannot paint what they have not seen. "As was the case of a certain Westphalian, who, representing Daniel in the lions' den, and having never seen a lion, he painted hogs instead of lions, and wrote underneath, 'These should be lions.'"

By this time, Eusebius, you ought to know how to sit, if you have not made up your mind not to sit at all. You need not, however, be much alarmed about the emblems—modern masters cut all that matter short. They won't throw in any superfluous work, you may be sure of that, unless you should sit to Landseer, and he will paint your dog, and throw in your superfluous self for nothing. You would be like Mercury with the Statuary, mortified to find his own image thrown into the bargain.

Besides your own defects, you have to encounter the painter's. His unsteady, uncertain hand, may add an inch to your nose before you are aware of it. It is quite notorious that few painters paint both eyes of the

same size; and after your utmost efforts to look straight in his face, he may make you squint for ever, and not see that he has done so. Unless he be himself a sensible man, he will be sure to make you look like a fool. Then, what is like to-day will be unlike to-morrow. His megillups will change, so that in six months you may look like a copper Indian; or the colours may fade, and leave you the ghost of what you were. Again, he may paint you lamentably like, odiously like, yet give you a sinister expression, or at least an unpleasant one. Then, if you remonstrate, he is offended; if you refuse to take it, he writes you word that if not paid for and removed by next Tuesday, he will add a tail to it, and dispose of it to Mr Polito. Did not Hogarth do something of this kind? If he please himself he may not satisfy you, and if you are satisfied, none of your friends are, who take an opportunity of the portrait to say sarcastic things of you. For in that respect you may be most like your picture, or it most like you, for everybody will have some fault to find with it. Why, don't you remember but last year some *friends* poked out the eye from a portrait, even after it had been on the exhibition walls? Then, what with the cleaning and varnishing, you have to go through as many disorders as when you were a child. You will have the picture-cleaner's measles. It was not long ago that I saw a picture in a most extraordinary state; and on inquiry, I found that the cook of the house had rubbed it over with fat of bacon to make it bear out, and that she had learned it at a great house, where there is a fine collection, which are thus baconed twice every year. You are sure not to keep even your present good looks, but will become smoked and dirty. Then must you be cleaned, and there is an even chance that in doing it they put out at least one of your eyes (I saw both eyes taken out of a Correggio), and the new one to be put in will never match the other. The ills that flesh is heir to, are nothing

to the ills its representative is heir to. At best, the very change of fashion in dress will make you look quizzical in a few years. For you are going to sit when dress is most unbecoming, and it is only by custom that the eye is reconciled to it, so that all the painted present generation must look ridiculous in the eyes of posterity. Don't have your name put on the canvass; then you may console yourself that, in all these mortal chances and changes, whatever happens to it, you will not be known. I have one before me now with the name and all particulars in large gilt letters. Happily this ostentation is out; you may therefore hope, when the evil day comes, *fallere*, to escape notice. I trust the painter will give you that bold audacious look which may stare the beholder in the face, and deny your own identity; no small advantage, for doubtless the "σημαται λυγρά" of Bellerophon was but his portrait, which, by a hang-look expression, intimated death. Your painter may be ignorant of phrenology, and, without knowing it, may give you some detestable bumps; and your picture may be borrowed to lecture upon, at inns and institutions, and anecdotes rummaged up or forged, to match the painter's doing—the bumps he has given you.

You must not, however, on this account, think too ill of the poor painter. He is subject to human infirmities—so are you—and his hand and eye are not always in tune. He has, too, to deal with all sorts of people—many difficult enough to please. You know the fable of the painter who would please everybody, and pleased nobody. You sitters are a whimsical set, and most provokingly shift your features and position, and always expect miracles, at a moment too; you are here to-day, and must be off to-morrow. It is nothing to you that paint won't dry for you, so even that must be forced, and you are rather varnished in than painted, and no wonder if your faces go to pieces, and you become

mealy almost as soon as you have had the life's blood in you, and that with the best carmine. And often you take upon yourselves to tell the painter what to do, as if you knew yourselves better than he does, though he has been staring at nothing but you for an hour or two at a time, perhaps. You ask him, too, perpetually what feature he is now doing, that you may call up a look. You screw up your mouths, and try to put all the shine you can into your eyes, till, from continual effort, they look like those of a shotten herring; and yet you expect all to be like what you are in your ordinary way. After he has begun to paint your hair, you throw it about with your hands in all directions but the right, and all his work is to begin over again. You have no notion how ignorant of yourselves you are. I happened to call, some time since, upon a painter with whom I am on intimate terms. I found him in a roar of laughter, and quite alone. "What is the matter?" said I. "Matter!" replied he; "why, here has Mr B. been sitting to me these four days following, and at last, about half an hour ago, he, sitting in that chair, puts up his hand to me, thus, with 'Stop a moment, Mr Painter; I don't know whether you have noticed it or not, but it is right that I should tell you that *I have a slight* cast in my eye.' You know Mr B., a worthy good man, but he has the very worst gimlet eye I ever beheld." Yes, and only *slightly* knew it, Eusebius. And I dare to say, he thought his defect wondrously exaggerated, when, for the first time, he saw it on canvass; and perhaps all his family noticed it there, whom custom had reconciled into but little observation of it, and the painter was considered no friend of the family. For the poor artist is expected to please all down to the youngest child, and perhaps that one most, for she often rules the rest. People do not too much consider the *feelings* of painters. I knew an artist, a great humourist, who spent much time at the

court at Lisbon. He had to paint a child, I believe the Prince of the Brazils. I remember, as if I saw him act the scene but yesterday, and it is many years ago. Well, the maid of honour, or whatever was her title, brought the child into the room, and remained some time, but at length left him alone with the painter. When he found himself only in his company, his pride took the alarm. He put on great airs, frowned, pouted, looked disdainful, superbly swelling, and got off the chair, retreating slowly, scornfully. The artist, who was a great mimic, imitated his every gesture, and, with like extravagance, frowned as he frowned, swelled as he swelled, blew out his breath as the child did, advanced as he retreated, till the boy at length found himself pinned in the corner, at which the artist put on such a ridiculous expression, that risible nature could stand it no longer; pride was conquered by humour, and from that hour they were on the most familiar terms. It was not an ill-done thing of our Henry VIII. when he made one of his noble courtiers apologise to Holbein for some slight, bidding him, at the same time, to know that he could make a hundred such as he, but it was past his power to make a Holbein. And you know how a great monarch picked up Titian's pencil which had fallen. How greatly did Alexander honour Apelles, in that he would suffer none else to paint his portrait. And when the painter, by drawing his Campaspe, fell in love with her, he presented her to him. It is a bad policy, Eusebius, to put slights upon these men—and it is more, it is ungenerous; they may revenge themselves upon you whenever they please, and give you a black eye too, that will never get right again. They can, in effigy, put every limb out of joint; and you being no anatomist, may only see that you look ill, and know not where you are wrong. All you sitters expect to be flattered, and very little flattery do you bestow. Perversely, you won't even see your own likenesses. Take, for instance,

the following scene, which I had from a miniature-painter :— A man upwards of forty years of age had been sitting to him—one of as little pretensions as you can well imagine ; you would have thought it impossible that he could have had an homœopathic proportion of vanity—of personal vanity at least ; but it turned out otherwise. He was described as a greasy bilious man, with a peculiarly conventical aspect—that is, one that affects a union of gravity and love. "Well, sir," said the painter, "that will do—I think I have been very fortunate in your likeness." The man looks at it, and says nothing, puts on an expression of disappointment. "What ! don't you think it like, sir ? " says the artist. "Why —ye-ee-s, it is li-i-ke—but——" "But what, sir ?—I think it exactly like. I wish you would tell me where it is not like?" "Why, I'd rather you should find it out yourself. Have the goodness to look at me." And here my friend the painter declared, that he put on a most detestably affected grin of amiability. "Well, sir, upon my word, I don't see any fault at all ; it seems to me as like as it can be ; I wish you'd be so good as to tell me what you mean."—"Oh, sir, I'd rather not—I'd rather you should find it out yourself—look again." "I can't see any difference, sir ; so if you don't tell me, it can't be altered."—"Well, then, with reluctance, if I must tell you, I don't think you have given my *sweet expression about the eyes.*" Oh, Eusebius, Eusebius, what a mock you would have made of that man ; you would have flouted his vanity about his ears for him gloriously ; I would have given a crown to have had him sit to you, and you should have let me be by, to attend your colours. How we would have bedaubed the fellow before he had left the room, with his sweet eyes ! But there, your patient painter must endure all that, and not give a hint that he disagrees in the opinion ; or if he speak his mind on the occasion, he may as well quit the town, for under the influence of those sweet eyes, nor man, woman,

nor child, will come to sit to him. And consider, Eusebius, their misery in having such sitters at all. They are not Apollos, and Venuses, nor Adonises, that knock at painters' doors. Not one in a hundred has even a tolerably pleasant face. I certainly once knew a rough-dealing artist, who told a gentleman very plainly—"Sir, I do not paint remarkably ugly people." But he came to no good. Not but that a clever fellow might do something of this kind with management, with good effect; get the reputation of being a painter of "beauties," with a little skill, make beauties of everybody, and stoutly maintain that he never will have any others sit to him. I am not quite certain that something of this kind has not been practised, or I do not think I should have the art to invent it. All those who sit during a courtship, to present their portraits as lovers, I look upon it come as professed cheats, and mean to be most egregiously flattered; and if the thing succeeds through the painter's skill, within six months after the marriage, he, the painter, is called the cheat, and the portrait not in the least like. So easy is it to get out of repute, by doing your best to please them with a little flattery. You will never get into a book of beauty, Eusebius. Hitherto, the list runs in the female line. The male will soon come in, depend upon it.

Have a little pity upon the poor artist, who would, but cannot, flatter—who is conscious of his inability to put in those blandishments that shall give a grace to ugliness—from whose hand unmitigated ugliness becomes uglier—who, at length, driven from towns, where people begin to see this, as a dauber, takes refuge among the farm-houses; at first paints the farmers and their wives, their ugly faces stretching to the very edge of the frames, and is at last reduced to paint the favourite cow or the fat ox—the prodigal (alas! no; the simply miserable, in mistaking his profession) feeding the swine, and with them, and they not over-proud of his

doings. Then there is another poor, self-deluded character among the tribe. I have the man in my eye at this moment. It is not long since I paid him a visit to see a great historical composition, which I had been requested to look at. It was the most miserable of all miserable daubs; yet so conspicuously set off with colours and hardness, that the eye could not escape it. It was a most determined eyesore. The quiet, the modest demeanour of the young man at first deceived me; I ventured to find some trifling fault. The artist was up—still his manner was quiet—somewhat, in truth, contemptuously so; but, as for modesty, I doubt not he was modest in every other matter relating to himself; but, in art, he as calmly talked of himself, Michael Angelo, and Raffaele, as a trio—that two had obtained immortality of fame, and that he sought the same, and, he trusted, by the same means, and believed with similar powers: so coolly did he speak in this manner, as if it were a thing long settled in his own mind and in fate—and in the manner of an indulgent communication. He lamented the lack of taste and knowledge in the world; that so little was real art appreciated, that he was obliged to submit to the drudgery of portrait. *Submit!*—and such portraits. Poor fellow! how long will he get sitters to *submit?* I have recently heard the fate of one of his great compositions. He had persuaded the vicar and churchwardens of a parish to accept a picture. He attended the putting it up. It was a fine old church. With the quietest conceit, he had a fine east window blocked up to receive the picture—had the tables of Commandments mutilated, and thrust up in a corner—damaged the wall to give effect to the picture—and really believed that he was conferring an honour and benefit upon the parishioners and the county. Soon, however, men of better taste and sense began to cry out. The incumbent died. His successor related to me the shocking occurrence of the picture. He had it removed, and the damage done to the

edifice repaired. And what became of the grand historical? The churchwarden alone, who, in the pride of his heart and ignorance, had paid the poor artist for the colours, gladly took the picture. His account of it was, that it was so powerful in his small room, as to affect several ladies to tears—and that he had covered it with a thin gauze, to keep down *the fierceness of the sentiment;* for it was too affecting. Now, here is a man who, if you should happen to sit to him, will think it the greatest condescension to take your picture, and will paint you such as you never would wish to be seen or known. There is a predilection now for portraits, and the world will teem with these poor creatures.

Many there are, however, who, having considerable ability, have much to struggle against—who love the profession of art, and with that unaccountable giving themselves up to it, are quite unfit for any other occupation in life, yet, from adverse circumstances—ill health, strange temperaments—do not succeed. Many years ago, I knew a very interesting young man, and a very industrious one, too, of very considerable ability as a painter, but not, at that time, of portraits. While hard at work, getting just enough to live by, he was seized with an illness that threatened rapid consumption. The kind physician who gratuitously visited him, told him one day—"You cannot live here. I do not say that you have a year of safety in this climate, or a month of safety, but you have not weeks. You must instantly go to a warmer climate." Ill, and without means, beyond the few pounds he could gather from his hasty breaking-up, he had courage to look on the cheerful side of things, and went off in the first vessel to the West Indies. I saw him afterwards. He gave me a history of his adventures. He went from island to island—became portrait-painter—a painter of scenes—of anything that might offer; by good conduct, urbanity, gentleness, and industry, was respected, liked, and patronised; lived,

and sent home a thousand pounds or two—came to England to see his friends for a few months. I saw him on his way to them. He was then in health and spirits—told me the many events of the few years—and in six weeks the climate killed him. But the anecdote of his turning portrait-painter is what I have to tell. On the passage, they touched at one of the islands, and he found but very little money in his pocket; and, while others went off to hotels, or estates of friends, he went his way quietly to seek out cheap lodgings. He found such, which the good woman told him he could have in three hours. He afterwards learned that she waited that time for the then tenant *to die in the bed which he was to occupy.* Walking away to pass the time, he met some of his fellow-passengers, who asked him if he had been to see the governor. He had not. They told him it was necessary he should go. So thither he went. The governor asked him, "What brought him out to the West Indies?" He replied, that he came as an artist. "An artist!" said the governor. "That is a novelty indeed. Have you any specimens? I should like to see them." Now, among his things, he had a miniature of himself, painted by a man who attained eminence in the profession, and whom I knew well. Here, with an ingenuousness characteristic of the man, he acknowledged to me how, starvation staring him in the face, *he* stared in the governor's—and the governor being rather a hard-featured man, whose likeness, though he had never taken a portrait, he thought he could hit—when the governor admired the miniature, and asked him, "If it was his?" he did not resist the temptation, and said, "Yes." Upon which the governor sat to him. Then others sat to him; and so he left the island, with a replenished purse, and from that time became a portrait-painter. If the poor fellow had been the veriest dauber, you, Eusebius, would have sat to him twenty times over, and have told all the country round quite as great

a fib as he did the governor, that he was a very Raffaele in outline, and Titian in colouring. And what shall the "recording angel" do? Poor fellow! he had no conceit.

But you, Eusebius, need not trust or give your countenance in the way of the art to any man, because you like his history or his manners. A thing you are very likely to do in spite of this advice, though you multiply portraits for "Saracen's Heads."

Foolish artists themselves, who affect to talk of the great style, and set themselves up as geniuses, speak slightingly of portrait-painting, as degrading—as pandering to vanity, &c. I verily believe, that half this common cant arose from jealousy of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Degradation indeed!—as if Raffaele and Titian, and Vandyke and Reynolds, degraded the art, or were degraded by their practice; and as to pandering to vanity—view it in another light, and it is feeding affection.

I knew a painter, who honourably refused to paint a lady's picture, when he waited upon her on purpose, sent by some injudicious friends to take her portrait in her last days. She had been a woman of great celebrity. She received the painter; but with a weakness, pointed first to one side of the room where were portraits of earls and bishops, saying, "These are or were all my particular friends"—and then to the other side of the room, to a well-filled library—"and *there* are all my works."—"Now," said the painter to me, "I did not think it fair to her reputation to take her portrait—and she had had many taken at better times." Here was one who would not pander to vanity. After all, it is astonishing how few flattering painters there have been. The modern "beauty" manufacturers make beauty to consist of silliness or sentimentality.

Do you believe in the story of the origin of portrait—the Grecian maid and her lover? I cannot—for I have often

tried my hand, and such frights were the result, that it would have been a cure for love.

For lack of the art of portrait-painting, we have really no idea what mankind were like before the time of our Eighth Harry. What we see could not possibly be likenesses, because they are not humanity. But in Holbein's heads, such as the royal collection, published by Chamberlaine, we begin to see what men and women were. What our early Henrys and Edwards were—what the court or the people were, we cannot know: they are buried in the night of art, like the brave who lived before the time of Agamemnon. Perhaps it is quite as well—"*omne ignotum pro mirifico*"—and who would lose the pleasure of wonder and conjecture, with all its imaginary phantasmagoria? We might have a mesmeric *coma* that might put us in possession of the past, if it can of the future—and gratify curiosity woefully at the expense of what is more valuable than that kind of truth. A mesmeric painter may take the portrait of Helen of Troy, and you may knock at your twenty neighbours' doors, and find perhaps a greater beauty, especially if chronology be trusted as to her age at the Trojan war. Would you like to see a veritable portrait of Angelica—or of Orlando in his madness?

The great portrait-painter, the sun, in his diurnal course all over the world, may be, for aught we know, photographing mankind, and registering us too; and if we are to judge from the specimens we do see, the collection cannot be very flattering.* Who dares call the sun a flatterer?

> "—— Solem quis dicere falsum
> Audeat?"

At the very moment that you are sitting to your man, to be set off with smirk and smile and the graces of art, you are

* This was written in 1844.

perhaps making a most formidable impression elsewhere. You would not like to

"Look upon this picture, *and* on this."

Some poor country people have an unaccountable dislike to having their portraits taken. Savages think them second selves, and that may be bewitched and punished: possibly something of this feeling may be at the bottom of the dislike. I was once sketching in a country village, and an old woman went by, and I put her into the picture. Some, looking over me, called to her that her likeness was taken. She cried, because she had not her best cap and gown on. I was once positively driven from a cottage door, because a woman thought I was "taking her off." I know not but that it was a commendable wish in her to appear decent before the world, and so might have been the fine lady's wish—

"Betty, put on a little red,
One surely need not look a fright when dead."

We choose to be satirical, and call it vanity; but put both anecdotes into tolerably good grave Latin, and name them Portia and Lucretia, and we should have as fine a sentiment as the boasted one of the hero endeavouring to fall decently. There may be but little difference, and that only just what we, in our humours, choose to make it. I am sure you, Eusebius, will stand up for the old village crone, and the fine lady, too. But the fraternity of the brush, if they do now and then promote vanity, much more commonly gratify affection. Private portraits seem to me to be things so sacred, that they ought not to survive the immediate family or friends for whose gratification they are painted. I much like the idea of burying them at last. I will show you how estimable these things sometimes are. You remember a portrait I have—a gentleman in a dress of blue and gold—in crayon. Did I ever tell you the anecdote respecting

him? If not, you shall have it, as I had it from my father. If you recollect the picture, you must recollect that it is of a very handsome man. His horses took fright, the carriage was overturned, and he was killed upon the spot. The property came to my father. One day an unknown lady, in a handsome equipage, stopped at his door, and, in an interview with him, requested a portrait of this very person, not the one you have seen, but another in oil-colour, and of that the head only. My father cut it out, and gave it to her. Many, many years afterwards it was returned to him by an unknown hand, with an account of the accident that caused the death, pasted on the back; and it is now in my possession. The lady was never known. No, Eusebius, we must not deny portrait-painters, nor portrait-painting. It is the line in which we excel—and that we have above all others patronised, and great men too have arisen from our encouragement. Who are so rich in Vandykes as we are? And some we have had better than the world allows them to be. Sir Peter Lely was occasionally an admirable painter—though Sir Joshua did say, "we must go beyond him now." There was Sir Joshua himself, and Gainsborough—would that either were alive to take you, Eusebius, though I were to pay for the sitting. I think, too, that I should have given the preference to Gainsborough—it would have been so true. Did you ever see his portrait of Foote?—so unaffected—it must be like. I won't be invidious by naming any, where we have so many able portrait-painters; but if you have not fixed upon your man, come to me, and I will tell half-a-dozen, and we will go to them, and you shall judge for yourself—and if you like miniature, there are those who will make what is small great. What wonderful power Cooper had in this way. I recently had in my hands a wondrous and marvellous portrait of Andrew Marvell by him. The sturdy honest Andrew. This man Cooper had

such wonderful largeness of style, of execution too, even in his highest-finished small oil-pictures—such as in this of Andrew Marvell. We had an age, certainly, of very bad taste, and it was not extinct in the days of Sir Joshua and Gainsborough; nay, sometimes under both of these, I am sorry to say, it was even made worse. The age of shepherds and shepherdesses—in the case of Gainsborough, brought down to downright rustics. This, of making the sitters affect to be what they were not, was bad enough—and it was anything but poetical. But it was infinitely worse in the itinerants of the day—and is very well ridiculed by Goldsmith, who lived much among painters, in his Vicar of Wakefield and family sitting for the family picture. We have happily quite got out of that folly. But we are getting into one of most unpoetical pageantry—portrait likenesses. We have not seen yet a good portrait of Wellington, and the Queen, or the Prince; and if they must send their portraits to foreign courts, let them be advised to learn, if they know not yet how, and we are told they do, to paint them themselves. Montaigne tells us, that he was present one day at Bar-le-Duc, when King Francis the Second, for a memorial of Réné, King of Sicily, was presented with a picture the king had drawn of himself. Somehow or other, kings and queens are apt to have too many trappings about them; and the man is often chosen to paint, who paints velvets and satins best, and faces the worst. That is the reason we have them so ill done; and even if the faces are well painted, they are overpowered by the ostentation of the dress. The Venetian portrait-painters contrived to keep down the glare of all this ornament, to make it even more rich, but not obtruding. I remember seeing a portrait of our queen, where, in a large bonnet, her face looked like a small pip in the midst of an orange, It would be a good thing, if you could contrive to spend a week or so in company with your painter before you

sit, that he may know you. Many a characteristic may he lose, for want of knowing that it is a characteristic; and may give you that in expression which does not belong to you, while he may miss "your sweet expression about your eyes." He may purse up your large and generous mouth, because you may screw it for a moment to keep some ill-timed conceit from bolting out, and, besides missing that noble feature, may give you an expression of a caution that is not yours. A painter the other day, as I am assured, in a country town, made a great mistake in a characteristic, and it was discovered by a country farmer. It was the portrait of a lawyer—an attorney, who, from humble pretensions, had made a good deal of money, and enlarged thereby his pretensions, but somehow or other had not very much enlarged his respectability. To his pretensions was added that of having his portrait put up in the parlour, as large as life. There it is, very flashy and very true—one hand in his breast, the other in his small-clothes' pocket. It is market-day—the country clients are called in—opinions are passed—the family present, and all complimentary—such as, "Never saw such a likeness in the course of all my born days. As like 'un as he can stare." "Well, sure enough, there he is." But at last—there is one dissentient! "'Tain't like—not very—no, 'taint," said a heavy middle-aged farmer, with rather a dry-look, too, about his mouth, and a moist one at the corner of his eye, and who knew the attorney well. All were upon him. "Not like!—how not like? Say where is it not like?"—"Why, don't you see," said the man, "he's got his hand in his breeches' pocket. It would be as like again if he had his hand in any other body's pocket." The family portrait was removed, especially as, after this, many came on purpose to see it; and so the attorney was lowered a peg, and the farmer obtained the reputation of a connoisseur.

But it is high time, Eusebius, that I should dismiss you and portrait-painting, or you will think your thus sitting to me worse than sitting for your picture; which picture, if it be of my Eusebius as I know him and love him, will ever be a living speaking likeness; but if it be one but of outward feature and resemblance, it will soon pass off to make up the accumulation of dead lumber—while do you, Eusebius, as you are, *vive valeque.*

ARE THERE NOT GREAT BOASTERS AMONG US?

[OCTOBER 1852.]

It is trite enough to say "How little do we know ourselves;" and because trite, the chances are, it is quite true. We are continually raising a laugh against the Americans, because they are given to swagger a little too much, whilst we industriously forget from what quarter their inheritance comes. If an individual may be allowed to make a national confession with as much indulgence as every individual is allowed to make his national boasting, let me be treated leniently if I venture—thus. There is not a more absurdly boastful people on the face of the earth than we, the "Great English Nation." We boast of everything belonging to us. If there be a difference between us and our Transatlantic brethren, it is in this, that as their boasting takes its character from democratic institutions, our boasting is characterised by a dash of aristocratic delicacy. Theirs is more vulgar, that is all; but, nevertheless, as we are daily progressing towards them in politics, so are we in this respect, that our national swaggering is decidedly improving in vulgarity. That regards the *manner* of our boasting. The *matter* of it is to be found everywhere and in everything. We boast of everything belonging to us, and of some few things that do not belong to us; for swaggering Pride is twin-brother to Falsehood. We boast of a prosperity from which

millions are running away; of a representative system, which represents not much of the sense, but a very large proportion of the nonsense of the people; of a public morality, at which every man individually laughs in his sleeve—to which so many elections are giving the lie, by a total disregard to the morals of their parliamentary candidates.

We make a very great fuss, and ever have done so, about our "Trial by Jury." A capital thing, indeed, in that theory which supposes the bulk of mankind quite honest, and quite competent. But as public honesty lessens, and political heats class men into parties, trial by jury may not be the best security to life or property. "Trial by jury," by all means, says the culprit, knowing there is at least one pig-headed brute in the jury-box, and perhaps more than one great rogue—that villany is so hedged with the chicanery of law, and the not only permitted, but honoured and fostered malignant subtlety of lawyers, that there is a very fair chance of Honesty being put out of countenance, and Crime walking off unblushingly, even with a triumphant effrontery. O Ireland, Ireland! What is "trial by jury" there. A pretty boast indeed, that might, as it swells in the throat, choke the bragging mightiness of England. Bad is it, indeed, for a people, when the solemnity of law becomes a mockery—when the parade of courts, the ermine of judges, and all the paraphernalia of justice, are only brought before a people to represent a farce. Law, as it is in its results in Ireland, exhibits the mighty doings for little ends which will make the present age ridiculous to posterity. Even in more sober England, is not the virtue of trial by jury deteriorating, simply because morals are deteriorating, knavery more taken under protection, and our great Parliamentary character, which should be the mirror whereby all institutions should dress themselves, a sullied example? We are always averring that "Truth will prevail"—*magna est*

veritas et prævalebit ; and we never say this so impressively as when we desire some falsehood to prevail. And Truth does not prevail. On the contrary, all our great public acts of this our new era, of which we boast so much, have been obtained confessedly by "enormous lying;" and so much is lying in favour that it is an additional boast—it is the ornamental fringe to the national habit, to the cloak of national iniquity.

Very bad principles walk about our streets and all public ways in masks, wearing on their brazen fronts large phylacteries of truth and honesty. To proceed is to give rise to a very serious thought, more fit for the sermon of a divine than my pen—that the "Prince of this world," who is the "father of lies," has a very large and truly governing influence in our affairs. It might be continued in this strain: as lying was the first instrument of temptation—"thou shalt not surely die"—and became the very principle in our corruption, so it bears still its fruit, it begets its many children—and whatever be the iniquity, multitudes go about in our highways and byways to proclaim, "thou shalt not surely die" for it. If we had not too strongly active this principle within us, we should not have our diversity of opinions, which are, and which are furthered by, the moral confusion of our Babel tongues. The heathen mythology gave their Cerberus his three mouths, representing, it may be presumed, the three great temptations which devour mankind—"the world, the flesh, and the Devil." Every man still makes up his sop of one virtue, though he does not always throw it into the right mouth, nor know how surely and quickly the other two may turn upon him.

Now, with regard to all this our national boasting, we see pride walking before, and know who cometh after. Pride goes before a fall. We were never so proud; and perhaps this marks our progressing, and is the finger-post to our steps. "Facilis descensus." There are who think all will

be well, either from a habit of indolent thought, or vacuity of thought; and they thus admit deception into their own minds, and send it forth into others. This false hope stays honest doing. It is well characterised by the great historian Thucydides, wherein he treats of the argument of Hope which encouraged the Melians. "You trust in Hope, and know not her character; Hope is never discovered until she hath irreparably deceived." This is the idea, perhaps not the words. When the day comes that people lift up their hands and say, "Who would have thought it!" they then, too late, discover the world's false hope to be the elder daughter of the Father of lies.

"Quorsum hæc?" Why set up as universal censor? Simply because the matter touches to the quick of the individual man; because I feel myself somewhat progressing towards the condition of the nervous gentleman who finds too many annoyances come home to himself. If a man had but a single string of sensitiveness upon which only a Paganini might play, and he might be at liberty to reserve all the rest for himself, things might be endured; but when all his strings are stretched upon himself, the unfortunate instrument, and many cheats are playing upon all, it must be expected that he will be a little out of tune, and take the relief of complaining. The sensitive man was never in a worse predicament. He knows not what to wear, nor what to eat. So that these grave reflections—and grave they are—properly considered, have arisen from reading the last exposure of cheatery, in extracts taken from the *Lancet*.

"Adulterated Cayenne Pepper.—The *Lancet* gives the following results of an analysis of twenty-eight samples of Cayenne pepper obtained at different shops: 'That out of the twenty-eight samples of Cayenne pepper subjected to analysis, twenty-four were adulterated; that out of the above number four only were genuine; that out of the twenty-four adulterated samples,

twenty-two contained mineral colouring matter; that red lead, often in large and poisonous quantities, was present in thirteen samples; that Venetian red, red ochre, brick-dust, or some other analogous ferruginous earths, were contained in seven samples; that cinnabar, vermilion, or sulphuret of mercury, was detected in one sample; that six of the samples consisted of a mixture of ground rice, turmeric, and Cayenne, coloured with either red lead, or a red ferruginous earth; that six samples contained large quantities of salt, sometimes alone, but more frequently combined with rice and a red ferruginous earth, or with red lead; that one of the samples was adulterated with a large quantity of the husk of white mustard-seed; that two contained rice only, coloured with red lead or a ferruginous earth. As is well known, red lead and vermilion, or sulphuret of mercury, are highly deleterious substances, both being characterised by the very peculiar circumstance that they are not, like the majority of other compounds, when received into the system, at once eliminated therefrom, but remain in the body for a considerable time, gradually accumulating, until at length they occasion the peculiar symptoms which distinguish their presence in large amount. Thus, however small the dose taken from day to day, the constitution is yet liable, by the repetition of the dose, to be at length brought under the influence of the poison, and to become seriously affected. But the quantity of red lead and mercury introduced into the system in adulterated Cayenne pepper is by no means inconsiderable, since it commonly forms a large portion of the article. Some idea of the amount of these substances frequently present may be formed from the fact that, in a pinch of cayenne moistened and diffused over a white plate, or a piece of glass, they may be distinctly seen by the eye alone. What punishment, we would now inquire, ought to be inflicted on the parties guilty of the crime of mixing these deleterious substances with articles of diet? The case made out, we submit, is one which, for the sake of the public health, strongly demands the interposition of the Legislature. The man who steals one's purse commits a less crime than he who, by tricking our food, robs us of health. In a recent leading article we pointed out the fact that the law, in its present state, actually offers a remedy, which, if carried into effect, would to some extent meet the present case. Parties guilty of vending adulterated articles of food may be proceeded against for the recovery of the amount paid for them. We trust that some spirited individuals, having the welfare of the public at heart, will ere long proceed to enforce that remedy.'"

Surely this is frightful enough, and likely to make nervous gentlemen of us all; but when we remember that this is but one exposure out of many, coming from the same quarter, we all may well say, there is no knowing what to eat or to drink. They say, and say sometimes falsely, that knowledge is power. It would be well if it were a power to help ourselves. If such be its discoveries, either the world's common traders were once more honest, or "ignorance" was really "bliss," and "'tis folly to be wise." Being, however, made wise, do let us try to be a little wiser, and put a stop to universal and outrageous cheatery.

It is impossible to avoid a general suspicion of everybody and everything. I do verily believe that Prince Humbug reigns — that there is no good thing advocated but for the value of the evil it brings with it, and for the selfish ends it promotes. Thus, the universal demand for education on the part of the public press—what is it for? but that, the more readers, the more buyers of newspapers. The cry is taken up for the facility of making dupes in every direction. Educate, educate, say the diurnal, the hebdomadal press, that every man, woman, and child may read (their Bible is the pretence—the meaning is) our newspapers. It is they who send knowledge-mongers a-mountebanking about the country, and setting up their lecture-rooms, where the pupils are taught the fantastic tricks of tumblers; for the head is where the heels should be, and the heels uppermost, kicking at the heavens, in which position the heart is out of its place, too near the ground, and loses its upward aspiration. Useful knowledge, says the modern schoolmaster, is earth-knowledge. Instinct gave the heathen a better notion of this matter—

> "Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
> Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus."

I have heard the new-wisdom folk say, that all books should be re-written—that children should be emancipated from the ferule of King Solomon, for that he was a bigot and a fool, who knew nothing.

Verily, the "prince of this world" has agents everywhere — consequently the press teems with advertisements of "Genuine Articles." Did you, honest reader, ever read one advertisement that told you of any deterioration whatever? With whom, nowadays, would you like to play odd and even in the dark? Would you take any man's brick out of his hand as a sample of his house, and take his title-deeds without a scrutiny? When next we taunt our Transatlantic friends with their "smart men," they may fairly retort upon us, that we pay "smart-money" at home for every article we buy. Often as I have been tempted to take up this subject—our boast of superior honesty—I have abstained, hardly knowing where to begin, and doubting how it would be borne by a people of traders in all ways, or of willing dupes, who admit the maxim, and, for its advantages, bear the disadvantages—"Qui vult decipi, decipiatur;" but at length this stinging gnat of Cayenne pepper has made up the intolerable burthen, and broken the back of my irresolution. And though I would fain wait for a cooler moment for this peppery argument, I do not know when to expect it. For, writing now in the midst of elections, though the weather is hot, the political heats are hotter, and give very little promise of abatement—threatening greater heats. But as people do now, some time of the day, seek the shade, and love to be cool, I venture upon this sedative of our heats. The few truths in these observations may at least tend to keep down the thermometer of our own overweening pride. They who are in the habit of taking large quantities of Cayenne are likely, contrary to their expectation, to be quiet enough; for the accumulation of the poison

may slowly, but surely, give them their *quietus*, however hot and ardent their human passions now, while they are heaping lead upon lead in their own stomachs, enough for every man to supply his own coffin withal. A little pepper-dust, duly administered, may settle all other heats and animosities.

> "Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
> Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent."

Which, truly translated, may stand for the following advertisement:—

> "Adulterate pepper, warranted to settle
> The proudest stomachs and most fiery mettle."

I perceive that, in many large places, certain Milk Companies are set up, professing to sell the real genuine unadulterated milk. It might appear strange that one milk company in a town or city should issue such an advertisement, and that none of the old milk-people venture either to take offence at the implied charge of adulteration, or venture upon counter-advertisements. Not very long ago, there was a quarrel between two milk-sellers, and one confessed at one of the police-offices what he said it was no use to deny, that they drew largely upon the "*black cow*"—in their trade language, the pump. Two gentlemen in their walk suddenly came upon a milk-boy with his cans. As he looked young, they thought they might catch him. One of them, therefore, said hastily to him, "I know you put hot water in the milk, it is so different." The boy vindicated himself at once: "No, indeed, sir; we always puts it cold." Let me recommend to milk-men, that they should go voluntarily before the magistrate of the township, and make affidavit that they have not, do not, and will not, by themselves, or persons employed by them, in any way dilute or adulterate the article; and there is very little doubt they will get the best custom, most profitable

patronage, besides that which used to be reckoned money's worth—the preserving a milk-white conscience.

If a man forges a bill, he is transported: is he that forges an article of consumption less guilty? If a poor rogue—I only pity him by comparison—obtains a little money under false pretences, he is sent to the treadmill for cheating an individual. What ought to be done to the general cheaters, the large, the wholesale impostors, who obtain the greatest sums under false pretences, by cheating everybody? There is a legal punishment for short weights: have the authorities yet considered what short weight really is? If a grocer sells a pound of coffee as coffee, and it is only half a pound of coffee and the other half chicory, ought not the law against short weight to be extended to such a case? It is time the legislature should look a little into this matter of dishonesty. It would be far better that every tradesman should be obliged to take out a license, and make his affidavit that he will not adulterate any goods, than that people should so largely and so widely be defrauded; and there are none who suffer so severely by this free trade in cheatery as the poor, buying, as they do, upon little credit, both false weight and deteriorated and adulterated goods. If it be said, this would be an infringement upon the liberty of the subject, I answer, so much the better; I would have every liberty to cheat suppressed, and for the general protection, as well as for the sake of amelioration in honesty, I would make the conviction of these frauds a misdemeanour. Perhaps, even by Maga, I may be thought outrageously out of the humanities of the present era; but I will out with it. I do think it a great pity that we have abolished the stocks, and other personal punishments; nor do I believe these abolitions to be at all good for the very persons who, in former days, would have been subject to them. I really am inclined to think that a fat grocer, who, as the farce says, sands the sugar,

waters the tobacco, or sells chicory for coffee, and then bids his prentices who do his work, come to prayers, would be very justly punished by a bastinado on the soles of his feet. I do not see what right common cheaters have with liberty at all, till they know how to use it. The moment it is made to answer the purpose of knavery, it ought to be put down; and, until put down, we live under the tyranny of the worst kind of protection. Is it not nowadays oftentimes rewarded? So tender is our law in its administration to culprits, it is ever upon the stretch of invention to find for them loopholes of escape. A man, the other day, was sued by the Excise for selling cigars upon which no duty had been paid. He escaped by his sheer dishonesty. He proved that, though he sold them as real Havannah, they had not an atom of tobacco in them!

Good Mr Bull, that you are cheated in many ways, you too well know; but you do not know at all the extent of the frauds practised upon you. I will say nothing just now about how you have been gulled by your own peculiar servants, nor of the canisters (supposed to be meat) which you have been compelled to sink in the salt sea, without hope of making them salt provisions; but I will remind you that the coat you wear is devil's-dust—your silk handkerchief is more than half cotton—your cotton shirt is thickened with flour, to make it appear (that is, before you have bought it, and had it washed) substantial and strong. The Cayenne pepper you dose yourself with, for the good of your health, is red lead and mercury. The milk you fancy you take—it is to be hoped in no large quantities—though Homer says of milk-consumers that they are the longest lived, and most just of men, and your getting so little of the genuine may have something to do with a few things not quite on the side of honesty in your doings—well, I assert this imaginary milk is a manufacture altogether which slanders the cow, made up of horses'

brains, collected from knackers, or at best chalk and lime-water. You have been labouring under bronchitis; your physician has ordered you a mustard plaster—it was a *caput mortuum* on your chest—it would not rise. Shop after shop did you send to: they had all of them, they insisted upon it, the genuine article; yet it did not rise. The Durham mustard, like a certain Durham letter, was a mere sham; you found it all turmeric, with something more deleterious. You were obliged to give up your tea, it was so scarce to be had; you took to coffee, as you thought, but you consumed chicory. If you do not look a little into these things, it will be the worse for you. You know you begin to feel your constitution giving way—to be in quite a ticklish condition. You may fall sick—your medicine will be a poison. Ten to one but you may die for lack of the remedy, or for taking it; and should it so happen that you die, it is very true you will not have to make a wry face at your undertaker's bill. You will lie quietly under the items, but you will not lie so long; for the copper nails in your coffin will be nothing but tin lacquered with a copper solution, to facilitate your dissolution. And here, good Mr Bull, I cannot forbear to tell you an anecdote which I heard myself from a conscientious undertaker, and which I verily believe to be true in every particular. A very few years ago there was a kind of hand-in-hand affair of trade between two undertakers of two towns not very distant from each other. All the previous preparations had been made—the final closing moment was come—when a principal entered the room, turned all out excepting his confidentials, and had all the costlier accoutrements of the dead stripped off; and then putting a shilling into the hand of one accidentally present, discovered that it was not his own man; and thus the story became known. Adieu, Mr Bull! I scarcely wish to survive you for the honour of writing your epitaph. Let others inscribe on your gravestone—

"Semivirumque bovem, semi bovemque virum."

It is very much to be doubted if they will give you quite so good a character as I from my heart would wish to do at this present time.

I have, in truth, very little hope for you. You are deluded. You know not your own condition. You have made up your mind to be deluded—to delude yourself. You will live in crystal palaces, and believe them solid as marble. You will swell yourself up with windy ideas, and imagine you are growing strong and lusty, because the veriest quacks tell you so. Go on; prosper, if you can; at any rate, make a world of business about your prosperity, and you will find your hands full of nothing, and I fear no little of your honesty will have slipped through your fingers. You are full of business and glorification; and while I see you thus engaged, in the general perturbation I must, like Diogenes, be allowed to roll about my tub, and make the noise of discontent, that I may at least seem to be doing something; for there is danger in being a drone. "The People" anathematise them, and many think they ought all to be put to death. My friend Bull, you are in the fever of business, in the ecstasy of your imagined superiority. You live as in a fair, and shift places as actor and spectator as the humour takes you. You throw about your sugar plums as if they cost you nothing, and think a general hurrahing ample payment. I would only just remind you of one thing, that there is Madness in the Revels, but Reason comes a day after the Fair.

The English merchant and English tradesman were once great names. They write them so now, when there is anything to be obtained by the reputation. Every wall is posted with advertisements, solely that the sham should draw off attention from facts. We are so accustomed to hear a mere boast given out as truth, that, if we do not actually take the

imposture for the reality, we dismiss Virtue with a laugh; we never give her a warm support, "laudatur et alget." We have caught the trick from our immediate neighbours, and shrug the shoulder—admit, if not pay duty to the supremacy of humbug. All this while we think, or at least say, of ourselves, that we are the very best Christians in the world, too many of us doing not "as we would" be, but as we are "done by." We compass heaven and earth to make proselytes, not only to our religion, but to our morals and opinions, although, strange inconsistency, we have not entirely settled any of them; nor are we able to give a very coherent account of ourselves in any one of these particulars. But let me not be foolhardy enough to take upon me to count the number of the sands. Yet I will say, that if our missionaries think it their business to inculcate the maxims of British morals—if they be worth exporting, they must be taken from some unknown depository. I will not subscribe my guinea till I am better informed. Hitherto, the fact has been forced upon thinking people, that both our moral and religious exports have been of a very dubious character.

A gentleman, with whom I am very intimate, told me the other day, on his return from the Mediterranean, that being desirous to purchase a shawl and a carpet, he requested a lady to accompany him to the bazaars, who was well acquainted with the national characters of the traders in the place. First they went to the shawl-merchant. He was a Persian. He asked his price: the lady offered one-third. Oh, it was impossible. The lady very coolly reiterated—"one-third." A very small advance was made, and the shawl was bought. They then went to purchase the carpet—the merchant a Turk. He also gave his price. Without a moment's hesitation the lady assented. The price asked was paid, and the carpet purchased. It was one of those which had been so much admired in our Great

Exhibition. My friend questioned his companion upon her extraordinarily different treatment of the two traders. Her reply was to this effect—the Persians never tell truth, the Turks never tell lies. The Turk puts his price conscientiously, and never abates; the other never obtains the price he asks but from dupes. "Look on this picture, and on this." I am sorry to publish in Maga that it is my belief, that it would be very advantageous to us, if, upon the principle of Free Trade, every nation should send to another what is most wanted, and what it can best spare; that it would be a very advantageous barter, if, while we are sending out to the Turks so many religious missionaries, they would be pleased to send us a few moral missionaries. We might, indeed, then somewhat differ from the Medes and Persians in this, that if our practices rather resemble theirs than those of the Turks, they will not be after the character of their laws, which alter not.

There were two faggot-sellers: they met over a pint. "I can't think," says one, "for the life of me, how it is you sells them at that figure, and gets anything by 'em, for I can't; and yet I steals the wood." "Ay," replied the other, "but I steals the faggots." It is really to be feared that, in some low trades, honesty would be sure to go to the wall. I actually know an industrious woman who set up a little shop, and was obliged to give it up, because it went against her conscience to cheat. The other day I read some statistical accounts of the metropolis, wherein it appeared that there are in London two hundred and forty thousand professional rogues, thieves, and *id genus omne*, besides, of course, the unprofessional, whom common roguery does not admit of the fraternity. This statement is enough to frighten country folk, and deter them from setting foot within reach of such a nest of hornets. Many a one upon his first entrance in the great world, the Wen, is immediately tossed

into a bed of fleas, or ten times worse, and finds his purse missing in the morning, or very soon after. And here, a little to digress, let it be observed, that there is a field open to the sanitary commission that they will do well to enter upon, much more important than sewers. They say there are vermin enough in some London lodging-houses, that, if one farthing should be given for every individual of the disgusting species, the amount would exceed the National Debt. It will be said this is no iniquity—only a misfortune. Perhaps so—it is only given as a digression; and yet the proprietors make very solemn assertions that there is no such thing within their dwellings; and some protest, as a grievance, that the gentleman must have brought them all himself, though his portmanteau and carpet-bags would not hold them. He might show the impossibility by weight and measure, as the maid did, who, when charged by her mistress with letting the cat eat a pound of butter, put the cat in the scales, and proved she only weighed three-quarters of a pound. Brazen-faced impudence can put on any incredulity.

"For goodness' sake, make haste," cried out a gentleman on the stairs of a hotel, after having collected the house by calling out murder—"for goodness' sake, make haste, or the bugs will throw me over the bannisters."

I said that we are at a loss what to eat, what to drink, and what to put on. And yet this is not all. Trades have accepted the motto, "Seem, and not be." Grieved am I to say it—literature and the arts do not escape. Both are given to purloining, to puffing, to self-reviewing, to cutting, to slashing, to living upon other men's thoughts; and, by pouring, as it were, out of one phial into another, with a little adulteration, pass off the compound as original. The arts may be called "Fine," because peculiarly liable to such fine dilutions. The secrets of picture *making* are only learnt

by experience. It costs much to have a taste, and pursue it; yet, to be anything in this all-knowing world, taste you must have. Mr Somebody, the great dealer, has an undoubted original. He overshoots his mark—it does not sell. He puts it in a *case*, directs it "To His Majesty the King of ——;" perhaps it is forwarded and returned. Be that as it may, still it is in its case—the case in a conspicuous passage, the directions very large and plain, "To His Majesty," &c. The great connoisseur, and perhaps public caterer, is invited to see *other* pictures—sees the case. "What have you here?" "Oh—*the* so-and-so." "What! you are not going to send it out of the country? Well, keep it awhile—we will try to have it." He departs. It is more than probable the picture—perhaps, too, a very good one—may soon find its way into the National Gallery, or some great collection. The fraud is the thing.

The whole nation, with and without taste, *fêted* and applauded Marshal Soult as if he had possessed the genius to paint his Murillos, or at least had come by them honestly. I do not remember any stir being made about the unprincipled way in which they were obtained, though the facts were acknowledged. The truth is, we are less sensitive than our forefathers as to the touch of honesty and dishonesty. I cannot but admire the ingenuity with which one connoisseur worked off disgust at the transaction, and turned it into a gratification. "I always," said he, "look at those pictures with extraordinary pleasure, because they saved some lives." "Saved some lives?" said a friend to this philanthropist. "Yes; it was known they were concealed—the monks had ropes about their necks—were on the point of being hanged—the pictures were discovered, and the lives saved." Now, are any ignorant how these pictures came into the Marshal's hands? and for what large sums they got out of his hands? I am sorry to say that public approbation, or lack of dis-

approbation, seems to justify and "marshal the way" that all the trade "should go." The public was treated, some time ago, with a confession of a painter of some note, who, finding himself run down by his brethren, wrote his defence, by exposing a general practice, and told of the many works at small price by his hand, which were warranted to pass as the works of the hands commissioned.

But as I believe the body of our respectable artists are free from traffic of this or any other unworthy kind, though often tempted, I will lay no great stress on such confession. But I will tell you, honest Maga, what an artist told me the other day, and he gave me permission to tell it. He had a very near relative, a painter of great note and deserved fame, who died. His works became exceedingly valuable, as testified by public sales. Well—my friend, the narrator, was the executor; and soon after the increased value of the works was ascertained, six dealers from different towns called upon him, each separately with his proposal—namely, to have the pictures by the deceased artist copied, and offering large remuneration if he would authenticate them as originals. Besides this, he told me two pictures had been referred to him for authentication, as sold by dealers, with the name of the deceased in the corner, which he, the narrator, had himself, and not long before, painted. The Christian name had been altered. Thus it appears that fraud is practised upon all our senses—all our wants; not only on what we eat, drink, and wear, but on what we see, and as to what we hear. The "father of lies" has busy-tongued agents everywhere; and so indifferent are people about fraud and dishonesty that they even boast of malpractices. A friend told me that he travelled in a railway carriage with two men, who told openly of their electioneering tricks, that they were agents in the Liberal interest, how they had manufactured votes, kept off adverse voters, got up mobs, and that they

were then on their way to a large city; and without disguise entered into detail of the iniquities to be by them performed.

No one will be astonished that such trickeries are resorted to. It is the open acknowledgment of them which I consider an index of the moral barometer. There is a positive growing itch for roguery. What a to-do there is made about culprits! how often are they considered and patronised as heroes! This passion for vice was recently rendered demonstrable to a most extraordinary degree—every one remembering the disgusting tale of the black beggar and the abandoned young woman who lived with him. And yet, so attractive is vice over virtue, that very numerous applications were made to the Lord Mayor, as his lordship publicly asserted, with proposals to marry her; and these were made not by the lowest, but by tradesmen and others. The fact is truly astounding. There are diseased minds as diseased appetites, that have a craving after moral poison. For the credit of human nature, one would almost wish that the Lord Mayor had suppressed the fact.

But it will be said, these are not the things of which we boast. Perhaps not; but if these things become common, admissible to the public eye, and are treated of lightly, we surely have the less reason to boast of our general progress towards all that is good. Crimes increase upon us, and murder stalks in Ireland unblushingly amongst the whole population—does its particular work, and not a hand is raised to arrest it. We, the greatest nation on the earth, as we delight to be called, have the sore of Ireland eating into our constitution—are compelled to favour rebellion, as we too often have done, by rewards, by preferments; and, forgetting all this our disgrace at home, talk very largely of our power and dominion many thousand miles off. What wondrous boasters, too, we are about our "glorious constitution," which is not the least like what it was when it was first set up as

our boast. We go on with the cuckoo cry, without knowing what it is we are lauding, nor at all sure that it will be to-morrow what it is to-day; and we are, as a nation, so conceited as to believe that we alone are able to set up constitutions for all nations on the earth;—and our manufacture in that kind, where we can inflict it, is upon a par with our "devil's-dust" which we export with it. How indignant was the larger portion of our daily and weekly press at the *coup d'état* in France! and what sudden virtue did they affect, and abhorrence for the breaking a constitutional oath, as they loved to call it, after the thing sworn to had been annihilated totally, till there was no constitution left to which fidelity could exist as a tangible property! And did the press do this from their virtue? Not a bit of it; but because they are tainted with republican principles, which they deny in terms, and do their utmost to enforce in fact. Have they not been long lauding the man, and do they not now laud the man's memory, whose remarkable perfidy broke all ties? Who, when he put on the property-tax, did it with the solemn asseveration that he intended it only for a period, and subsequently, in the heat of debate, forgot himself, and let out that, simultaneously with his imposing it, he commenced a system of taking off certain taxes, with the intention of perpetuating it. They even applauded the truth of the statesman who, dating from his own mouth his conversion to Free Trade from a certain period, had subsequently to that period spoken most eloquently against the repeal, which in his heart he had purposed to effect. It is quite fit, and in character, that the Free-Traders should erect statues to such men as I see they are doing. For my own part, whenever I shall see such a memorial, I shall feel inclined to give it the inscription from honest Homer,—

"Ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν,
Ος χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἄλλο δὲ εἴπῃ."—*Il.* I. 312.

> "For as the gates of Hades I detest
> The man whose heart and language disagree."
>
> COWPER.

I quote Cowper, though he does not express the whole sense of the original. There is, in the line in Homer, not only disagreement between words and thoughts, but the *evil concealment*—"κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσίν." Did all the vituperation of the President of France, by the English press, arise from a virtuous indignation—from a sense, a nice moral sense, of keeping word, faith, or oath?—nor, in right minds, is there much difference between these words, if the object of all is truth. Not a bit of it. It was a mere pandering to the republican spirit, which they verily believed most palatable to their paymasters—the low public; many of them the rich, yet still the low vulgar.

After our Reform Bill had passed, what were the first parliamentary decisions with regard to contested seats? How did the press then treat the regard to truth and honour, or rather the disregard? Acknowledging, as they were compelled to do, that decisions depended, not in the slightest degree on the merits of the cases, but on the political characters of the several committees, there was among them all but little of the indignation which has been of late so conspicuous for culprits, real or supposed, on the other side of the water. Our own parliamentary decisions alluded to were treated rather as a laughable farce, than as they ought to have been, as the solemn scenes of a tragedy whose last act was and is yet to come. I do not here intend to be the champion of the French President, nor is it the business of any of us, as far as I can learn, to pronounce against him. He may have done well or ill—the best or the worst for France. I only doubt if we are in a condition to judge, and if any of our public indignation had any virtuous origin whatever. Then, again, what political braggarts were we,

that we were at peace at home when revolutions were abroad, while we had been, and were still, the instigators of more than half the revolutions. And what swaggerings were there of a loyalty amongst the very parties whose payments went to circulate pamphlets perversive of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the church, to the tearing to rags and tatters the remnant of our constitution. And see the detestable sham of the Democratic Manchester School. While circulating sedition, they pretend lovingly to follow the Sovereign with shouts of profession. Just as a kite spreads out its wide wings over what it is devouring, so would democracy throw its arms round the monarchy, to strangle it. There has been a wide bragging that the towns should overrule the country. Verily, England teems with braggadocios.

There is one thing very notable in the great Boasters of the press; they are always glorifying "this nineteenth century." They evidently mean to say this nineteenth century is the most enlightened age of the world—we enlighten it, therefore it is enlightened. We have dissipated every shadow of darkness to all who choose to read what we say—in fact, we are emphatically the nineteenth century. I observe they employ this phraseology whenever facts and arguments are too strong to combat fairly, and they wish to set evident truth aside, to dress up some fallacy. Thus they say, "Are we to be told such and such a thing in this nineteenth century?" cunningly stating as the question what is not the question. This figure of impudence is in great favour with our swaggerers—it answers the double purpose of demanding credit for their own wisdom—that there is no wisdom, indeed, but what takes its source from their heads—and of condemning all who differ with them as fools. It is astonishing how they swell when they use this figure. The very rankness of their brains helps them; for plant there a fallacy or a truism, they grow to pumpkins in no

time, and sprout out the wonder of the nineteenth century. The important gentleman who does these things is a very great man. He dips his pen in thunder and lightning. Some such a one I find described in an old play—

> "How he looks,
> As he did scorn the quorum, and were hungry
> To eat a statesman! 'las, an office in
> The household is too little for a breakfast;
> A baron but a morning's draught, he'll gulp it
> Like a round egg in muscadine. Methinks
> At every wiping of his mouth should drop
> A golden saying of Pythagoras.
> A piece of Machiavel I see already
> Hang on his beard, which wants but stroaking out:
> The statutes and the Magna Charta have
> Taken a lease at his tongue's end."

As to this nineteenth century's superior wisdom I am more than sceptical; but I will say no more about it, lest I put my head in a hornet's nest. I will, however, say this, that a more modest age than our own was wont to use a far different phraseology—such as, "There were giants in those days." Even old truthful Homer, who wrote of heroes of days before him, acknowledged the inferiority of the men of his time. "As men are now, they could not do what heroes did then." But really this outrageous conceit is only tricking up the present age, like a stuffed figure of sticks and straw, to be thrown into the lumber-room of time; or, if ever brought out, only for contempt and ridicule.

I little thought, when I began this, to touch upon politics; but how could one treat of national swaggerings without coming, however unwillingly, direct upon the subject? Here is the enormous lie of the big and little loaf meeting one at every corner of every street. The contest between the Big-endians and Little-endians was a virtuous contest in comparison with that of the Big-loafians and the Little-loafians. All England is perambulated between the two monsters of the old puppet-show, "Big-mouth" and "Little-mouth" in

coalition. For every bouncer Big-mouth swallows before the gaping multitude, he lets out a bigger; while Little-mouth is shown up in derision; and thus, as of old, the people are gulled. And this is the boasted representative constitution of England! In truth, the forty-shilling freehold, itself degenerated into an absurd falsehood by the alteration of the value of money, democratised the nation. A word or two more about our boasted prosperity;—for that is the present great sham boast—the big-mouth braggart that sits the Jupiter Scapin of the press. It is an odd prosperity that people run away from as from a plague. But this panic has extended to our colonies. Having none to help them now in our Parliaments, they are driven to desperation; and our colonists are emigrating, shipping themselves off from a ruinous prosperity. Now, when we boast of our honesty again, do let the West Indians put in a word, and show the swindle that has been practised upon them. We compelled them to sell their property infinitely below its value, under the pretence of humanity, and then encouraged slaves elsewhere, to complete the ruin of those whom we compelled, when they first held their estates, to cultivate them by a complement of slaves, the condition of the tenure. No one would quarrel with the getting rid of slavery; but who is not disgusted at the sham, the villanous pretence, and the dishonesty of the great swindle with which the abolition was completed? Thus, says the *Guardian:* "Among the cross-currents of emigration and immigration which are setting to and fro over the face of the earth, one has opened, we observe, from Jamaica to Australia. The hand of death is upon the old colony—the vigour of life and health in the young one; and it is not surprising that even the West Indian, of all human beings the most unfit to buffet his way in a new climate, and a bustling scene, is tempted to seek a refuge across the broad Pacific. These poor people are

escaping, not from ruin, for ruin has already overtaken them, but from the intolerable annoyance—for to any European it is intolerable—of living in subjection to the childish caprice and arrogance of a coloured population. Jamaica is fast becoming a negro island; its inhabitants are fast relapsing into the vices and the ignorance of the savage state. Whether any policy on our part could have wholly averted this result—which the policy adopted by us has certainly accelerated—it is now, we fear, too late to inquire." When the islands shall have passed into American hands, history may possibly furnish us with some answer to the question. It is commonly said that bodies do what individuals could not do—that iniquity divided among many is like a river that loses itself in the sands, and is kept out of sight—it vanishes. What honest man could do what parliaments have done, and what parliaments, we fear, with our present or future representative system, will be sure to do?

I have shown that, with regard to trades, there is open admitted cheatery. If there be this taint in our population, how will it be so fitly represented as by those who will carry out such a people's convenient views? It is true in the moral as the natural world—great bodies draw the smaller after them. Our trade-leagues are frightful bodies. If they are to govern England, will trade morals, such as they have been shown to be, prevail?—or shall we have a hope of returning to Christian morals? But if it be true that there are but these two interests, it is worth a moment's consideration, which is in its own nature a temporary one, and which a permanent one. If the temporary prevails, all goes with it when it sinks; if the other, safety is perpetuated. Commercial countries are ever in a struggle for supremacy—for in a fair exchange of goods alone there is but a transfer from one pocket to the other, and a general equality. But this is not the condition any country is contented with. But the home

prosperity, the home trade, is at once the most advantageous and the most safe, and the least subject to temptations which affect a nation's morality. It is only to insure a mockery—but that I care little for—to assert that we can never be safe, nor ever a truly moral people, until we learn to rely more upon ourselves, and prepare for that which must come—a loss of foreign trade.* The tendency of all foreign countries is to look to their own resources to supply their own wants. The time will assuredly come when our monster-manufacture system must dwindle to more moderate dimensions. What then? Herodotus tells us of the wisdom of the Parians towards the Milesians. "When the Parians visited Miletus, to put an end to its disturbances, in their progress through the desolate country they noted down the names of those who had well cultivated their lands; and called together the people, and placed the direction of affairs in the hands of those safe owners' hands, and enjoined all the Milesians, who had before been factious, to obey them; and thus they restored tranquillity." There was a madman at Athens who thought all the ships that entered the Piræus were his own. He revelled in the idea of his imaginary wealth. I think of him when I see a Free Trader, and would ask him what foreigners have the profit of all the ships that enter our ports. The country that takes duty upon our goods makes us pay its taxes, but pays itself nothing of ours. This is what the Irish economist called, "Reciprocity all on one side." Well, well; this is all to be laughed at. Let those laugh who win. They have been winning, and may win. We go on, they say with a bragging face, most swimmingly. Be it so. So do swine

* There is a very able pamphlet on this subject, published I believe as long ago as 1800, by Mr Spence, showing that England could flourish and be happy independent of commerce. It was written at a time when Buonaparte threatened to annihilate our colonies and our commerce. The writer maintains the theory of the "French Economists," and shows that Adam Smith is of one opinion with them.

when they cut their own throats as they swim: the more speed the worse for them.

Who in modern times will sue a politician for even a broken oath, to say nothing of his words, nature's gift to conceal thought withal? Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, boasted that he had sworn to seventeen constitutions. There are such things as unblushing confessions to perjury. The gods, says the poet, laugh at lovers' perjuries; those demigods—the dupes, and demagogues their panderers—laugh at politicians' promises and perjuries; for a statesman's promise is his oath. The constitution sworn to to-day is gone to-morrow. It may happen, indeed, that the thing to which fidelity is vowed is a thing defunct, and none of the defender's killing either—then, when he looks about for the object, it is gone. But have a care, sworn defender, that you knock it not on the head yourself. The Puritans had a wonderful invention of breaking oaths by Providence, the very happiest ingenuity of knavery.

> "Nil metuunt jurare, nihil promittere parcunt,
> Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis satiata libido est
> Dicta nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant."

When it was first moved in the House of Commons to proceed against the king capitally, Cromwell stood up and told them, that if any man moved this with design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world; but, since Providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray God to bless their counsels. They murdered the king in the king's name.

There is a story told by Sir Kenelm Digby of Lipsius's dog, which may be applicable to what may one of these days take place. The truest defender may step in and take all to himself. Multitudes are making every day a snatch at the constitution. Some are for taking the aristocracy by the throat; some for smothering the bishops, and demolishing the

Church; some, not too openly, but quite evidently, for strangling the monarchy. Where will be the constitution when all these hands have had their snatch at the basket, let the story of Lipsius's dog tell: "Other less dogs snatching, as he trotted along, part of what hung out of his basket, which he carried in his mouth, he set it down to worry one of them. In the mean time, the others fed at liberty and ease upon the meat that lay unguarded, till he, coming back to it, drove them away, and himself made an end of eating it up." Now, this faithful, this sworn defender, was carrying his master's basket. Did he make himself strong for his master's future benefit?

The case may easily be imagined, that a set of rascally dogs may make a snatch at a constitution basket, and each take out his part, and that they may all be driven away by the dog that eats up all that remains.

It is possible—I only say possible—in deference to the *many's* opinion, that we have had a Lipsius's dog the other side of our narrow strait. And it may be possible that we may have among ourselves many ravenous and unscrupulous dogs, whom, at length, it may be policy to drive away; the danger being, who will eat up the remainder of the basket.

Well; history tells us of constitutions as good as our own that are defunct, and some think not without reason, by suicide—of wealth and prosperity as great as ours, that have vanished—of a people as wise, and fully as great, and as energetic, that are now far other than they were; excepting in one respect, for they are boasters still, and were almost as great boasters as ourselves—the Spaniards. We are daily swaggering as they swaggered, that the sun never set on their dominions; they were almost as ridiculously proud as ourselves. Now, I will give you a quotation from a Madrid journal. The first part is strikingly like the boast of our own daily papers. The dishonest way in which we have treated

our colonies may bring in time our language to be of the same cast as the latter part of the quotation. Even gold made that country poor. Vast tracts in Spain are uncultivated. Australian gold may not make us rich. Industry is misdirected that is taken off the land. I think the quotation offers a warning:—

"The Spanish dominions once occupied an eighth of the known world. Our country has been the greatest of the globe; and, in the days of its splendour, neither the gigantic empire of Alexander, nor the vastness of that of the present Czar, could be compared to it. The sun never set upon our country, which contained 80,000 square leagues and 60,000,000 inhabitants. Of so much richness and power we have lost more than two-thirds in a couple of centuries. In 1565 we ceded Malta to the Order of St John; France afterwards took possession of it, and ultimately the English. In 1620, Louis XIII. incorporated Lower Navarre and Béarn with France. In 1649 our government recognised the conquest of Roussillon, made by the same monarch. In 1640, Portugal emancipated herself, with all her Transatlantic possessions. In 1581 we began losing the Netherlands; in 1648 they made themselves independent.

"The English took from us in 1626 the island of Barbadoes; in 1656, Jamaica; 1704, Gibraltar; 1718, the Lucayas; 1759, Dominica; 1797, Trinidad. In 1635, the French made themselves masters of Dominico; in 1650, of Granada; in 1665, of Guadaloupe. In 1697 we shared St Domingo with France; in 1821 we lost our half. In 1790 we abandoned Oran after the earthquake. In 1791 we ceded our rights over Oran and Mazalquivir to Morocco. In 1713 we ceded Sardinia to the Duke of Savoy; Padua, Placentia, Lucca, and other districts in the north of Italy, were ceded to princes of the reigning family. In 1759 we lost Naples and Sicily, in consequence of the Infante Don Carlos selling them to occupy the Spanish throne. In 1800 we ceded Louisiana to France; and in 1819, Florida to the Americans; and lastly, the South American colonies emancipated themselves successively from 1816 to 1824."

The above extract may appear to some to present matter for thought too grave for an essay of discontent at the trifling cheatery of degenerated trade. Yet not so; for if these

doings are indices of a great change in the morals of the nation—if it abandons fair dealing, and the abandonment is not stigmatised as it deserves, but passed off with a laugh and a shrug of the shoulders, I do think we have no right to expect a continuance of favour to ourselves, and that our universal boasting is an aggravation of all our offences.

If it be healthy sometimes to be a little cynical, and to rate soundly, that a sweeter temper may follow, it may be no unkindness to give matter for a little railing to one's friends, either in their apathy or their sufferings. I was first led to write this paper by a review of our "honesty," and our perpetual swaggering about it, and about everything else.

Let those who can go on still in peace, eat and drink contentedly their daily poisons, called the necessaries of life. For my own part, there are two things, either of which will give me the highest gratification—either that it can be proved, that all that is said to be proved to the contrary is a slander; that, in fact, no vendor of any article ever adulterates it; that we may fearlessly eat, drink, and be happy;—or the alternative that, all being proved, and confession made, a remedy will be found out for the pressing evil. So that, whether with a view to our political stomachs or our natural, our aspirations may be gratified without detriment to life; or, better put in a wiser man's words—

> "May good digestion wait on appetite,
> And health on both."

TEMPERANCE AND TEETOTAL SOCIETIES.

[APRIL 1853.]

The parable of the "Tares among the Wheat" is exemplified in all the doings of good in this world. "The great enemy" insinuates himself into our best promises, as the proper objects of his mischief. The better a project is, the more are we to look for evil obstructing it. Folly, delusion, and not unfrequently hypocrisy, take possession of the agents, and thus good intentions and bad intentions are mixed up together; vehement folly overpowers weak goodwill, and designing knavery deceives both, and works secretly and in a flattering disguise. Professors of universal philanthropy have acted cruelties incredible, if shuddering experience had not seen them written in blood on the page of history. Professors of peace become the disturbers of the world; the lovers of liberty, tyrants and enslavers of nations; and, to descend to the insignificant, members of temperance societies, the most intemperate of men. We say, to descend to the insignificant, not because we think their doings are unimportant, but because their extravagant assumptions make them too ridiculous to attract much serious attention, and as yet they have little influence over general society. Nevertheless, they are working in a mine by day and by night, and have among them, recognised and unrecognised, a mixture of

workers, of evil intentions and of good intentions. When, therefore, we compare some of their agents to "tares among the wheat," we are acknowledging that there *is* wheat—we are admitting that there *is* good seed, and the probability that it will not all be choked.

We are not about to commit the folly of proving by argument that drunkenness is an evil of great magnitude—that it is a sin; nor to deny that it is most praiseworthy, nay, a Christian duty, to suppress it. On the contrary, we think the good to be obtained by judicious efforts so great, that we grieve to see the foolish and the designing making themselves the prominent, or, where not prominent, the really moving agents. We have read many of their publications; we have seen in them, often in subtle disguise, disaffection to the institutions of our country, disloyalty, and dissent. Where these are, we expect to find more hatred than love, and a lamentable lack of that charity which "thinketh no evil," and is the "bond of peace." Under an affected philanthropy, a universal pity, for all who are not like themselves, we see sweeping and severe condemnations—denunciations against all who dare to combat the most problematical of their opinions. We are sorry to say that there is the coarseness of a vulgar hatred in their very commiseration; and we have no doubt they would—that is, the more virulent of them—after putting down their weaker brethren, establish, if they could, in this our land, an Inquisition as detestable as any which religious bigotry has inflicted upon mankind. Even now, they will neither let man nor woman die quietly in their beds without an inquest, and branding the character of even the drinkers of "so small a thing as small beer" with the infamy of drunkards. Their weekly obituary shows no mercy; nor are we without indication of what they would do if they had the power, notwithstanding all their philanthropy, with living transgressors. We have this moment hit upon the following

passage in the *British Temperance Advocate* for August 1852: —"The Grand Duke of Tuscany has enacted, that all young men leading an irregular life, or who have contracted habits of rioting and debauchery, shall be subjected to military discipline. Would that we had some such law for the English 'fast!'" In the same number of the *Advocate* we find the inconsistent deprecation of punishment: "Floggings, treadmills, solitary cells, chains, hulks, penal colonies, and hangmen, are rude, cruel, and irrational methods of reforming human hearts." Here is commiseration for the vagabonds, the usual recipients of floggings, &c.; but who are the "fast" men? who are they to whom this cant word is applied?—Youthful members of our universities, and of our fashionable clubs. These, indeed, are a class out of the pale of commiseration, irreclaimable reprobates, truly meriting "floggings," and other not less penetrating arguments of "Tuscan military discipline." Do we not recognise the incipient will that would set up an "Inquisition," issue commissions to our universities, and send their "alguazils" into our colleges and club-houses to hunt out and carry off to some *auto-da-fé* the "fast men," every drinker of champagne, and, for lack of other victims, the consumers of the thinnest potations of diluted small-beer? But the damnatory obituary of this August number shows what parties would be most in request by the alguazils of the Temperance Inquisition. It is headed "William M'Vitie, a weaver, died last week at Carlisle, in consequence of drinking to excess—free drink, given by *the Tory canvassers.*" We have not heard of any Tory canvassers having been indicted for the murder, which we may be sure they would have been at Carlisle, had any been so guilty, and we hope we are not uncharitable in discrediting the account as a *telling* fabrication. To suppose it true, would be at least as uncharitable as to believe it to be false.

The besetting sin of these temperance and teetotal societies

is their utter deficiency of that greatest of the virtues, "charity." It is all devoured by their arrogance. They exclusively are the "salt of the earth." There is neither religion nor morality in any other. As their proselytism is chiefly among the working classes (misnamed by mischievous politicians, "the poor"), the richer and less accessible are peculiar objects of their aversion. One would suppose that in their water-drinking pilgrimages they had come upon the two celebrated fountains in Ardennes of love and of hate; that, after drinking of the first, they had looked at their own images in the stream, and had drank freely of the other when they came back to the world of business, and looked round upon their neighbours. They would be as dominant as the Papacy, and, even less tolerant, would put a yoke upon every one's neck too grievous to be borne. Their publications—and they are significant enough—fall short of their virulence of speech at public meetings, and their missionary influences, and their secret workings. We have conversed with very many, and have found them steeped to the lips in the waters of bitterness. If you are not of them, you are against them. They would invade every home, nay, the very sanctity of religion. Some even go so far as to assume, daringly, a miracle in themselves; or, to speak most favourably, deteriorate the first miracle of our Lord at the marriage of Cana. A man once told us that *his* minister had *invented* a wine similar to that which our Lord made, when he commanded the water to be made wine. As to sacramental wine—floundering efforts are made even among Jewish rabbis to prove that it was *not* real wine—one "expresses his willingness" (not being able to deny that our blessed Lord did institute the sacramental wine) "to administer the Lord's Supper to *a stern* temperance man, who should ask it, in water." A "stern temperance man" is one not to be denied anything.

But these blasphemies are too disgusting. Rankness

springs up under the cloven foot wherever it treads. Rampant pride sets up itself as a god of vengeance. Slight differences are not to be borne. Thus we read in the *Progressionist*, No. 14,—

"The plain duty of teetotallers now is to be holding meetings, and lifting up the voice of warning and of persuasion; in this way thousands will be won, and prevented from becoming drunkards, who, in case of neglect, will be carried down the stream. We are the rather urgent, because we believe men are waiting to be made teetotallers, literally groaning under landlord fetters, though they don't break them!—crying, 'Come over and help us; the fields are white unto the harvest; send forth more labourers!' Shall they cry in vain?

"We mark but one feature now; it is a solemn one, and we touch it with fear. *Divine Providence* seems angry with the opponents of teetotalism; and that sect which, and which alone, in its united capacity, and in daring impious violation of its own rules, put forth its power to destroy teetotalism, is writhing under the road of displeasure. Its funds pilfered and squandered, many of its chapels deserted, some of its heads drunken, and hundreds of preachers deserted, while the very man and men whom they thought and sought to crush and silence, are alive, sober, prosperous, and prevailing!

'Who shall contend with God, or who
Shall harm whom He delights to bless?'"

We stop not to inquire who are the particular persons denounced, nor the landlords who impose fetters. The presumption of arrogating all blessings to themselves, and, by insinuation, the power of inflicting vengeance, cannot be overlooked. And this is temperance! It is not to be thought strange, then, that the temperance man should set himself above other men;—he, the only "Sapiens," the "Rex denique regum." The *Advocate*, in wrath against some witty satirist, says,—

"He will certainly not have the grateful thanks of 'Ebenezer Styles,' the reclaimed shoemaker, but Sir Toby Belch and his

sensual crew may hiccup forth his praise, and drink his health in bumpers. We think the said humble 'Ebenezer,' with his temperance, a nobler being than the proudest peer in his cups;—nay, that one sober 'cobbler' is, morally, worth a round dozen of drunken kings."

The rich, of course, are they who care not for the poor; and the wine-drinking rich are in modern statistics no part of the people, and must be held up to public odium.

"We do not mean the wealthy residents of the squares. We speak of the people, who, like the wounded wayfaring man in sacred story, are on 'the other side.' Alas! that there should be that 'other side.'"

That is, there should be no rich, no princes, no kings, because Ebenezer Cobblers, belonging to the temperance society, are far better men. This "divine man," this "Ebenezer Cobbler" must, however, be lifted to the utmost height of dignity; and kings and priests—of course, necessarily all drunkards—must be sent sprawling to the earth, and in humility to the dust make acknowledgment of the supremacy of water-drinking "Ebenezers." And as the tameness of prose may not be adequate to the great exaltation, the enthusiasm of song is in requisition. Thus,—

"CRAFTS IN DANGER.

How pleasing the thought that our wrong-crafts are falling,
Which hold divine man as an imbecile thrall;
And, oh! the reflection is sweet and consoling,
That I, even I, can assist in their fall.

The drink-craft, old king-craft, old priest-craft, do battle
Against the free God-entail'd interests of man;
We must not submit to be treated like cattle,
And toil, bleed, and die for the error-throned clan.

The drink-craft obscures man's best interest and duty,
Deprives him of judgment, of honour, of purse,
Of conscience, and moral and physical beauty;
We first must remove that most hydra-horn'd curse.

Oh! scatter the clouds that o'ershadow his reason;
When, bless'd with that spirit that intellect lights,
His progress to truth will increase, and in season
No error shall stand betwixt him and his rights.

Let no one conclude he can do nothing in it;
Each man, woman, child, can break one massy link
In wrong-craft's worse soul-binding chain any minute,
By signing the pledge to abandon strong drink."

Temperance Advocate.

Verily there shall be no craft but the cobbler's craft; and by the decree of the Ebenezers, no drink but water. We frequently find the clergy of the Church of England under ban, and are told of an irreverent description of the clergy given by one of our own bishops; namely, that the clergy might be divided into three parts—"*the Port-wine clergy, the Self-denying clergy, and the Evangelical clergy.*"—We should like to know what bishop (our bishop) could have given such a description; because, being so out of the habit of hearing of any such impertinences thrown on their brethren the clergy from that quarter, we must be allowed to doubt the authenticity. Not that, otherwise given, we should object to the designation, for we have known many very worthy pious clergy, who may be strictly called Port-wine clergy; and whoever is acquainted with the parochial offices, and calls of rectors, vicars, and curates, must know that the poor make frequent demands upon their little stock, and generally come, armed against all remonstrance, with a recommendation from the doctor. We should rather think a clergyman not a port-wine one would be uncharitable—be thought unkind, and lose somewhat of a wholesome influence. "What do you do," said a child to a drover, "with all those oxen?" "Little boy," said the drover, "I eat them all myself." The Temperance Societies would prevent the answer of vicar and curate, "He drinks it all himself." And if he were to drink all his little stock, and the parish find for the

poor, we should rather say, May it do him all the good in the world, and joy go with him! And we doubt not, if this be his only sin, however astonished Ebenezer may be hereafter to find himself in the same happy place with the said curate—we have, we say, every reason to hope he will not be kept out of it for a glass of port wine.

This bigotry is disgusting and ridiculous; it keeps no measure with truth. Heaven's bounty is not to be denied, because it may be abused. Is all wine a poison, as they pronounce it to be, because too much of it will intoxicate? So then is every good given to us. A man may eat beef like a glutton, and fall down in a fit of apoplexy, but is beef therefore a poison? Is the butcher to be indicted for murder, because his neighbour Guttle has stuffed himself with veal into the undertaker's hands? There are such outrages upon common-sense, that we can only wonder they can ever be seriously entertained. It seems quite a satire on the credulity and folly of mankind to bring them to the proof of argument; the only argument, however, must be the *argumentum ad absurdum*. The world at large can never assent to such nonsense, and is more likely to put down temperance and teetotal societies, than to be put down by them. These societies are really, by their absurdities, marring the good they might do. If any should use soberness of speech and conduct, surely they are the professors of temperance; whereas, they are the perpetual scolds wherever they plant themselves. They proclaim war against the innocent, as against the guilty. If you drink anything but water, you are a drunkard; and should any accident befall you, let your loving relatives—wife, husband, children, brothers, sisters—dread the epitaph that will be found of you (mayhap the drinker of a glass of poor small-beer, on the day or the day before your death) in that awful obituary published monthly in these Chronicles and Advocates, which gloat upon your

infamy, and delight to suspend you over the limbo-lake of drunkards. Nay, these most intolerant of men will not tolerate each other, if there is the slightest suspicion of a shade of difference among them. Woe betide the unfortunate culprit who shall withdraw his name from the Society's books, however good and substantial his reasons. They will admit his *right* to withdraw his pledge, for it was given with that power of returning it; but see what construction they put on the withdrawal.

"When a pledge is *broken*, it implies a want of honour or veracity; when it is withdrawn, it is supposed to indicate a change of opinion; but the following letter is from one who is too honourable to break a pledge—who has not changed his opinion respecting total abstinence, and yet withdrawn his name."

The letter alluded to states fairly enough:—

"I still most heartily approve of total abstinence, and much regret that the fashions and customs of society are not such as can adopt it as a general principle; but, approving of the cause, as I still do, this constant wrangling with relations and friends and acquaintances, who are fond of a moderate social glass, is not only unpleasant, but acts hostilely to my interests."

One would suppose such a man was deserving of praise for his honesty, his good temper, and his wisely yielding to the kind remonstrances — or wranglings if you please—of relatives, friends, and acquaintances. It was surely wise, prudent, and of a gentle disposition, as showing due consideration for others, that he should prefer advancing domestic peace by this little sacrifice. Is a man to be ever obstinate, and never yield to gentle influences, even in matters where his opinions remain the same? To do otherwise is the perverse obstinacy of an ill-tempered fool. But no; the culprit must have no quarter. The opinion of a temperance man is taken out of the category of opinions, and made a religion. Even so—for the miserable, gentle spirit

is told plainly, in a long and ferocious article in the *Temperance Chronicle*, that he will not have any "Divine assistance;" that in resisting their (the Temperance Society's) will, he is "going contrary to the Divine will;" that he has been acting "a solemn farce," that he is "a coward." Alas, the poor solicitor's clerk! for such he is. "Divine assistance will enable the brave man to stand by the whole truth—will be a sun and a shield to them that walk uprightly," (only a moderate glass, mind—he never said he could not stand or walk), "but no aid is promised to the coward." He "would never have been a Daniel in the lions' den"—alas! he is scarcely out of the den of fiercer animals. He is reminded, also, that "he that doubteth is damned if he eat, (and condemned if he drink)." Misery on misery is heaped upon his unfortunate, his sinful head. He is plainly told he will never reach heaven. He is made a scarecrow, like Pliable.

"How easy to get to heaven if the gate were not so strait and the way so narrow. But will all strife end here? When Pliable got out of the Slough of Despond and returned to the city of Destruction, his neighbours laughed at him for his cowardice; for all respect the brave. They called him turn-coat, and held him to be a mean and sorry fellow to be so easily terrified."

What can be plainer than that they do think to terrify him? What! allow a solicitor's clerk, taking the pledge at thirty-five, to escape from their bondage! It must not be; and so they jump profanely into the judgment-seat of Omnipotence, and pronounce his "damnation" if he eat, but "condemnation" if he drink—pretty much the same thing—with all the virulence of a malicious vengeance. What the result has been we know not;—if the lion, unyoked from the Cybele Temperance's car for his pursuit, has brought him back to be duly punished, or if he still wanders about under the curse of their tongues, yet unwilling to submit himself to the greater

one of their domination. And such are men professing temperance—such is the language they use. What worse can intoxication effect? What would they not do, if they had power to set up their own Holy Office, and send forth their alguazils to drive prey into their Inquisition?

Nor need they fear any lack of work for their Holy Inquisitors. It is not here and there a poor solicitor's clerk to be victimised. By their own account, they who withdraw the pledge are more than half their numbers, to say nothing of the hypocrites they have made, who, without withdrawing, never keep the pledge. We find this admission in the *Temperance Chronicle*—headed, by the by, with this singularly inappropriate motto, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things," and therefore it commences with this intemperate falsehood:—Of drunkenness, "the cause is the drinking customs of society. These customs surround from his childhood *every* man who is born in this country." So, then, there is not an abstemious man—no, not one. Peradventure, there are not ten men for whose sake this intoxicating land may escape vengeance. But this is followed by an unexpected bit of truth: "It is, however, one thing to reclaim a drunkard, and another to keep him sober when reclaimed." So that the "reclaimed" may be drunkards still. This is after the view of vice taken by John Huntingdon. "If John Huntingdon," quoth he, "commits a sin, I have nothing to do with that; I abhor John Huntingdon—I am not he—I reject his very name. I am S.S., Sinner Saved." The "reclaimed," it seems, may abhor their other selves, and take both benefits to themselves; they have been once reclaimed, they retain the sanctity and the pleasure.

"Of those who sign the pledge, fifty in every hundred break it; and although it is an encouragement to know that throughout the kingdom about half stand firm, yet it is melancholy to think that half go back. In London, indeed, it is much worse. In a

report presented to a recent Conference, it appears that in some districts of the metropolis, only thirty per cent of those who sign the pledge keep it; in others, twenty; and, in one depraved locality, only ten per cent. This breaking of the pledge has not been sufficiently considered by our temperance associations. If not guarded against, it will throw an air of ridicule over our whole proceedings. This is not all. Of those who break the pledge many have broken it twice, three times, four times, and some a dozen times."

So far, then, there is a tendency in the pledge to make confirmed drunkards of fifty out of a hundred; for greater is the temptation when there is a bond against it—the forbidden fruit is the sweetest—but it also makes "liars."

"This shows that there is another disease besides intemperance, and that steps must be taken to counteract this mischief, which is as a plague-spot in the tee-total body. The other disease is falsehood. Our remedy is for drunkenness; and it implies that when a man promises to abstain, we may rely upon his promise; and if the pledge fail to hold him fast, it is not because he is a *drunkard*, but because he is a *liar*."

But if fifty out of a hundred elsewhere break the pledge, few indeed keep it in London. There is a vulgar saying as to a personage among the tailors, to which the report of the Temperance Society gives fearful confirmation; nor have they—together with the compositors—the slightest notion of what honour is.

"A man of honour, induced by a wish to do good to himself, or, by his example, to benefit other men, signs his name to the pledge of total abstinence, and you know you have him, and that you can rely upon him; and so long as his name is on the books, you are certain that he will never drink intoxicating drinks; but when the tailors and compositors of London sign the pledge, ninety out of every hundred break it, and you only find ten remaining true to their promise. And worse than this, some of the ninety faithless men have broken their promise many times."

Alas for the poor tailors! But we hope this account is a little exaggerated—*more Teetotallorum;* we hope that they

count by the adage that, as "nine tailors make a man," so every sinning man is nine tailors—in common arithmetic, ninety are but ten. If we place on the *per contra* side of the good, of these very few men reclaimed, the mass of aggravated evil—of hypocrites made, drunkenness confirmed by the very impulsive force of the temptation, the conceit and uncharitableness of those who really enter into the spirit of the societies, the lying and the slandering—we fear the evil will be found greatly to preponderate. This is a woeful consideration. We cannot remonstrate with the societies themselves; they are hopeless. They have entered upon a kind of civil war, fancying it peace. The excitement of a combat has enlarged itself, and become more the object than the original intention; and such excitement must be kept up at all cost, and, we fear, with the preserving pepper of no little malice.

We are not aware that this country is much worse than many others on the score of intoxication, at least intoxication by drink: other intoxications, of a far worse character, are becoming a habit. But in regard to drunkenness, before the rise of temperance societies, we can trace gradual improvement. In our youth, we remember, it was much worse. As to the higher and middle orders of society, it is altogether, and has been long, banished as a vulgar brutality; and we are persuaded it is, and has long been, on the decline in the lower classes. How much temperance and total abstinence societies have done towards this social improvement, we have shown by their own records. We indeed suspect that their doings retard the cure, while they are implanting, we verily believe, a worse evil—sowing enmity of man against man, and making bigots, by their alliances, in religion and politics—creating the worst self-pride, and its concomitant intolerance. We grieve to see the English character deteriorating under the influence or tuition of societies and leagues. In olden times, at least, there was a blunt honesty, if there

was not always wisdom. "The family of the Wrongheads," said Sir Francis Wronghead, "have been famous ever since England was England;" but happily the Wrongheads intermarried with the Goodhearts and the Stouthearts, and the progeny has not been very bad. But there has sprung up an unhealthy race of quite a different breed, amidst the ill-ventilated fever-rooms of manufactories, and they are doing a world of mischief—making inroads upon the old truth, the old honesty, and the old bravery of England—quarrelsome, disaffected, conceited—children of religious and political puritanism, which, in whatever line it moves, is agape for persecution. We know not the insanity that is yet asleep within us. We must look back to history to see what it was when it broke out. Plague has been plague, though we have it not now; yet do not let us imagine our bodies or our minds, as being of the same nature they were, are not capable of receiving it. To read the *Book of Common Prayer* was once an offence punishable with fine, imprisonment, and transportation. Seeing what men have been, leagued to an enthusiasm, no matter what its character, be it religious or political, can we doubt what they may be, if unhappily power is put into their hands to realise by deeds their follies, their brutalities, and all the extravagancies of their madness? Once in so many years, they say, the whole people of England enact some insane extravagance. The disease is certainly at all times catching. It is kept alive in isolated communities, leagues, and societies. It is from some one of these, in a state of extraordinary fever, that the public catch the disease. It is well, therefore, to note the symptoms, and give warning, to avoid contagion. We know not what turn an outbreak in any of these malady-retinent companies may take. The Public, that very ambiguous, uncertain personage, may (and there have been attempts and tendencies that way) commit suicide or slaughter on all who do not fall in

with his absurd humour. The history of fanatic times is a broad page; the innocent, quiescent reader lifts up his brows as he reads, and wonders if men could have been as men are—if "endowed with like passions" as himself. The residents in the grass-growing streets of country towns and retired hamlets, where the only excitement is still a game of draughts, or the sweeping the pool at Pope Joan, scarcely credit what they read in a weekly paper of revolutions abroad and alarms at home—take to their possets and beds in great satisfaction that they are highly favoured, and utterly discredit the possibility of such mischiefs ever reaching them. Some few such places are yet left in England undisturbed; but let any one of these contagious maladies reach them, and if it be of a malignant kind, their whole quiescent natures will be changed; folly, madness, brutality, will dance together, and trample into the mire all the decencies of life. It is so in every country. It is not climate that gives, but the nature of mankind that receives, or engenders, the dreadful fanaticism. Let us apply hellebore while we may. Prevention is better than cure. Fanaticism, of whatever kind, is of the nature of intoxicating gas—whoever takes it, though the meekest of the earth, throws about his pugnacious arms ferociously. It is the real "Devil's drink" which makes humanity fiendish.

Suggestions of punishment are recorded with evident satisfaction; we hope there is no collection of them set aside for future use. A *Rev.* D. F. Sunderland, as he is styled, a home missionary, does great execution at Bromwich. He addresses eight hundred Sunday-school children, whose parents are, we suppose, in the wretched condition described —"in the most filthy condition, ignorant, ragged, and intemperate"—that is, we presume, they had not taken the pledge. A hint is given how such may be treated. The hint is precious as Arabian balm. It was rather indiscreet

to mention it before eight hundred children, of ages to be mischievous, and fond of throwing stones, and who may be, when fanatically tutored, not unwilling to throw them even at their parents, of whom it is said—

"They appear to be destitute of all moral feeling, and wholly absorbed in the gratification of depraved appetites. On Monday, August 18, a festival was held at the Summit Schools, and another at Great Bridge on the 25th, with large audiences in each case. An Arabian made a few pointed remarks in broken English, on the practice of missionaries in foreign parts in reference to intoxicating drinks, and to the great need of their labours *at home*. He said in his country, where the religion was *not* Christian, but Mahometan, they have a law which forbids the use of intoxicating liquors, and which condemns all drunkards to be *stoned* to death; and he added, that if such a law were in force in England, the houses would have to be pulled down to supply stones for the work."—*Temperance Chronicle.*

Stoning to death is a very hard measure; but suppose it is determined upon in conclave that the vice must be eradicated, or, to use a phrase more apt to stoning, crushed, it may be in reserve. As to milder punishments, we should not object to see a drunkard under the pump; but we must take care that he is a drunkard, and nothing more. But when the crusade is entered upon, we shall be sure to have respectable men driven in, and first mildly subjected to the water-cure, while the Temperance Papacy is forcing upon them conversion.

We are not well versed in statistics, and cannot, therefore, give the number of respectable wine-merhants in this country: many thousands there are, doubtless, who bring up their families respectably, mix in good society, go to church, and observe all the decencies of life. In this mercantile world they fill a proper station; they export and import, employ shipping, promote industry, add to the wealth of the country, and are as good and as useful, for aught we know, as any members of the community. Respectable brewers

also (we give, however, a hint to all to see that they have proper measures, that a pint shall be a pint, a quart a quart —this, however, by the by), following a legitimate trade—very proper men—all these are in the lists of proscription. They all come under the category of rascals—murderers. They must either be converted and give up their business, employ no more shipping or other industry, or they must not live. This is quite the spirit in the tirades against these respectable gentlemen; and even to the letter, as they cannot be Christians, they may be treated after the Arabian fashion. There is an especial work published against them, the Physiologist, or under the substitute name, the Anthropologist—a word to the ignorant that must denote more dreadful guilt than they can be guilty of. They are shown here to be poisoners—murderers. Now we should like to be informed as to the occupations of these temperance-league men. Are none of them concerned in manufactories deteriorating to health? are none of them employing multitudes of human creatures in mills that breed consumption, in white-lead manufactories, where human life is "dwindled to the shortest span?" Are any of them in the trade of fine-steel working? If not directly concerned in getting profit from these life-destroying occupations, do they piously question themselves if they are not encouraging destruction of their fellow-men, as well as enslaving them, in order that they may wear cotton shirts and consume cheap sugar? Alas! temperancer or teetotaller, whatever you may say on the score of health-destroying about your neighbour, the honest wine-merchant—

"Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur."

But the enmity does not stop here; a holocaust of wine-merchants and brewers will not satisfy the lust of fanaticism. The port-wine clergy—they are not human beings (a bishop

in lawn sleeves, of course, of the Church of England, is nothing better than a big bloated spider, so large as to devour widows' houses): and of course they ought to be crushed, and their webs destroyed.

"Behold that priestly hypocrite in his long robes and high-sounding titles, devouring widows' houses, and for a pretence making long prayers! Yes, there is a human spider; by his long robes he intimidates the people, and by his long prayers he fascinates them, till they surrender body, soul, and estate to his dictation. Nor was it long before I ran over the whole list of abuses in Church and State, by means of which the many are plundered and impoverished by the few; and out of the meshes of these nets neither the lawyers nor the legislators appear in much haste to deliver the suffering portion of society."—*Temperance Chronicle.*

It is hoped that simple people in far towns and villages, amongst whom this *Chronicle* is industriously circulated, will not really believe that his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has any such ogre appetite, as to devour either widows or their houses. But this we know, that if they believe anything to his disparagement of such a nature, they will have been led to vilify the kindest of men.

This, and other passages, some of which we have already noted, make us very suspicious of the precise nature of at least some of these temperance missions. We fear their agents go about circulating other than temperance maxims. We have taken no pains to cull such passages, they come to hand from a few only of these publications. Let those who, on the score of simply eradicating drunkenness, give them support, and who do not join them in any ulterior views, look narrowly into their working. It may be, that these extra doings are perpetrated by a few only. It would be well for the temperance cause that the labour of the societies should be brought back to the strict line of their original objects, and leave untouched, by them at least, the "abuses in Church and State."

We say, seriously, that they are marring a good work: we do not deny that they may, if temper and judgment guide them, do much good—nor that they have done some; but, by their own showing, there is a frightful evil to be put in the other scale. If gentleness, kindness, judicious persuasion for the one object, be the rule of their missions, it might, indeed, be a labour of love. We are sorry to see too much labour of hatred. We fear pledges, which are broken every fifty out of a hundred, and in many places ninety per cent. This is more than loss of what was gained; it is the conversion to the worse. Some one said of ice-cream, that it only wanted to be a sin to make it a perfect pleasure; whoever said this, knew something of human nature. The pledge does not seem to answer; are no other means available? One evil in their system might certainly be avoided—by their wide vituperation, they alienate the great bulk of society. The want of truth, the manifest injustice in these attacks, is doing the good cause great mischief. They would make B, who never was a drunkard, do penance for A, who is. Why hold up B as a rascal, because he takes a glass of wine or beer with his dinner? Because, they would assert, he stops the conversion of A. We knew of a tutor who, having two pupils, one a boy-nobleman, the other his own nephew, always lectured and punished his nephew for any fault the other committed. The teetotaler is equally irrational, who, if he cannot reach the drunkard directly, issues a prohibition to his sober neighbour; nay, puts the whole neighbourhood under a ban, for the sake of the doubtful conversion of the sot. By perversely insisting upon one only cure, they annihilate moderation, that very mother of graceful virtues. It is absurd to say there is *no* good in one of the great gifts of Providence—corn, wine, and oil. They quote Brande on alcohol in wine; but forget that Brande—we speak from memory—made a statement, that wine never did good or harm to some ninety out of a hundred

—that of the remaining ten, it did good to a portion, and harm to a portion. The harm was probably from excess; and Brande wrote this many years ago. Who now indulges as formerly? Common sense tells every one, not a fanatic, that there must be occasions when wine should be medicinally given. Ague requires port wine and bark. It would be criminal to turn round upon a practitioner, reject his prescription, and incur the crime of suicide. We habitually drink water—are abstemious too much, as we are often told. We have suffered from influenza, have been weakened, are dispirited, and in that condition probably more liable to contract disease. Our medical adviser has requested that we should take pale ale with our dinner, and a couple of glasses of port wine after. Shall we be so very silly as to imagine that by so doing we are committing a crime, and contradicting, as they would make it out, "the Divine will?" The man who seriously so argues is a fool or a fanatic. Reading the life of an artist of great eminence, we were struck with the fact—upsetting their theory—that he was seized in the night with spasms, and positively died, when a glass of brandy-and-water would have saved him. There are thousands of cases where it must be administered. What is the practice of our hospitals? Have they neither wine nor spirits? The Faculty would laugh at the prohibition, but would be sadly grieved if they thought the general prohibition successful. But, besides health, why should we not boldly advocate enjoyment—rational enjoyment? Society meet for what they are made to receive and impart—pleasure by social intercourse. Gentle exhilaration promotes goodwill, stirs the kindly feelings, animates the sluggish or wearied brain; imagination, wit, and judgment are active; the whole rational man is recruited, and the better feelings arise, and the sordid sink. The social man, we maintain, is morally better, and the world is better for this geniality. Nor would we deny the poor man his

similar enjoyment, and wish heartily that every poor man had his half-pint or pint of home-brewed. Moderation is the rule of all happiness, not a lonely abstinence. Teach all to be religious, to be "temperate in all things;" let them receive, as blessings to be thankfully and piously used, the gifts of God in meats and drinks, and we venture to say the proper cure for drunkenness, or excess of any kind, will be applied. A people so taught will not be the worse subjects; they will not be disaffected, nor curious to look out for the "spiders in Church and State." They will see that contentment is their enjoined duty, and one that brings its own blessing. Use, and not abuse, should be the law to every rational being, and to every thankful being. It is good to be thankful, and, in order to be so, it is well to have a few things for which the poorest may be especially thankful. Grace before meat, and after even wholesome drink, is no evil custom. The pleasure for which we may be thankful is not of the nature of a sin. Whatever sweetens life improves the man; whatever sours it degrades him. It tends to make him unthankful. He looks around him, sees how bountiful nature is; he knows that, by industry, he can obtain such share as it pleased his Maker he should have. We were not intended to sit down at a perpetual Barmecide feast. There is more sense, more truth, in the admirable bit of satire of Cervantes than catches every mind. Sancho Panza was blessed with a good appetite; but the "pledge" of his greatness put a physician behind his chair to touch the dishes for removal as fast as they appeared. Nature rebelled against the absurdity; his greatness was nothing to him if it did not fill his stomach. And, without doubt, the satirist meant to ridicule the theories of over-abstemiousness, and the notions of unwholesomeness of various meats and potations. Moderation is the measure both of life and of its pleasures. But this serious reasoning is unnecessary; common sense wants it not, and fanaticism has but a deaf ear.

The self-conceit, the self-laudation of these society people is the remarkable feature of their case. They make the very sunshine of the earth: where their footsteps are not, all is darkness. They smile satisfaction like angels, they weep like angels, not always angels of pity. Even the beauty of Spring leaves the country to shine in their May meeting at Exeter Hall. Who has not read poetic descriptions of May mornings? Who has not felt the reality? May-day of the fields is but a poor thing, and its little measure of brightness and delight is brought up to stand beside the great measure of the society's doings on that day, to show how little it is in comparison. Even angels come to *their* May-day, to take a new pleasure in being made to "burn with indignation at the rod of tyrants," and now "shed torrents of tears over degraded and ruined humanity." Indignation and tears together are enough to ossify any heart, and turn these visitants, like Niobe, to stone.

> "Poor Niobe, she wept so long, she dried
> The fountain of her sorrows, and she died;
> Her heart for lack of moisture turned to bone
> And petrifying tears converted flesh to stone."

That the reader may have a "strong impression" of the real visions that visit the extra poetic brain of the fine-writing abstainers of the *Temperance Chronicle*, and how sweet and bitter tears of pity and burnings of indignation mingle together, and excited men and women dissolve into angels, and angels take a worse presence than belongs to them, we present him with such a description of a May morning that we are sure he must confess he never heard the like.

"The May Meetings and Total Abstinence.—Of all the seasons in the year, Spring is the most delightful; and of all months, May is the most enchanting. From a very remote antiquity, May-day has been hailed by all ages and classes in our island. But the last half-century has added to the charms of this

delightful period. In Britain, May is not merely the month of singing-birds and blossoming flowers, but it is also the gala-day of philanthropy in our great metropolis ; and to such an extent, that London, notwithstanding its darkness and smoke, actually vies with the country ; so that thousands are seen leaving their homes, and quitting all the charms of rural life and scenery, to be present in the great city at its various anniversaries. It is now become the spring-tide of intellect, oratory, benevolence, and pure religion. The most gifted preachers are called to the pulpit ; the most eloquent speakers are invited to the platform, and are greeted with crowded audiences, listening ears, intelligent looks, sympathetic hearts, and applauding voices.

"One of the most lovely sights this side of heaven is that of Exeter Hall crowded with devout, religious, and philanthropic spirits, all touched with pity for human misery, and responding to the thrilling appeals which are addressed to their feelings. Not unfrequently we see and hear the Christian orator, who can touch every emotion of the soul as skilfully as David played on his lyre, and thousands of benevolent minds hurried hither and thither at pleasure by the magic spell of his tongue. Now he makes them burn with indignation at the rod of tyrants ; now they shed torrents of tears over degraded and ruined humanity ; now they stand aghast with horror over the yawning gulf ; and now they are transported with visions of millennium, or enter the gates of paradise with the grateful souls whom they have been the humble instruments of plucking as 'brands from the burning.' We have heard of David charming away the evil spirit of Saul ; of the eloquent strains of a Cicero and Demosthenes ; of the dramatic skill of a Garrick and Siddons ; but our May meetings in Exeter Hall throw all these into the shade. Angels have witnessed much of human excitement, pathos, and inspiration ; but the anniversaries of our various philanthropic and religious societies exhibit scenes more nearly approaching to the purity and benevolence of the skies than anything that our world has developed from the days of Adam until now. We have a strong impression that the angels of heaven look forward to our May meetings with devout pleasure, and attend them with deep devotion."

All this is very great self praise. When we read anything so very forced and artificial, it is fair to suspect an object—the strain is not kept up for nothing ; a sketch from nature of a real true May morning on any part of the earth has no

resemblance to it. Funds are to be raised by excitement extraordinary, and dreary fanatic intoxication to be brought to fever heat; and the purse of Exeter Hall, present and future, to be filled. So that after this angelic vision of all delight, we have the *per contra*—the whole world in misery (so little good done!) The dissolving view of the happy May-day departs, another succeeds.

"We have before us ten thousand Amazons on fire, and we could send the life-boat to them all if we would abandon our bowls, but we prefer the gratification of a vile and unnatural lust for poison, to the joy of rescuing millions from perdition."

All that boasted display of talent that did such wonders, "gifted preachers" and "eloquent speakers," and even the angels, are passed away as an illusion, and we find instead a general paralysis, and talent and resources lost.

"The resources now lost, and the talent paralysed by moderation and intemperance, would furnish funds and agents sufficient to convert and bless the whole world."

O money, money! vilified as mammon, you are yet in many a shape the idol to which all look.

"What a glorious resolution it would be to make May a teetotal month, and present the proceeds of this abstinence on the altar of Christian philanthropy. Were all England to come to this determination, at least One Million sterling might be easily added to our benevolent contributions."

It may be thought scarcely worth while to show this merely bad taste. If it were only bad taste and bad writing, it might pass; but it exemplifies the spirit of exaggeration which runs through all their publications, and we fear is too much alive in all their doings. The exaggeration of self-praise, self-confidence, is over and over again to be found in equal quantity in the vituperation and condemnation of all who dare to oppose them; nay, such exaggeration of truth, that it becomes a puffed-up falsehood.

We happened once to look in at a temperance society meeting, while an orator was swinging about his arms and vociferating with wondrous vehemence. The atmosphere was anything but pleasant. The very vulgar man had evidently a hold upon his audience, and that passed for irresistible argument which was mere intoxicating folly undiluted.

"I offered it" (spirits), said he, "to a dog, he turned tail upon it—to a donkey, he curled up his lips and brayed at it—to a sow, and she grunted at it—to a horse, and he snorted at it—to a cow, and she showed her horns at it—and (with a thump and extreme vehemence) shall that be good for man which beasts won't touch, which a cow horns at, a horse snorts at, a sow grunts at, a donkey brays at, and a dog turns tail at?—Oh, no!" (with extraordinary pathos).

These meetings are commonly attended by travelling cart-loads of reclaimed drunkards, who delight to expose their former selves, and glory in a beastly confession. "Such I was," said one of them, "wallowing in drunkenness—and now see what I am; I have got into the good ship Temperance, and there I have set sail to the heavenly breeze, and am sailing securely to the shore of a blessed eternity." These cart-loads of choice spirits, without drink, far from being humbled by a confession of their old iniquities, are lifted up beyond measure, and look with contempt, as upon their inferiors, on those who never were drunk in their lives. They have, in fact, only exchanged one intoxication for another. The man for platform admiration is not the man who has lived soberly, but he who never went to bed sober in his life. The most acceptable virtue is that which jumps with ostentation out of the worst vice. When pride touches a cup of cold water with the lips, it receives an inebriating quality more potent than ever came from the drunkard's cask, and infinitely more poisonous. It becomes worse than Circe's cup, for it makes such brutes as we fear can never be charmed into humanities again.

Their obituaries would be a lamentable catalogue, if we could in the least credit them; but there is exaggeration and surmise. We daresay there are many innocent names in this their black list of perdition; at any rate, the publication is a piece of cruelty not very becoming to professed philanthropists. Where there is no proof of drunkenness, it is merely said, "deceased had had liquor." Charity would lead to the conclusion that the draught was harmless.

Burke once gave a poor woman sixpence, and was reproved by a philanthropist—"She will spend it in gin." "Well," said Burke, "if a glass of gin will ease a poor woman's heart of her sorrow, let her have it." We stay not to discuss the moral of the anecdote. But here is a case *per contra*, certainly of a cruel character. To take the clothes from a poor creature's shivering flesh and blood, and leave her bare in a cold night, is enough to drive her out of her senses. The very name, however, induces us to believe the narrative apocryphal, and the "recently" aptly conceals the when and the where, and furnishes the indulgent reader with a supposed *alibi* and *alias*.

"Recently, Rachel Winterbottom, aged 26, jumped out of a window and was killed, because her clothes were taken from her to prevent her from going out to get more drink."

We come to a case so extraordinary that we know not what to think of it. It would appear that Dickens had adopted it into his novel of *Bleak House*. We insert it as a curiosity, and worth a little inquiry. Can it be true?

"John Anderson, carrier, Whitemyre, was discovered lying in a field by the side of the road leading up from the turnpike a few hundred yards east of the Harmuir toll. On examination it appeared that the wretched man had been burned to death. He had been in Nairn with a load, and was returning home. At Auldearn he went into a public-house, whence he was seen coming out upon all-fours intoxicated. He passed the Harmuir bar with his pipe lighted, sitting on the top of his cart. Turning up the

cross-road, he was observed to jump off the cart, and shortly after was found with every particle of clothing burned off his body except a small bit of his stockings and the back of his coat and trousers. What adds to the horror of the case, his eyes were literally burned out, and his nose and ears burned off! It is conjectured that a spark from his pipe had ignited the fumes of alcohol, and that spontaneous combustion immediately ensued, the subtle gas issuing from every orifice of the body, and even through the pores of the skin, being kindled on coming into contact with the air."

It is scarcely credible that—

"Feb. 2.—Thomas Ridings, of Bolton, aged 20 months, died under the following circumstances. Its father went home drunk, when a warm supper awaited him on the table. He, however, kicked the table over, and the hot gravy burned the child so severely that death ensued."

These obituaries are too numerous to follow; but as they are brought out, number after number, with a certain air of melancholy pleasure, it is but fair to announce that nothing nowadays can exceed the pity for suffering humanity shown on many occasions. It is true all pity must be exhibited in a teetotal fashion. We doubt if the good Samaritan, who did not "pass on the *other side*," would not come within their legitimate censure, and be counted little better than a rascal for "pouring in oil and *wine*" after binding the wounds. If members utter Jeremiads rather strong, the power of their weeping is as extraordinary.

"Mr Roberts, of Boston, said that, as a member of a Christian church, he had often had to weep, as Jeremiah did, rivers of tears over men who had fallen from God through strong drink. But still he was a little-drop man, and had an enormous liking for 'home-brewed.' At length, fifteen years ago, for the sake of example, he signed the pledge."

Confessing drunkards pour forth floods of commiserating eloquence. They who now abhor the grape and the malt, and find all sour, water all the miseries of mankind with their tears. "Mr Sowerbutts" weeps and entreats, "Mr Swindle-

hurst" is as potent, and "Mr Witty" is graphic upon the miseries of drink. All are excited alternately by their sorrows and their indignation; whole meetings throw out no inconsiderable stream of both; nor is there any lack either of fuel or water to make the current perpetual. Repose is a crime; yet we venture to say that this living upon excitement is of the nature of intoxication, and is injurious to the health of the mind, if not of the body. Social ties are as nothing in the heats of controversy; and they who are nearest and dearest are too often the first victims to this fanatic intoxication. A case has been made known to us of a friendship of years having been broken, and that by professors of universal peace, by a controversy on the sacramental wine. That is still, we learn, a bone of contention among the initiated. It is surprising, for nothing seems more clear. One party assert that the instituted wine was unfermented—that our Lord spake of that only, converted water into that only. The other party cannot go so far as that, yet are puzzled; and no wonder, for the usual practice tells unquestionably against the *total* abstinence pledge; and we have shown what a stern total abstinence man demands and obtains. In the course of this controversy, wine of the Passover has been obtained from a high-priest of the Jews, and analysed, and found to contain, out of twenty-four ounces, twenty-four drachms of rectified spirit. It is with pain we subjoin the profane and evasive remarks upon this, by the editor of the *British Temperance Advocate*.

"We were aware of these facts, which simply show that the post-Christian Jews have used BOTH kinds of wine, as the pre-Christian ones probably did also. It is for the opponent to show (who needs the supposed fact to justify his custom) that *Christ* used the intoxicating and fermented wine, rather than the unfermented and *pure* '*fruit* of the vine' (which alcoholic wine is *not*). The *law* prohibits ferment and fermented things *generally*. The later Jews *limited* the law, and restricted it to the ferment of

corn,* making a fiction that the juice of grapes did not *ferment!!!* It is for the opponent again to show *that Christ fell into this absurd mistake*, and made a distinction without a difference. If he did *not*, then he must have belonged to that school of Jews who observed the Passover in the *pure* product of the vine.—Ed."

The words we have marked in italics are indecent and profane; the controversy itself simply silly. One or two queries we should think would suffice to settle the matter. If the wine was unfermented, why was that made at the marriage of Cana considered old, and the best? What is the meaning of new wine and old bottles, and the bottles bursting? It is stranger still that this passage should have been overlooked: "John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say, He hath a devil. The Son of Man is come eating and drinking, and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Alas! it is manifest the pharisaical spirit is not quenched. There are Pharisees still hard to please. There is still the finger of scorn, derision, and condemnation, pointed at harmless people, and the reproach, if not of "glutton," of wine-bibber.

The writers of these temperance tracts profess to be great lovers of liberty; they are not idle as politicians. On the late proposal to repeal half the malt-tax, they show their political views of liberty and of law. They would have *property* pay all taxes—that is, they would confiscate. They tell us that every man is to be his own judge as to a law, yet they themselves look to a strength to force Parliaments to make laws very stringent, of obedience to which none but themselves shall be judges.

"We will ask them what they mean by liberty. They will tell us, the right of every man to earn his own living, and to gratify

* The modern Jews are careful about the Passover wine, *lest* "corn-spirit" should be put into it, as with the adulterated wines of commerce.

his own wishes in any way he pleases, so long as he does not break the law. We will reply that the law may be wrong ; and that true liberty consists rather in every man's following his own business or his own pleasure in any way he likes, so long as he does not interfere with the property, the person, and the enjoyments of his fellow-men. . . . . Teetotallers do not require workhouses, gaols, and lunatic asylums ; all evidence shows that these are required by the victims of strong drink ; and shall hard-working men be robbed of their last shilling in order to pay poor-rates and county and burgh rates for such ? The lovers of liberty and fair play must look at the other side of the question."

Accordingly, they seriously propose that all teetotallers shall be exempt from most taxes. They are to have nothing to do with poor-rates, concluding that they are all the result of intoxication.

" Shall our honest labourer, artisan, and mechanic, be prevented from enjoying the fruits of their toil because some of their neighbours choose to gratify their drinking propensities, and because other neighbours choose to live by selling the drink ? They that sell and they that drink ought to bear the consequences of their conduct ; whereas, as the law now is, the whole weight of £7,000,000 a-year of poor-rates, and of endless other charges for trials of offenders, for convict ships and penal settlements, falls upon the innocent. No ! true liberty for all, and justice to all, will not permit men to make their gain and follow their pleasure by endangering the others."

Thus it should seem their vehement exaggeration, tyrannical, if they could enforce it, runs through their whole system, even into politics ; they would subject the kingdom to them, and, under the banners of temperance, break forth as teetotaller Jack Cades. Not that they are of one mind in anything ; and, give them rule, their civil war would be hideous. Divisions and subdivisions would—and there are strong indications of it—breed fearful strife. They cannot do good without spite. Thus *they* have their controversies —their jealousies. Strange to say, one of these jealousies is directed against Sabbath schools. They are mightily vexed

that they cannot subdue them. They establish their "Bands of Hope," make processions for children, coax them, make them awfully conceited, but gain few proselytes. They accordingly issue a frightful account of the doings of Sabbath schools. We have a few pages before us, entitled "Voices from Prisons and Penitentiaries, especially addressed to Patrons and Teachers of Sabbath Schools." It chiefly consists of the experience of Mr T. B. Smithies, "a zealous and efficient Sabbath-school teacher." It will astonish the reader, perhaps, not a little to learn, if he trusts to this experience, that notwithstanding all the zeal to work good, the effect has been the most complete success—in making drunkards. Where do the large number of criminals come from who crowd our prisons? Alas! from these Sunday and Sabbath schools. This is no idle conjecture, no surmise of ours, no tampering with documents, no cooking statistics on our part. The evidence is plain; it speaks for itself; it is, as we said, the result of Mr Smithies' experience, the zealous Sabbath-school teacher; and we presume he is the author of the few pages before us. We must, however, warn the reader not to believe that *all* Sunday schools are included in the list of these drunkard manufactories—we have plain evidence that those of the Church of England are not in the number. They belong to the various denominations of Dissent; and we would also in charity take the whole account with some drawback, and not determine that all are drunkards, in our sense of the word, who are put down as such. Yet there remains enough to bring these Sabbath schools seriously under consideration, that we may view the actual working of a system that has so wide a sway. Mr Byewater Smithies seems to be a very amiable man—perhaps a little credulous, a little simple, sufficiently so to be not a little imposed upon, especially when the pathetic steam can be got up to a sufficient height. We see

an example of this in the very first scene in which he is introduced to us, or to which he introduces the reader.

"In the year 1847, being then in York, where till recently he resided, he had occasion to visit the York city gaol. On engaging in conversation with some of the prisoners, eight in number, he recognised, to his deep regret, two who had formerly been fellow Sunday-school teachers, and two others who had long been scholars in two of the York Sunday schools, with which he was acquainted. They had not conversed long before every heart seemed affected, and tears of sorrow were seen falling down the cheeks. It was an affecting interview; and the subdued expression of thanks to Mr S. for his visit, which they uttered while shaking hands through the iron rails, made a deep impression upon his mind. From subsequent inquiries, he found that, of the four individuals above named, two had been committed in consequence of public-house broils, and the other two for committing robberies whilst under the influence of strong drink."

In this sentimental quintette, of which Mr Smithies was the Coryphæus of lamentation, he exhibited his power of drawing tears, *ad libitum*, from broilers and picklocks. Yet this is not very surprising—such characters are practised hands at practical jokes; and it may fairly be suspected that they were playing upon the experienced Sabbath-school teacher's simplicity. It is more charitable to view the scene as a little not uncommon prison pastime, than add to the other guilt of the prisoners a deep hypocrisy. Virtues in the breasts of criminals being an unexhausted stock, never diminished by daily use, are ready to be called up, when worth while, either for display or for professional practice. When they are let out, like the winds from the cave of Æolus, they rush in profusion—the more from having been so long pent. Quite unused to an easy passage, they burst out with a deluge, and never know when to stop. But their vices are a concentrated essence, and bear but one name; and, as they cannot conceal it, they make a great merit of confessing it, and think to hide the many vices

under one head, and conceal a multiplicity by putting forth the effect for the cause. They make the least the greatest of their offences, and the scapegoat and apology for them all. This is an old trick—this shifting off personal responsibility. We know who is that evil one who has suggested it to a class of religionists, and all culprits are too ready to receive it for the deception of themselves and others. Every criminal sets up an *alias* and an *alibi* in his own person. "I was not in my senses when I did it." "I was overtaken with drink, and I did it." "I had been drinking, and did not know what I was about; in fact"—and here comes the climax—"*I was not myself.*" Thus the great burthen of responsibility is adroitly shifted off, and hypocritical shame assumes the graces of innocence, that true repentance denies and knows not. Thus drunkenness becomes rather the excuse for vices, than accepted as a vice itself. It is brutal enough "to put an enemy in the mouth to steal away the brains;" but to ascribe all the wickedness in the world to that one vice, is to come to a false conclusion. Doubtless it is often the origin, and often the result, of crime. Father Mathew on one occasion said that he had administered the pledge to hundreds of thousands when drunk. They came determined to give up their vice; but as they would, in the goodness of their hearts, part friends, they first took a parting glass, and a good one. This was reversing the appeal "from Philip drunk to Philip sober;" it was from Philip sober to Philip drunk. But, to return to Mr Bywater Smithies. "On conversing with them, he found, to his astonishment and grief, that fifteen out of the seventeen had been scholars in Sunday schools connected with almost every religious denomination." On carefully going through the cases of the fifteen who had been scholars in Sunday schools, "ten had committed crimes for which they were about to be transported; of course, while under the influence of strong

liquor." "In one ward, out of fourteen persons, thirteen had been Sunday scholars; in another, out of eleven, nine had been Sunday scholars. In a third ward, out of thirteen persons, ten had been Sunday scholars, and two of them Sunday-school teachers." This is the result of an extensive inquiry. It appears that out of 10,361 inmates of the principal prisons and penitentiaries of our country, not fewer than 6572 previously received instruction in Sunday schools. A "Reverend Professor Finney," at the Tabernacle, Moorfields, came to the conclusion that, of the inmates in a great number of prisons and penitentiaries in this country, more than two-thirds of the males, and more than three-fourths of the females, had been in Sabbath schools. At Glasgow assizes, "out of seventy-one criminals, sixty-two had been connected with Sabbath schools." The catalogue is without end. Let us hear the testimony of a master of a school: "The master of a large day-school in the vicinity of the metropolis stated, a few years ago, that on examining a roll containing names of a hundred pupils, he ascertained, on inquiry, that ninety-one of them had become drunkards." "Of sixty scholars in a Sabbath school, thirty were found to have been ruined through drink." In matriculating at the University of Oxford, it is enjoined that the academicians shall not encourage Ipswich—we never knew why—as, if there was an old establishment there, it has perished; but these statistics, from which we are making extracts, supply a sufficient reason. The teaching must be very bad, and the Ipswichians very abominable; for of them it is said, "out of fifteen young men *professing piety*, and teachers in the Sabbath school, nine were ruined through drink."

An aged Sabbath-school teacher has the courage to examine "unfortunate females," and finds them to have been scholars.

We have observed that temperance and teetotal societies

are very strenuous to introduce music wherever they can, and especially among the young. The propriety of the songs is very questionable, and we have given one specimen. Sometimes popular tunes are applied to *hymns*—a practice of doubtful good, for the young mind makes an amalgamation of both sets of words, and a *tertium quid* between piety and something worse confounds decent distinctions. How far this music system is of itself an intoxication of its own kind, and easily slips into an intoxication of another kind, does not as yet seem to have engaged the attention of the societies. It may be worth while to make some inquiry on this subject.

"A few months ago a member of committee visited one of the *singing saloons* in Rochdale, and on a Saturday evening, about eleven o'clock, he observed about sixteen boys and girls, seated at a table in front of the stage; several of the lads had long pipes, each with a glass or jug containing intoxicating liquor, and no less than fourteen of the number were members of *Bible classes* in our different Sunday schools. There they sat, listening to the most obscene songs, witnessing scenes of the most immoral kind, and spending the interval in swallowing liquid fire. It is added: 'These sinks of iniquity are thronged with old *Sunday scholars*, especially on *Sabbath evenings*, and not unfrequently until twelve o'clock.' Still further it is said: 'The appalling results of the drinking system are not wholly confined to the children in our schools; many a promising *teacher* has fallen a victim.'"

Let us see how the hymns fare, and if they are always piously received, remembered, or used—if they are sure to be accompanied by religious associations—if they may not be overdone, and the singers rather practised to receive than to allay an excitement, do not merge from one fever into another, and of a more dangerous character. Here is an account of this music-piety:—

"An eye-witness states: 'Three youths, members of *Bible classes*, were stopped near the Eagle Tavern, City Road, and rebuked for boisterously singing, while in a state of partial intoxi-

cation. They were singing *a hymn*, which they had been practising for singing on some public occasion ; the burden of the hymn was,

'There is a happy land, far, far away !'

Another eye-witness declares that he saw five boys and girls, all under fifteen years of age, who were romping through a street, leading out of the City Road, one Sabbath evening, and singing the well-known lines :—

'*Holy* children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sabbath school.
Oh, that will be joyful,' &c.

Upon inquiring, he found that they had been at a Sabbath school twice that day, that they were at a place of worship in the evening, on leaving which, on their way home, they had turned into the 'Eagle,' and taken some *mixed* liquor !"

"Practising for singing on some public occasion." Here is the mischief! We have noticed in the "Reports" the constant display-processions of children with banners—young "Bands of Hope"—walking through crowded thoroughfares, with music before them, assuming all the consequence of their position, as the "observed of all observers"—drinking-in excitement and self-approbation in the very air they breathe —little paragons of all that is good, satisfied only when they attract all eyes to them. What is the natural tendency? They must either believe they have been converted into little angels on earth, or believe it not : in either case they are the worse. Their natures will rebel—will tell them they are acting a lie. They must be fed with excitement, than which nothing is more dangerous to young persons. These children had been at a Sabbath school twice that day, and at a place of worship in the evening, on leaving which, on their way home, they had turned into the "Eagle," and taken some "mixed liquor." This is no more than any person of common sense might have expected. How vapid

must be the cold-water draught of duty at their homes—they, little angels of the procession, in homes where little applause may receive them. It is difficult for "holy children" to drop down from their ecstasies into a flat and dull sobriety. They have been singing of soaring all day in the presence of thousands into regions of beatification, their proper home. It is no wonder if, in their way to their ungratifying homes, they turn in to borrow wings from the "Eagle," that they may, in their hymn phrase, "go to glory." After this, the following apologetic inconsistency will come upon the reader with surprise. The bit of poetry, perhaps, often sung by these holy children, must have exalted them above all their more homely relations as "worthier to fill the breath of fame."

"Let none who listen to these 'Voices' imagine for one moment that they have been uttered or recorded from anything like a desire to depreciate Sabbath schools in the estimation of their supporters. Depreciate them! No. Those who have collected this evidence have laboured too long and too zealously in the cause of Sabbath schools to be suspected of any such desire.

> 'The Sabbath School! Earth has no name
> Worthier to fill the breath of fame;
> The untold blessings it hath shed
> Shall be revealed when worlds are fled!'"

For a moment we leave the children in their drunken ecstatics, and mount a little higher. "Mr James Teare," whose very name may draw sympathetic tears from all who love weeping, has given astounding information—and we are told he had abundant opportunities of collecting it—"that *the number of deacons and Sunday-school superintendents and teachers engaged in the traffic of strong drink in this country is almost incredible.*"

Worse and worse:—

"A school connected with one of our most respectable congregations in the country, has a wine and brandy merchant for its

superintendent ; another of its superintendents is connected with the same firm ; another of its most influential teachers is a *brewer;* and for many years past the children have been treated with wine at their annual gathering."

It is surprising that any man daring to sell wine or spirits should venture into these schools without fear of being torn to pieces ; but we forget that the teetotallers have not yet *all* these schools under their control. Nor can the society members as yet venture upon calling on the police to eject these, we dare say, very respectable gentlemen. They might, however, as well not give *wine* to the children at their annual gatherings. But we may go a little higher still. *The Temperance Advocate* hints at something not quite decent having taken place at an ordination in *Willis's Rooms.*

"Strong Drink at Ordinations.—It is a sign that temperance reformers have not done their work, when strong drink is introduced at ordinations. Cannot our ministers and deacons see the total incongruity of these things with the solemn ceremony in which they take part? Mr George Miller, of London, has made a timely exposure of what recently took place at Willis's Rooms on the ordination of an assistant minister of Craven Chapel ; and we cannot but think that those who used intoxicating drink on that occasion, must feel ashamed of their practice when they read our friend's faithful protest. He has done them *friendly* service."

But let us go back to the children ; we love them best, the innocent victims. Here is a short account of one of their processions :—

"The procession was marshalled in order shortly after one o'clock, the adult members of the various temperance societies taking the lead, preceded by a brass band, and a beautiful banner, inscribed, 'Hull Temperance League,' 'United we Conquer ;' then followed another band in their midst, and another banner, inscribed, 'Sixty-five millions sterling are expended, and eight million quarters of corn destroyed every year, to satisfy the drunken appetite of Englishmen.' Next came the Band of Hope, a long procession of little teetotal boys and girls, numbering perhaps between five and six hundred ; and a picturesque sight they pre-

sented, carrying in their hands little gilt banners of every colour, inscribed with pretty little temperance mottoes, such as 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' &c. One tired-looking little fellow carried a banner with the motto, 'Be not weary in well-doing;' and another, who could scarcely totter, bore a flag inscribed, 'Stand firm.' The Band of Hope was headed and followed by a band of music, and behind it a large spreading banner of ominous hue, on the blackened surface of which was inscribed, in letters of white, the pointed lesson to the moralist, 'Sixty thousand drunkards die every year;' and on went the Band of Hope, with their gay little flags, equalled in brightness only by their own beaming countenances; and as the procession faded into the distance, still the black banner, with its terrible motto, loomed after them, suggesting, appropriately enough, that if sixty thousand drunkards die every year, it were well indeed to 'Train up a child in the way it should go.'"

This is not half the procession account. They were exceedingly happy, notwithstanding the presence of the black banner. Even the "tired little fellow" did not dare to be "wearied in well-doing," though it was rather cruel, for the sake of the wit of the thing, to give the motto-banner to a tired-looking little fellow—and "*stand firm*" to a child who could scarcely totter. We can only suppose the processional arrangements were made by the indefatigable "Mr *Witty*."

We remember a little more than a year ago reading an an account of one of these teetotal gatherings at St Martin's Hall, of which we took a note at the time. We thought the power of water in producing intoxication quite wonderful, and its twofold effect of love and hatred. It made Mr Livesly lively beyond measure in the vituperative vein, ferociously exhilarated to make wordy assault upon the clergy in particular, that is, not of the "denominations." He was followed by our friend Mr Swindlehurst, of trustworthy name, who, on the occasion, advertised a new firm, and himself as one of the company, "The Polishers and Smoothers of People for a better world." A song in Welsh greeted him when he profanely compared himself to John the Baptist; the song, like

an incantation, brought up from the very charnel-house of drunkenness one Robert Charnley, and J. Cattrel. But as these worthies of the old pot and tankard were about to vent the "secrets of their prison-house," the meeting grew impatient, and the temperance water-drinkers broke out into the utmost extravagance of vituperative intoxication upon the press and the clergy. Voices were tumultuous, till a sweet singer thought to allay it by the charm of music. We do not suppose he knew much about Socrates, though he did what that sage recommended in the Symposium. "Since we are in such a hurry," said he, "to speak altogether at once, let us sing together." The intemperate temperance fever was thus for a while allayed; but it broke out again, so that the prudent chairman dissolved the meeting at the inebriate hour of half-past ten. "There is nothing like water," said Pindar; but he did not keep closely to his text, for he launched off to the praise of something he liked better. So violent are these water-drinkers and wine-haters, that one might almost be induced to think a little wine, not only good for "the stomach's sake," but to keep down to a sober gravity and decency that very rude state of animal spirits which keeps water-drinkers in perpetual irritation. Wisely did Cato tinge his severe forehead with wine.

We want to have a word or two more to say about these Sunday and Sabbath schools. The astonished Mr Smithies says,—

"These are appalling FACTS. And when it is thus found that so large a proportion of young men and women, who have been convicted of crimes for which they were consigned to prisons, or placed in penitentiaries, were once scholars in Sabbath schools, the question naturally arises, what is *the cause* of this? Upon pursuing the inquiry, it has been *almost uniformly* found that *that* which is the most prolific source of crime in this country, namely, THE USE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS, has been the cause of so many Sabbath-school scholars becoming criminals."

It is not surprising if he is led to the following conclusions,—

"Having been officially engaged for many years in Sabbath schools, the above painful fact has led me to fear that there *is some flagrant deficiency in our Sabbath-school tuition;* and I feel the importance of bringing the subject under the serious consideration of my fellow-labourers, with a view to the adoption of more efficient practical steps for the prevention of crime amongst those children who are now being taught in Sunday schools."

The main question, then, is, What is this deficiency? It should seem the children are taught hymns—to put on religious ecstasies—to abhor, not so much wickedness, as the *wicked* all around them, who are condemned and excluded from their *privileges*. They are taught everything it seems, but what they should be taught—real *bonâ fide*, substantial, wholesome temperance. Mr Smithies asks the scholar criminals if their teachers had never warned them against drinking. "He invariably received the same answer, 'No, sir'"—(rather extraordinary, considering all these processions, the awful black banner, and the several mottoes: but let that pass). He can do no otherwise than conclude that there is "*some flagrant deficiency in our Sabbath-school tuition.*" Mr Smithies has proved his case. He is no misanthropist. He would not make out a bad case if he could help it;—no man is endowed with more tenderness, especially on the side of pious sentimentalism. He loves no liquor so well as the tears of sinners. There are persons who bestow a tenderness on criminals, which suffering innocence cannot obtain. It does not reach the genuine excitement point. With him an Irish boy condemned to transportation, is "a poor Irish boy." But of one thing he is sure: the present system of Sunday and Sabbath schools has but one efficiency—that of making drunkards. True, he burns with zeal; but he tries his corrective virtue in the cool, and conviction comes. It was in a frigid atmosphere—the volcano of his breast, like Hecla,

loved the icy regions—it was "on the cold flags, in one of the cells in York Castle," the resolve and "solemn promise" came. He rushed forth with a determination, like Hecla, to throw up everything—all moderation, all misnamed temperance; to reduce himself to the cinders and ashes of total abstinence; to forsake teaching, to be "temperate in all things," and substitute to be temperate in nothing. To descend to a lower level—we take his account—there is some deficiency. What is it?—where is it? Our own observation, aided by Mr Byewater Smithies' experience, may throw some light on this subject. Thus, then, we venture. We fear that there has been a total abstinence of that wholesome teaching of duties to which young minds should be trained—that the feelings are made everything—that there is too marked a distinction between being good "God-ward" and good man-ward. There is abundance of intoxication in the world, with a total abstinence from spirituous drink. We fear not to say, that a system of excitement, and not the least dangerous —of quasi-religious excitement, may sow mischief in the mental and bodily growth of youth. When children are encouraged to indulge in ecstatic visions of being caught up in a dreamy bewilderment into the heavens, and commune there, with holy children *like themselves*, the descent to earth, and the daily irksome duties and homely occupations, is too irksome to be steadily pursued. They must be discouraged, and become incapable of submitting to other people's tempers, and of regulating their own. But this is on the supposition that they are capable of this spiritual realisation. But who, knowing anything of the world, will say that they *are*, for a continuance, or for any practical religious good? Pride and self-sufficiency take place of humility and obedience, and they are likely to grow up out of humour with all the actualities of life. It is mischievous, in the highest degree, that these gentlemen of Temperance and Teetotal Societies should

pounce upon children, for the sake of the picturesque (which they speak of) in their processions, to act the parts of smirking sentimentalism, to strut before the admiring crowds as "holy children;" teaching them, too, to perk in piety, and prate familiarly of crowns that aged and long-suffering saints and martyrs have shrunk from claiming. *Professing-piety* scholars either feel or don't feel the ecstatic hymns they are taught: if they do, how shall the excitement be kept up with any hope of safety to themselves? if they do not, they are learning the language of habitual hypocrisy, which will very easily slide into their morals and manners. They will, of themselves, seek how to keep up the steam. Intoxication of some kind or other must be had; for the collapse, the cold fit, is a misery not to be borne. There is an "Eagle Tavern" by every road, and the devil is at hand to shift the music or the words, to substitute the song for the hymn, and too probably retain the hymn, and suggest the blasphemy. Excitement may be drawn out of any tune. But is there no deficiency in moral teaching? Is there no preference given to quasi-religious feelings over moral duties? Such, then, are the Sunday and Sabbath schools, of which Mr Byewater Smithies gives so lamentable an account. But they are not all the Sunday and Sabbath schools in the country; and we earnestly entreat all managers of schools not to allow their scholars to be drawn into this temperance intemperate vortex; and, with this object, we have taken some pains to lay open to them this manifest source of irredeemable evil. We do not mean, be it clearly understood, to say a word in disparagement of Sunday and Sabbath-school teaching as a system. The very promise of all good that is in them, has not, it should seem, escaped the eye of Him who sowed tares among the wheat. We do not even condemn the schools that Mr Smithies has condemned, for all the sins he lays to their charge. We know too well, to be short of an absolute teetotaller, is, with such

as Mr Smithies, to be given over to drunkenness. We would fain keep warm in our hearts a little more charity for these schools than Mr Smithies would allow us. Nor let it be supposed that we object to temperance societies, such as they *may be*, and as some possibly are—we would do our utmost to suppress drunkenness. Nay, we (always meaning, by this usual plural, the individual writer) belong ourselves to a Temperance Society—be not surprised, good reader—yes! a Temperance Society, and, as we believe, the best in the kingdom—The Church of England. There is no teaching there, in her old-fashioned beautiful Catechism, of a religion that is of a Babel-confusion of tongues, intermingled with notions of "kingcraft and priestcraft," and controversial hatreds, in place of charity and patient love. Where that catechism is taught, scholars cannot say they are not warned against drunkenness. It does not, it is true, teach total abstinence from anything, but from evil. It is a safeguard, in education, as far as teaching can go, against drunkenness, against every vice, against every crime. Mr Smithies exhibits a frightful list of thieves and drunkards, and probably still more guilty criminals, and he complains of a deficiency in the mode of tuition in the Sunday and Sabbath schools which have come under his experience. We would recommend him to try *our* schools. Drunkards and thieves there will be, no doubt, in spite of the Catechism; but no one can say that it does not teach to abstain from sins of every kind. For, besides the Ten Commandments, the duty to God, and duty to one's neighbour, as inculcated in them, is simply explained, as it is said, so as "to be understanded by children and common people." Let us direct Mr Smithies' and other folk's attention to a few words only from the Catechism, on our duty to our neighbour, and let him consider if the child's answers be not a better teaching than pride-making ecstasies and feverish feelings. As to "duty to my neighbour," the

child thus answers: "To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters. To hurt nobody by word nor deed. To be true and just in all my dealings. To bear no malice nor hatred in my heart. To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering. To keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity. Not to covet nor desire other men's goods, but to learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me." In teaching their duty towards God, there are no ecstasies enjoined. All must have what they can digest to their own health. The plain answers to the plain questions of the Catechism are far better than hymns, which lift up the little souls far above their "ordering themselves lowly and reverently." Such "holy children" as Mr Smithies has described to us are not likely to acknowledge any to be their "betters." Nowadays a child is not allowed to "think as a child." He must have "strong meats" when he should have "milk for babes." He must have visions of angel-robes and angel-wings, and wake out of his dream to put on rags and loathe them; and thus will he grow up into a sour discontent of that "state of life to which it has pleased God to call him."

We most seriously and earnestly, nay, solemnly, warn all people against this new tuition as a substitute for the old. No good can come of it; and we entreat the very societies on whose doings we have so freely commented, to take a calm review of their own proceedings, and not to think every one an enemy who tells them a truth, however severely, or however unpalatable to them. It is painful, we know, to be brought to a conviction that we have worse than wasted time in error—that we have been practically, while meaning well, promoting evil. But it is a condition of our natural infirmity; let not a mote of that infirmity so enlarge itself in the moral eye, that it shall no longer see truth, plain and

visible to every other eye. We have thought it our imperative duty to employ every argument, and use every vein, of seriousness or of ridicule. A great evil is to be put down, and we unhesitatingly use every legitimate weapon in the warfare. We contend not for a moment against the good the societies do, but against the manifest evils which fearfully preponderate over the good. We join them fully in any proper appeals to the Government. Beer-houses and gin-palaces, as they are now, are moral pest-houses: they want severe regulation. We know not how to think decently of this our Government, while notorious haunts of thieves, prostitutes, murderers, are almost protected, and brutalities increase. The police reports make up a history of disgrace to any Government. The fact is, the whole law of punishment has been relaxed. We carry notions of liberty to an absurdity—we would almost say, to a crime. Such brutes as appear in the police reports, ought to be—nor are we ashamed to write the word—slaves: they put themselves out of humanity's pale. Culprits of almost all descriptions are cowards. The old bodily punishments were not altogether unsalutary—at least, they tended to keep society in some safety. When we read of the "garotte" in the streets —the stabbings, the cruel mutilations, butcheries sometimes short of death, and sometimes not, and are certain that the names and haunts of these monsters who commit the savagery are well known, and see the comparative impunity that meets them—we feel that something is wanted in our home government. Here, at least, we have a right to demand protection. Beer-houses and gin-palaces foster these scoundrels and their crimes, without doubt: not that *they* are the drunkards; the drunkards are their victims, and enticed into these dens. Your thorough villain is a cool man; he goes unintoxicated to his work. Let Temperance Societies wisely direct their movements, and they shall have our best wishes and support.

THACKERAY'S LECTURES—SWIFT.

[OCTOBER 1853.]

A GOOD librarian, as well acquainted with the insides of books as the outsides, made the other day this shrewd observation—that in his experience every third work he took up was defective, either in the title or the first sentence. "What," he continued, "for example, is the meaning of the word 'humourist?' By what authority is it applied to a writer?—is it not misapplied to a wit? unless it be meant to degrade him. 'The wit,' says Addison in the *Spectator*, 'sinks imperceptibly into a humourist.' A humourist is one whose conduct, whose ways, are eccentric, 'his actions seldom directed by reason and the nature of things,' says Watts. It is best the world should be confined according to our dictionaries, to actions, not extended to authorship. The title of Mr Thackeray's Lectures would lead a lover of plain English to expect narratives of eccentricities taken from real life, and perhaps from the acted buffooneries of itinerant boards, the dominion of Mr Punch's dynasty — like other dynasties in this age of presumed matter of fact, becoming a 'dissolving view.'" Mr Thackeray's English is generally so good, so perfectly to be understood, of such acceptable circulating coinage, that we are surprised at this mistake in the title of his book. Montaigne would head his chapters

with any title—as we believe he ushered in one as "On Coach-horses"—and said nothing about them; and we readily admit that the privilege of "*Every Man in his Humour*" may be a fair excuse for the author of *English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century.*

We wish we could say that this little volume were unobjectionable in every other respect—but we cannot. We do not see in it a fair, honest, truth-searching and truth-declaring spirit; yet the style is so captivating, *so insinuating* in its deceiving plainness, so suggestive of every evil in its simplicity, so alluring onward, even when the passages we have read have left an unpleasant impression, that it is impossible to lay down the book, though we fear to proceed. The reader may be like to the poor bird under the known fascination: he never loses sight of the glittering eye—but it looks, even in its confident gaiety, too much like that which charms, and delights in, a victim. We did not, it is true, expect from the author of *Vanity Fair* any flattering pictures of men and manners, nor of the world at large, of any age; but we were not prepared for his so strongly expressed dislike and condemnation of other people's misanthropy as these pages exhibit, particularly in his character of Swift.

And here we think we have a right to protest against Biographical Lectures. It is hardly possible for a lecturer to be fair to his subject. He has an audience to court and to please—to put in good-humour with themselves—to be flattered into a belief of their own goodness, by a bad portraiture of the eminent of the earth. He has to dig out the virtues from the grave to show what vices cling to them—how they looked when exhumed in their corruption. Praise is seldom piquant—commonplace is wearisome—startling novelties must put truth to a hazard. If the dead must be called up to judgment of an earthly tribunal, let it not be before a theatrical audience. The lecturer is under the

necessity of being too much of an accuser; and if from his own nature, or from some misconception of the characters he takes up, he be a willing one, he has a power to condemn, that the mere writer has not.

In many passages of the book before us, there are examples both of the lecturer's danger, and of his power: many things said because of his audience; and as such audience is generally largely feminine, what advantage has the over-moralising and for the time over-moralised lecturer against the dumb and bodiless culprit called up from his mortal dust, should there be a suspicion of want of tenderness, or doubt of a fidelity and affection, some hundred and fifty years ago, and unpardonable for ever? The lecture-table is no fit place, nor does it offer a fit occasion, to discuss the wondrous intricacies of any human character. It is not enough that the lecturer should have thought—there should be a pause, wherein a reader may think; but an audience cannot: nor is the lecturer, however deeply he may have thought, likely to have such disinterested self-possession and caution, in his oral descriptions and appeals for praise or blame, as are absolutely required for a truthful biographer. It is a bold thing to bid the illustrious dead come from the sanctity of their graves, and stand before the judgment-seat of the author of *Vanity Fair*—to be questioned upon their religion and their morals, and not allowed, even if they could speak for themselves, to answer. The lecturer holds in his hand all their written documents, and all that have been written by scribes of old against them, and he will read but what he pleases—he, the scrupulously moral, religious man, doubly sanctified at all points for his hour's lecture in that temporary professor's garb of proprieties, which he is under no necessity of wearing an hour after he has dismissed his audience. We are not for a moment insinuating any dereliction of all the human virtues and graces, as against Mr Thackeray—but as

a *lecturer* he must put on something of a sanctimonious or of a moral humbug; he is on his stage, he has to act his part, to "fret his hour." He must do it well—he will do it well; that is, to secure present rapturous applause. The audience is carried away quite out of its sober judgment by the wit, the wisdom, the pathos—and even the well-timed bathos—the pity, the satire, and the satire of all satire, in the pity. The ghosts are dismissed—sent back, as they should be, in the lecturer's and audience's estimation, to their "dead men's bones and all rottenness," no longer to taint the air of this amiable, judicious, and all-perfect age—epitomised in the audience.

Give Professor Owen part of an old bone or a tooth, and he will on the instant draw you the whole animal, and tell you its habits and propensities. What Professor has ever yet been able to classify the wondrous varieties of human character? How very limited as yet the nomenclature! We know there are in our moral dictionary the religious, the irreligious, the virtuous, the vicious, the prudent, the profligate, the liberal, the avaricious, and so on to a few names; but the varieties comprehended under these terms — their mixtures, which, like colours, have no names—their strange complexities and intertwining of virtues and vices, graces and deformities, diversified and mingled, and making individualities—yet of all the myriads of mankind that ever were, not one the same, and scarcely alike: how little way has science gone to their discovery, and to mark their delineation! A few sounds, designated by a few letters, speak all thought, all literature, that ever was or will be. The variety is infinite, and ever creating a new infinite; and there is some such mystery in the endless variety of human character. There are the same leading features to all—these we recognise; but there are hidden individualities that escape research; there is a large *terra incognita*, hard to find, and harder to make a

map of. And if any would try to be a discoverer, here is his difficulty—can he see beyond his own ken? How difficult to have a conception of a character the opposite to one's-self! What man is so gifted? We are but portrait-painters, and no portrait-painter ever yet painted beyond himself—never represented on canvass an intellect greater than his own. In every likeness there is a something of the artist too. We look to other men, and think to find our own idiosyncracies, and we are prepared to love or hate accordingly. As the painter views his sitter in the glass, he is sure to see himself behind him. You biographers, you judges, self-appointed of other men, what a task do you set yourselves!—have you looked well into your own qualifications? You venture to plunge into the deep dark—to bring up the light of truth, which, if you could find it, would mayhap dazzle all your senses. It is far safer for your reputation to go out with Diogenes's lantern, or your own little one, and thrust it into men's faces, and make oath you cannot find an honest one; and then draw the glimmer of it close to your own foreheads, and tell people to look there for honesty. But this is our preface, not Mr Thackeray's. He is too bold to need one. He rushes into his subject without excuse or apology, either for his own defects of delineation, or of his subject's character. If you would desire to see with what consummate ability, and with what perfect reality in an unlikeness he can paint a monster, read the first life of his Lectures, that of the great man—and we would fain believe, in spite of any of his biographers, a good man—Dean Swift.

If we may be allowed to judge from a collection of contradictory statements respecting Swift, no man's life can be more difficult for a new writer to undertake, or for any reader to comprehend. If we are to judge from the unhesitating tone of the many biographers, and their ready acceptance of data, no life is so easy. The essayist of the *Times*

makes Swift himself answerable for all the contradictions; that they were all *in* him, and that he was at all times, from his birth to his death, mad. This is, indeed, to make short work of it, and save the unravelling the perplexed skein of his history. Another writer contends that he was never mad at any period, not even the last of his life. That he was always mad is preposterous, unless we are to accept as insanity what is out of and beyond the common rate of men's thoughts and doings. We certainly lack in the character of Swift the one prevalent idea, which pervades and occupies the whole mind of the madman. Such may have one vivid, not many opposites in him.

But the contradictions ascribed to Swift are more like the impossibilities of human nature—if they are to be received as absolute characteristics, and not as occasional exceptions, which are apt, in the best of mankind, to take the conceit out of the virtues themselves, and to put them into a temporary abeyance, and mark them with a small infirmity, that they grow not too proud.

The received histories, then, tell us that Swift was sincerely religious, and an infidel; that he was the tenderest of men, a brute, a fiend, a naked unreclaimable savage; a misanthrope, and the kindest of benefactors; that he was avaricious, and so judiciously liberal that he left no great fortune behind him. Such is the summary; the details are both delightful and odious. The man who owns these vices and virtues must indeed be a monster or a madman! These are characters very hard to fathom. Shakespeare has delineated one, and he has puzzled all the world except Shakespeare, who chose to make his picture more true by leaving it as a puzzle to the world. Hamlet has been pronounced mad from his conduct to Ophelia, mainly if not solely. It is a ready solution of the incomprehensible. Swift was a Hamlet to Stella and Vanessa; and as there are two against him, *versus*

Hamlet's one love, critics pronounce him doubly mad. It is a very ingenious but not very satisfactory way of getting out of the difficulty. Mad, or in his senses, he is a character that provokes; provoked writers are apt to be not fair ones; and because they cannot quite comprehend, they malign: *damnant quod non intelligunt*, is also a rule guiding biographers. Shall he have the qualities "that might become an angel," or shall his portrait be "under the dark cloud, and every feature be distorted into that of a fiend?" You have equal liberty from the records to depict him as you please. The picture to be seen at large by an assembled lecturer's audience, must be strong and coarse in the main, and exhibit some tenderer tones to the near benches in front.

"For a man of my level," says Swift of himself, "I have as bad a name almost as I deserve! and I pray God that those who gave it me, may never have reason to give me a better." He does not, you see, set up for perfection, but through his present maligners he slaps his after-biographers in the face, who, if they be hurt, will deny the wit or omit it, and prefer instanter a charge of hypocrisy. Angel or fiend! how charitable or how unmerciful are lecturers and biographers! and, being so able to distinguish and choose, how very good they must be themselves! Did the reader ever happen to see a life of Tiberius with two title-pages, both taken from historical authorities; two characters of one and the same person; made up, too, of recorded facts? He is "that inimitable monarch Tiberius," during most of his reign "the universal dispenser of the blessings of peace," yet "he permitted the worst of civil wars to rage at Rome!" We may venture to use the words of the essayist, speaking of Swift: "We doubt whether the histories of the world can furnish, for example and instruction, for wonder and pity, for admiration and scorn, for approval and condemnation, a specimen of humanity at once so illus-

trious and so small." We have, from perfect authorities, Tiberius handed down for detestation and for universal admiration. The testimonies are not weak; they are alike strong, and equally accepted standards of historical evidence and literature. "Swift stood a living enigma." It should seem there have been many such enigmas. Shakespeare, who knew all nature, gave the world one to make out as it can.* Grave history offers another. The novelist, M. de Wailly, has tried his hand at this enigma—Swift; but the Frenchman, like most French novelists, went altogether out of nature to establish impossible theories. A dramatist might reduce the tale within the limits of nature, if he could but

* It is curious this twofold character of Tiberius—surprising that historians should have credited this single existence of a civilised cannibal—this recorded "eater of human flesh and drinker of human blood." The learned writer of this volume on Tiberius, with truthful scrutiny, sifts every evidence, weighs testimony against testimony, and testimony of the same authority against itself, and after patient investigation concludes, as the reasonable solution of the historical enigma, that Tiberius was not only "of all kings or autocrats the most venerable," but that he was, "in the fourteenth year of his reign, a believer in the divinity of Jesus Christ," and, "during the last eight years of his reign, the nursing-father of the infant Catholic Church." It will be readily perceived that the supposition of Tiberius being a Christian at a time when Christianity was universally held to be an odious and justly-persecuted superstition, must have presented, through known facts and rumours, to the world at large, and to the philosophic minds of historians in particular, an idea of human character so novel and so confused, as to be, in the absence of such a clue, and a test which they could not admit, altogether incomprehensible. What could they do with the sacramental fact—the eating human flesh and drinking human blood, by one known for his abstemiousness?

"Τοσαυτης δ'ουν τοτε της κατασταστως ουσης,
και μηδ' απαρνησασθαι τινος δυναμενου το μη ου και
των σαρκων αυτου ηδεως εμφαγειν."—DION. C.

"Fastidit vinum, quia jam bibit iste cruorem
Tam bibit hunc avide quam bibit iste merum."—SUET.

The sacramental fact discovered, and undeniable, yet not known as the sacramental fact, must have made up a riddle of contradictions, which it was not in the power of that age to solve. In its ignorance it made a monster. Men are apt to see more than nature ever exhibits.

once, for a few moments, be behind the scenes of truth's theatre—if he knew accurately all the facts, or perhaps one or two facts, that time has concealed, and perhaps ever will conceal; and which, discovered, would solve the enigma at once. Of course, the great enigma lies in Swift's amours. These apart, no man would ever have ventured to assert the lifelong madness of Swift. Great men and little have had, and, as long as the world lasts, will have their amours, honest ones and dishonest; but, excepting for romance-writing and gossiping of a day, such themes have been thought unworthy history, and to be but slightly notable even in biography. Their natural secresy has hitherto covered the correct ones with a sanctity, and the incorrect with a darker veil, that it is better not to lift; nor is it easy at all times to distinguish the right from the wrong. The living resent the scrutiny: we do not admire the impertinence, nor easily admit the privilege of an amatorial inquisition upon the characters of the dead. And what has curiosity gathered, after all, which ought to justify honest people in maligning Swift, Stella, or Vanessa? A mass of contradictions. They cannot all be true. Even Stella's marriage, stated as a fact by so many writers, is denied, and upon as fair evidence as its supposition. The first account of it is given as many as seven years after Swift's death, and twenty-four years after Stella's. There are two versions with respect to the dying scene, and supposed dialogue regarding the marriage. They contradict each other; for, in the one, Swift is made brutally to leave the room, and never to have seen her after; in the other, to have desired to acknowledge the marriage, and that Stella said, "It is too late." Who knows if either be true? and what means "it is too late?" Do those few simple words, overheard, necessarily imply any such acknowledgment? But there is proof that one malicious statement is false. "This behaviour," says Mr

Thomas Sheridan (not Dr Sheridan, the friend of Swift, for whom he has been mistaken, and weight accordingly given to his statement), threw Mrs Johnson into unspeakable agonies; and for a time she sunk under the weight of so cruel a disappointment. But soon after, roused by indignation, she inveighed against his cruelty in the bitterest terms; and sending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune, by her own name, to charitable uses." It is said this was done in the presence of Dr Sheridan; but the narrator was a mere lad when his father, from whom he is said to have received it, died. But this very will is, if not of Swift's dictation, the will he had wished her to make (compare it with Swift's own will—the very phraseology is strongly indicative of his dictation); for he had thus written to Mr Worral when in London, during Stella's severe illness: "I wish it could be brought about that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister during their lives, afterwards to Dr Stevens's hospital, to purchase lands for such uses as she designs it." Upon this Mr Wilde, author of *The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*, remarks most properly: "Now, such was not only the tenor, but the very words of the will made two years afterwards, which Sheridan (Thomas, not Dr Sheridan) would have his readers believe was made in pique at the Dean's conduct." Then it follows, that if this paragraph in the tale, and told as a consequence of the previous paragraph, is untrue, as it is proved to be, the first part, the brutal treatment, falls to the ground. In any court the evidence would be blotted from the record. It is curious, and may have possibly some bearing upon the Platonic love of Swift and Stella, that she should, in this will, have been so enamoured of celibacy, that she enjoins it upon the chaplain whom she appointed to read prayers and preach at the hospital. "It is likewise my will that the said chaplain

be an unmarried man at the time of his election, and so continue while he enjoys the office of chaplain to the said hospital." This will is also curious, and worthy of notice, in another respect. Among the slanders upon Swift and Stella, it had been circulated that she had been not only his mistress, but had had a child by him; and an old bell-ringer's testimony was adduced for the fact. There may be in the mind of the reader quite sufficient reasons to render the story impossible; but one item of the will is a bequest to this supposed child by name. "I bequeath to Bryan M'Loglin (a child who now lives with me, and whom I keep on charity) twenty-five pounds, to bind him out apprentice, as my executors, or the survivors of them, shall think fit." This is the great case of cruelty against Swift, and we think it is satisfactorily disposed of. Have we any other notice given that Swift behaved brutally to Stella? None. Where is there any evidence of her complaining? but there is evidence of the tenderest affection on Swift's part. Stella's letters have never seen the light; but, if we may judge by the answers to them, there could have been no charge of cruelty brought against him by her. The whole is an assumption from this narrative of Sheridan the son, and, as we have shown, altogether a misconception or a dream of his. Even with respect to Stella's parentage authors do not agree—yet each speaks as positively as if he had been at the birth. Swift himself says that her father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, and her mother of a lower degree. Some assert that she was the natural daughter of Sir William Temple. Johnson says, the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward; but, in contradiction to this, it is pretty clear that her mother did not marry this steward, whose name was Mosse, till after Sir William Temple's death, when Stella was in Ireland. Sir William left her a thousand pounds, and, it is said, declared to her her parentage. A writer in the *Gentle-*

man's Magazine for 1757, who knew Stella's mother, and was otherwise well acquainted with facts, is urged, in indignation at the treacherous and spiteful narrative by Lord Orrery, to write a defence of the Dean. From this source, what others had indeed suspected is strongly asserted—that Swift was himself the natural son of Temple. He thus continues: "When Stella went to Ireland, a marriage between her and the Dean could not be foreseen; but when she thought proper to communicate to her friends the Dean's proposal, and her approbation of it, it was then become absolutely necessary for that person, who alone knew the secret history of the parties concerned, to reveal what otherwise might have been buried in oblivion. But was the Dean to blame, because he was ignorant of his natural relation to Stella? or can he justly be censured because it was not made known to him before the day of the marriage? He admired her; he loved her; he pitied her; and when fate placed the everlasting barrier between them, their affection became a true Platonic love, if not something yet more exalted. . . . . We are sometimes told, that upon the Hanoverian family succeeding to the throne of Great Britain, Swift renounced all hopes of farther preferment; and that his temper became more morose, and more intolerable every year. I acknowledge the fact in part; but it was not the loss of his hopes that soured Swift alone; this was the unlucky epocha of that discovery, that convinced the Dean that the only woman in the world who could make him happy as a wife, was the only woman in the world who could not be that wife." Delany also entertained a suspicion in agreement with this account. The supposition would seem to throw light upon a mysterious passage in Swift's life, and to be sufficient explanation of all his behaviour to Stella. "Immediately subsequent to the ceremony (the marriage) Swift's state of mind," says Scott, "appears to have been dreadful. Delany,

as I have heard from a friend of his relict, being pressed to give his opinion on this strange union, said, that about the time it took place, he observed Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated—so much so, that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears; and upon asking the reason, he said, 'You have just met the most unhappy man on earth, but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question.'" Sir Walter Scott does not admit this story in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but we doubt if the reason of his doubt, or rejection of it, be quite satisfactory. "It is enough to say that Swift's parents resided in Ireland from before 1665 until his birth in 1667, and that Temple was residing in Holland from April 1666 until January 1668. Lord Orrery says until 1670." Dates, it appears, are not always accurately ascertained. We cannot determine that ambassadors have no latitude for a little ubiquity; but there is one very extraordinary circumstance with regard to Swift's childhood, that seems to involve in it no small degree of mystery. "It happened, by whatever accident, that Jonathan was not suckled by his mother, but by a nurse, who was a native of Whitehaven; and, when he was about a year old, her affection for him was become so strong, that, finding it necessary to visit a relation who was dangerously sick, and from whom she expected a legacy, she found means to convey the child on shipboard, without the knowledge of his mother or his uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven. At this place he continued near three years; for when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders not to hazard a second voyage, till he should be better able to bear it. The nurse, however, gave other testimonies of her affection to Jonathan, for during his stay at Whitehaven she had him taught to spell, and when

he was five years old he was able to read a chapter in the Bible."

This undoubted incident is no small temptation to a novelist to spin a fine romance, and affiliate the child according to his fancy. It is a strange story—a very poor widow not suckling her own child! kept three years away from a parent, lest, having borne one voyage well, the young child should not be able to bear a second! The said novelist may find sufficient reason for the mother in after years recommending him to Sir William Temple, and perhaps weave into his story that the nominal mother was one intrusted with a charge not her own. Stella's mother's connection with the Temple family may be as rationally accounted for. The writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, already quoted, seems to have had this account of Johnston from the widow herself. "This gentlewoman (Stella's mother) was the widow (*as she always averred*) of one Johnston a merchant, who, having been unfortunate in trade, afterwards became master of a trading sloop, which ran between England and Holland, and there died." Then, again, to revert to the entanglement of this mystery, although it is received that there was a marriage—a private marriage, as it is said, in the garden, by the Bishop of Clogher—are there really sufficient grounds for a decision in the affirmative? It is traced only to Delany and Sheridan (who could not have known it but by hearsay), and the assertion, on suspicion, of the worst of all evidences with regard to Swift, Orrery (he only knew him in his declining years, as he confesses); but Dr Lyon, Swift's executor, denied it; and Mrs Dingley, who came to Ireland, after Sir William Temple's death, with Stella, and lived with her till her death, laughed at it as an idle tale. Mrs Brent, with whom the Dean's mother lodged, and who subsequently was his housekeeper, never believed it, and often told her daughter so, who succeeded her as

housekeeper. It is said the secret was told to Bishop Berkeley by the Bishop of Clogher. "But," says Sir Walter Scott, "I must add, that if, as affirmed by Mr Monck Mason, Berkeley was in Italy from the period of the marriage to the death of the Bishop of Clogher, this communication could not have taken place." With evidence so conflicting even as to the marriage—so uncertain—and if a marriage, as to the relationship between the parties—as to the time of discovery—and with that maddening possibility of Swift's physical infirmity alluded to by Scott; it does appear that it is the assumption of a very cruel critical right, to fasten upon the character of Swift a charge of fiendishness and brutality towards Stella. Where there are so many charitable ways of accounting for his conduct, most of which might well move our admiration and our pity, and where the tenderness of the parties towards each other cannot for a moment be doubted (*vide* Swift's diary in his letters, and his most touching letter speaking of her death and burial), there is nothing more improbable, nothing more out of nature, than the acquiescence of both Swift and Stella in a condition which might well have driven both mad, if that condition had been avoidable. We have a hesitation in believing in self-made monsters. Novelists, romance-writers, and dramatists, conjure them up for their hour on the stage, but it is a novelty to admit them into a biography which professes to be true. As to Lord Orrery, the first slanderer of Swift after his death, we have a perfect contempt for his character. He sought the aged Swift for his own ends. His father had bequeathed away from him his library; in his vexation he thought to vindicate himself by an ambition to become a literary character. As Alcibiades sought Socrates, not for Socrates' virtues, but because his wisdom might aid him in his political schemes; so Lord Orrery took the leading literary characters of the day, and especially Swift, into what compan-

ionship he might. He cajoled and flattered the old man, and at his death maligned him. There was hypocrisy, too; for it was contemptible in him to have pretended a friendship so warm, with a man whom he designated as a tyrant, a brute, and irreligious. The world are keen to follow evil report. The ill life which is told by *a friend* is authentic enough for subsequent writers, who, like sheep, go over the hedge after their leader. The writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1757, speaks as one intimately, and of long continuance, acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. He says significantly that he thinks *there are some living who have it in their power, from authentic materials*, to throw light upon the subject. That he was well acquainted with Stella's mother we learn from the following passage: "I saw her myself in the autumn of 1742 (about a year before her death), and although far advanced in years, she still preserved the remains of a very fine face." He minutely describes Stella's person as one who had seen her. "Let those judge who have been so happy as to have seen this Stella, this Hetty Johnston, and let those who have not, judge from the following description"—and as one who had conversed with her: "Her mind was yet more beautiful than her person, and her accomplishments were such as to do honour to the man who was so happy as to call her daughter." He tells the anecdote (for which he says "I have undoubted authority") of her presence of mind and courage in firing a pistol at a robber on a ladder about to enter her room at night. He gives the time, and implies the cause of her leaving Moor Park to reside in Ireland. "As soon as she was woman enough to be intrusted with her own conduct, she left her mother, and Moor Park, and went to Ireland to reside, by the order of Sir William, who was yet alive. She was conducted thither by Swift; *but of this I am not positive*, as I am that her mother parted with

her as one who was never to see her again." Upon that fact, then, he is positive, and scrupulous of assertion where not so. May it be conjectured he had the information from the mother herself, when he saw her so near the time of her death? He asserts that Sir William "often recommended her tender innocence to the protection of Swift, *as she had no declared male relation that could be her defender;*" that "from that time when they received the proper notice of the secrets of the family, they took care to converse before witnesses, even though they had never taken such precaution before." "Can we wonder," he adds, "that they should spend one day in the year in fasting, praying, and tears, from this period to her death? Might it not be the anniversary of their marriage?" "Swift had more forcible reasons for not owning Stella for his wife, than his lordship (Orrery) has allowed; and that it was not his behaviour, but her own unhappy situation, that might perhaps shorten her days." The contributor, who signs himself C.M.P.G.N.S.T.N.S., writes purposely to vindicate the character of Swift from the double slander of Lord Orrery, who impeaches "the Dean's charity, his tenderness, and even his humanity, in consequence of his hitherto unaccountable behaviour to his Stella, and of his long resentment shown to his sister." Lord Orrery had said that Swift had persisted in not owning his marriage from pride, because he had reproached his sister for marrying a low man, and would never see her or communicate with her after her marriage. That as Stella was also of low origin, he feared his reproaches might be thrown back upon himself. Then follows an entire contradiction of this unlikely statement or surmise of Orrery—for that, "after her husband's and Lady Gifford's death, she (the sister, Mrs Fenton) retired to Farnham, and boarded with Mrs Mayne, Mrs Mosse boarding there at the same time, with whom she lived in the greatest intimacy; and as she had not

enough to maintain her, the Dean paid her an annuity as long as she lived—neither was that annuity a trifle." Another correspondent in the same Magazine—for December 1757—as desirous of vindicating the Dean, yet, nevertheless, points out a supposed error with regard to the passage in which mention is made of "the unlucky epocha of that discovery," being that of the accession of the Hanoverian family, and the loss of Swift's hopes. "But this," he says, "is inconsistent with Swift's marrying her in 1716, as (in page 487) we are told he did; or in 1717, in which year, I think, Lord Orrery places this event." We think this is being too precise. Lord Oxford was impeached and sent to the Tower in 1715, which is sufficiently near to be called the same epocha. Or even if we take the accession from the death of Queen Anne—August 1714—the disappointment must have been rankling in the mind of Swift, still fresh, at the time of the other event. He likewise notices that Sir William Temple was abroad at and before Swift's birth; but, for reasons we have given, we think this objection of no importance. No mention is made of Vanessa in the article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The author seems cautiously, conscientiously, to abstain from every item of Orrery's narrative, but such as he was assured of from his own knowledge.

Johnson, in his Life of Swift, speaks disparagingly of Stella's wit and accomplishments. It was displeasing to the great lexicographer that a woman should spell badly. Bad spelling was, we apprehend, the feminine accomplishment of the day. Dr Drake, in his essay on the literature and manners of that age, says, "It was not wonderful that our women could not spell, when it may be said that our men had not yet learned to read."

We prefer Swift's account of this matter. She was "versed," he says, "in Greek and Roman history—spoke

French perfectly—understood Platonic and Epicurean philosophy, and judged very well of the defects of the latter. She made judicious abstracts of the books she had read," &c. Of her manners: "It was not safe nor prudent in her presence to offend in the least word against modesty, for she then gave full employment to her wit, her contempt, and resentment, under which stupidity and brutality were forced to sink into confusion; and the guilty person, by her future avoiding him like a bear or a satyr, was never in a way to transgress again." She thus replied to a coxcomb who tried to put the ladies in her company to the blush: "Sir, all these ladies and I understand your meaning very well, having, in spite of our care, too often met with those of your sex who wanted manners and good sense. But, believe me, neither virtuous nor even vicious women love such kind of conversation. However, I will leave you, and report your behaviour; and whatever visit I make, I shall first inquire at the door whether you are in the house, that I may be sure to avoid you." "She understood the nature of government, and could point out all the errors of Hobbes, both in that and religion." This letter of Swift's is full of her praise; but we know nothing more touching than the passage which speaks of his sickening feelings at the hour of her burial. "*January* 30, *Tuesday*.—This is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night, and I am removed into another apartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bed-chamber." Were these words written by a *cruel* man!! Well, if so, we must admire a woman's saying—as it is put by Mr Thackeray: "Ah, it was a hard fate that wrung from them so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly"—(alas, Mr Thackeray, why will you put in that odious *pitilessly?*)—"that pure and tender bosom! A hard fate; but would she have changed it? I

have heard a woman say that she would have taken Swift's cruelty to have had his tenderness." And why, Mr Thackeray, will you say of such a man, when he was writing that they had removed him into another apartment, that he might not see the light in the church, and was praising her and loving her when he could speak or write a word—why, we ask, should you say, "in contemplation of her goodness, his *hard* heart melts into pathos." Your own heart was a little ossifying into hardness when you wrote this. Ah! did you wish your female audience to think how much more tender you could be yourself? and so did you offer this little apology for some hard things in your novels? We wish you had written an essay, and not read a lecture. You would have been both less *hard* and less tender—for, in truth, your tender passages in this Life of Swift, are very well to the purpose, to catch your audience; but they are "nihil ad rem." And your appeal to the "pure and tender bosoms," all against poor Swift, as a detestable cannibal,—how in his *Modest Proposal*, "he rages against children," and "enters the nursery with the tread and gaiety of an ogre," how he thought the "loving and having children" an "unreasonableness," and "love and marriage" a "folly," because in his Lilliputian kingdom the state removed children from their parents and *educated* them; and you wind up your appeal so lovingly, so charmingly, so devotedly, so insinuatingly to your fair audience, upon the blessings of conjugal love and philoprogenitiveness, that you must be the dearest of lecturers, the pet of families, the destroyer of ogres; and, as to that monster Swift, the very children should cry out, as they do in the *Children in the Wood*, "Kill him again, Mr Thackeray." And this you did, knowing all the while that the *Modest Proposal* was a patriotic and political satire—one of real kindness to the people, whose children he supposes, in the depth of his feeling and

his satire and bitter irony, the Government should encourage the getting rid of, rather than, in defiance of all his (the Dean's) schemes for the benefit of Ireland, they should be made a burden to their parents, and miserable themselves. All this you knew very well: it was shabby and shameful of you by your mere eloquence to make this grave irony appear or be felt as a reality and a cruelty, and tack on to it an importation from Lilliput of a state edict, as if it were one in Swift's mind with the *Modest Proposal.* Yes,—you knew, the while these your words were awakening detestation of Swift, you were oratorising a very great sham—all nonsense —stuff — that would never pass current but through the stamp of lectureship. You knew how the witty Earl Bathurst, a kind father with his loved children about him, as good-naturedly as you should have done, received Swift's benevolently intended satire. "A man who has nine children to feed," says Lord Bathurst to Swift, "can't long afford *alienos pascere nummos;* but I have four or five that are very fit for the table. I only wait for the Lord Mayor's Day to dispose of the largest, and shall be sure of getting off the youngest whenever a certain great man (Sir R. Walpole) makes another entertainment at Chelsea." Here are your false words to win all feminine sympathy: "In fact, our great satirist was of opinion that conjugal love was unadvisable, and illustrated the theory by his own practice and example—God help him!—which made him about the most wretched being in God's world." How cruel was this in you, under some of the probabilities, and all the possibilities that may be, ought to be, charitably referred to Swift's case—in his loves or his friendships, be they what they will, for Stella and Vanessa? Vanessa—have we, then, all this while forgotten Vanessa? Hers is indeed a curious story. It is told in Swift's poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," and published after her death, by the dying orders of Vanessa herself.

At the time Swift was moving in the higher circles in London, he appears to have been remarkable for the gracefulness of his manners and his conversational powers. These accomplishments won for him many friendships in the female society in which he found himself. Indeed, in his letters, his female correspondence possesses a great charm, and speaks very highly in favour of the wit and accomplishments of the really well-educated women of the day. Swift lived in great familiarity with the Vanhomrighs. The eldest daughter (another Esther), ardent by nature, and desirous of improving her mind, earnestly gave herself up to Swift's converse and instruction. The result on her part was love, on Swift's friendship: it is possible he may have felt something stronger; but, with an inconsistency, those who charge him with a tenderer feeling deny him the power of entertaining it. The story is too well known to be repeated here. She confessed her passion, and he insisted upon friendship only. She followed him to Ireland. She so expressed her state of mind to him by letter, that Swift had certainly reason to apprehend fatal consequences, if he altogether broke off his intimacy. If it be true that Swift was by nature cold, it is some excuse for imprudence that he did not easily suspect, or perhaps know, the dangerous and seducing power of an attachment warmer than friendship. It is evident *he* professed nothing more. Whatever be the case in that respect, there is no reason to charge upon either an improper intimacy. Mr Thackeray thinks the two women died, killed by their love for, and treatment by, Swift. It is possible love, and disappointed love, may have hastened both their deaths, and made the wretchedness of Swift. On all sides, the misery was one for compassion, and such compassion as may charitably cover much blame. But even the story of Vanessa is told differently. There is little certainty to go upon, but enough for any man who pleases to write vilely on. Lord

Orrery is very unmerciful on the character of Vanessa. He, in downright terms, charges her with having thrown away her virtue and her religion, preferring passion to one and wit to the other. This certainly gives him a good latitude for maligning his friend. Did he ever give his friend Swift a piece of his mind, and say to him, he thought him a rascal, and would discontinue his friendship? Oh, no; it was pleasanter and very friendly to tell all his spiteful things, after the Dean was dead, to "his Ham," that they might be handed down to the world from "father to son," and so the world must know "you would have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe, and an assiduity, that are seldom paid to the richest or the most powerful lovers; no, not even to the Great Seignior himself." Yet the facetious father of "my Ham" never saw Stella, and knew perhaps as little of the seraglio. Sir Walter Scott says, as others also, we believe, that, upon Vanessa's applying to Stella herself to know the nature of the undefined connection between her and Swift, she received from Stella an acknowledgment of the marriage. If this were true, it would of course settle that question; but Lord Orrery, from whom the first statement of the marriage came, and who would readily have seized such a confirmation of his tale, says no such thing. On the contrary, he says Vanessa wrote the letter to Cadenus, not to Stella, and that Swift brought his own written reply, and, "throwing down the letter on her table, with great passion hastened back to his horse, carrying in his countenance the frowns of anger and indignation." How are we to trust to accounts so different? "She did not," he adds, "survive many days (he should have said weeks, but days tell more against *his friend*) the letter delivered to her by Cadenus, but during that short interval she was sufficiently composed to cancel a will *made in Swift's*

favour, and to make another," &c. Who will not ask the question,—*Was* there a will made in Swift's favour? It is against probability; for be it remembered, that the same story was told with respect to Stella's will, and it has been clearly proved that her will was such as Swift wished her to make. Nor was it all consistent with Swift's character, proud as he was, and always so cautious to avoid any scandal on Stella's account, that he would have allowed *her* to make a will in his favour; and it would have been still more revolting to his pride to have accepted a legacy from Vanessa.

Orrery treats poor Vanessa worse even than he does his friend. He conjectures her motives as against Swift, and writes of her death, "under all the agonies of despair," which, unless he were present at the last scene, he is not justified in doing, and reviles her with a cruel uncharitableness. The worst that ought to be said of this miserable love and perplexing friendship is said by Scott—"It is easy for those who look back on this melancholy story to blame the assiduity of Swift or the imprudence of Vanessa. But the first deviation from the straight line of moral rectitude is, in such a case, so very gradual, and on the female side the shades of colour which part esteem from affection, and affection from passion, are so imperceptibly heightened, that they who fail to stop at the exact point where wisdom bids, have much indulgence to claim from all who share with them the frailties of mortality."

More than a hundred and fifty years ago this sad tale, whatever it was in reality, yet now a mystery, was acted to the life in this strange world. The scandal of few real romances seldom lasts so long. It is time to cease pursuing it with feelings of a recent enmity; it is a better charity to hope, that all that was of difference, of vexation, of misery, nay, of wrong, has become as unsubstantial as their dust, and that they are where all that was of love is sure to be, for love

is eternal. Poor Vanessa's dust may still rest in peace. Swift's and Stella's have not been allowed the common repose of the grave. Their bodies have been disturbed. The phrenologists have been busy with the skulls, and their unhallowed curiosity has been rewarded with a singular refutation of their doctrine. The peculiarities of Swift's skull are: "The extreme lowness of the forehead, those parts which the phrenologists have marked out *as the organs of wit, causality, and comparison, being scarcely developed at all*, but the head rose gradually from benevolence backwards. The portion of the occipital bone assigned to the animal propensities, philoprogenitiveness and amativeness, &c., appeared excessive."

There is something very shocking in this disturbance of the dead. We are inclined to join in Shakespeare's imprecation on the movers of bones. Swift's larynx has been stolen, and is now, they say, in possession of the purloiner in America. We wish it had Swift's human utterance, that the thief might wish he had no ears. An itinerant phrenologist is now hawking about Pope's skull. Mathews's thigh-bone has circulated from house to house. If ghosts ever visit nowadays our earth, they should come armed each with a stout stick, and act upon the phrenologists the "Fatal Curiosity."

Johnson's line—

"And Swift expires a driveller and a show,"

if it was not justified, as it certainly was not, during the Dean's last years, in his melancholy state, may be justified as a prophecy, and fulfilled when his skull was handed about from fashionable house and party—and exhibited as a show.

Before we entirely quit the subject of Swift's amours, it is necessary to mention a serious offer of marriage which he certainly made, about the year 1696. The lady—Miss Jane Waring—did not at first receive his advances very warmly. After four years the courtship came to an end. It seems

Miss Waring became more complying as Swift cooled. In a letter he complained of her want of any real affection for him. It is so worded as to imply some doubts of her temper and judgment. He writes as a man would do who considers himself rather bound in honour than by love, and still offers marriage—upon terms. These terms, those who profess to be conversant in love proprieties, as in other branches of criticism, say no woman could comply with. We do not profess to determine cases of that nature. We apprehend all kinds of terms have been complied with on both sides without impeachment in the Court of Love. This offer of marriage, however, militates against Sir Walter Scott's hypothesis of physical unfitness, and rather strengthens the argument and statements of the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. We believe the exact date of the supposed marriage has not been given. If it did take place, what if it should be possible it was on the day—his birthday (or what he pleases to call his birthday)—at the recurrence of which he bewailed his birth by reading the chapter in Job? Nor must we omit, as it shows the shallow grounds upon which defamation often rests, a charge of violation made against Swift at Kilroot, because such a charge was found to have been really made against one J. S., as it appeared in a magistrate's books. J. S. might have stood for Jonathan Swift—let him, therefore, bear the iniquity. It might have been fastened upon any or all of the numerous family of Smith, or any other J. S. in the world. It is curious that the first propagator, who, possibly with truth, denied having made the charge, as he might have said the letters J. S. only—as did the register—and unwittingly left the appropriation to his listeners;—it is curious, we observe, that this man became raving mad, and was an inmate in Swift's hospital. The idle tale has been disproved, and but one of his worst maligners repeats it.

There are no passages in this portion of Mr Thackeray's

Lectures more odious, and more repugnant to our taste and feeling, than those which charge Swift with irreligion; nor are they less offensive because the author says—"I am not here, of course, to speak of any man's religious views, except in so far as they influence his literary character, his life, his humour." This denying latitude really means quite the contrary to its preface; for, since religion does concern every man's *life*, and he writes or reads the life, he need not have said he had nothing (of course) to do with it, under any exceptions. But it serves the purposes of assuming a reluctance to touch upon the subject, and of charging upon the necessity of the case the many free and unnecessary animadversions upon Swift's character as a priest of the Church of England.

The lecturer far outdoes the false friend Orrery, who, speaking of his *Gulliver*, says, "I am afraid he glances at religion." It is true, he goes rather far to set up his friend the Dean as an example of punishment by Providence, which punishment he admires and confesses as according to righteous ways. His lordship might have pitied, if angels weep. Not a bit of it. "Here," he says, "a reflection naturally occurs, which, without superstition, leads me tacitly to admire and confess the ways of Providence. For this great genius, this mighty wit, who seemed to scorn and scoff at all mankind, lived not only to be an example of pride punished in his own person, and an example of terror to others, but lived to undergo some of the greatest miseries to which human nature is liable." Is this an instance of the charity which "covereth a multitude of sins," and which saith, "Judge not"? If his lordship had exercised on this occasion *his superstition*, which he thus adroitly puts aside, he would pretty much have resolved Swift's sins into a *material* necessity. Thus he philosophises on vice and virtue as effects: "These effects take their sources from causes almost mechanical."

Mr Thackeray is still more severe—more unjust. He will not allow his strictness in his religious duties, not even his family devotions, to pass as current coin; they are shams and counterfeits. The Swift too proud to lie, was enacting hypocrisy in all this; and how lucidly conclusive the argument! Would any modern lecturer like to be tried by it? "The boon-companion of Pope and Bolingbroke, who chose these as the friends of his life, and the recipients of his confidence and affection, must have heard many an argument, and joined in many a conversation, over Pope's port or 'St John's' burgundy, which would not bear to be repeated at other men's boards." "*Must* have heard."!! Had the lecturer been an eye and ear witness, he could not have said more. Yet this *must* is a very little must indeed. A letter of Bolingbroke's, and another from Pope to Swift, which the lecturer, as he ought to have done, had doubtless read, perfectly reduces the little *must* to nothing at all. Swift, it seems, had written to Pope in some way to convert him from Popery. Pope's reply parries off the Dean's shafts by wit, and the letter is very pleasant. Not so Bolingbroke; and as he was of too free a spirit to be false, and a hypocrite, at the time he wrote his reply he was not that bold speculator in atheistical arguments which he may have afterwards been; or if he was a hypocrite, that alternative defends Swift, for it shows the improbability of the arguments over the burgundy having been in their familiar converse; for Bolingbroke was at least no fool to contradict himself before Swift. These are his remarkable words, defending himself from the appellation of a freethinker, in its irreligious sense: "For since the truth of Christianity is as evident as matters of fact, on the belief of which so much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of justice, these freethinkers (such as he had described) must needs be Christians on the best foundation—on that which St Paul himself established (I think it

was St Paul), *Omnia probate, quod bonum est tenete.*" It is not needful for us to vindicate Bolingbroke, nor even to express any great satisfaction at this passage; our purpose is to show Swift's religious sincerity, and the probable nature of the conversations with Pope and Bolingbroke from these letters.

But to the excess of severity in the lecturer. He contrasts "Harry Fielding and Dick Steele" with Swift for religious sincerity. These "were," he says, "especially loud, and I *believe fervent*, in their expressions of belief." He admits them to have been *unreasoning*, and Church of England men. "But Swift, his mind had had a different schooling, and possessed a very different logical power. *He* was not bred up in a tipsy guardroom, and did not learn to reason in a Covent Garden tavern. He could conduct an argument from beginning to end. He could see forward with a fatal clearness. In his old age, looking at the *Tale of a Tub*, when he said 'Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!' I think he was admiring, not the genius, but the consequences to which the genius had brought him—a vast genius, a magnificent genius—a genius wonderfully bright, and dazzling, and strong, to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood, and scorch it into perdition, to penetrate into the hidden motives, and expose the black thoughts of men; an awful, an evil spirit:" and yet Mr Thackeray would make this evil spirit a spirit of truth, of logical power, of brightness to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood; in fact, that irreligion was the natural result of true good logical reasoning, and therefore Swift had no religion. We have no business to charge the lecturer with irreligious sentiments; indeed we feel assured that he had no irreligious motive whatever in the utterance of this passage; nor could he have had, with any discretion, before a mixed modern audience: in the hurry of his eloquence, he overlooked the want of precise nicety of expres-

sion due to such a subject. We could wish that he had otherwise worded this passage, which, to the minds of the many, will certainly convey a notion that the legitimate conclusion of reasonable logical arguments is infidelity. Yet more. "Ah! man! you educated in the Epicurean Temple's library—you whose friends were Pope and St John—what made you to swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy before Heaven, which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and reverence? For Swift's was a reverent spirit; for Swift could love and could pray." But his love, according to the lecturer, was cruelty, and his prayer a sham!! Let no man ever own a friend, however he became his friend, of dubious opinions. The lecturer is cautious. Miss Martineau sent her mind into a diseased cow, and it was healed. Pope and Bolingbroke *must* have sent theirs into Swift, and he was Bolingbroked and Poped to the utmost corruption and defilement. We may here as well ask how poor Swift was positively to know the ultimate sceptical opinions of Bolingbroke? They were published in his works, by Mallet, after his lordship's death.

Johnson doubted not the sincerity of Swift's religion. He vidicates the *Tale of a Tub*, which Mr Thackeray makes a text for his vituperation, from "ill intention." "He was a Churchman rationally zealous." "To his duty as a Dean he was very attentive." "In his church he restored the practice of weekly communion, and distributed the sacramental elements in the most solemn and devout manner with his own hands. He came to his church every morning, preached commonly in his turn, and attended the evening anthem, that it might not be negligently performed." Swift himself spoke disparagingly of his sermons. Mr Thackeray does more than take him at his word; he pronounces that "they have scarce a Christian characteristic. They might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of

a coffeehouse almost. There is little or no cant; he is too great and too proud for that; and, so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest." Is Mr Thackeray really a judge of "Christian characteristics?" or does he pronounce without having read Swift's sermon on the Trinity, so much and so deservedly admired, and certainly of a Christian character? But of these sermons quite as good a judge is Samuel Johnson as our lecturer, who says, "This censure of himself, if judgment be made from those sermons which have been printed, was unreasonably severe." Johnson ascribes the suspicion of irreligion to his dread of hypocrisy. Mr Thackeray makes hypocrisy Swift's religion. Even the essayist in the *Times*, who considers him a madman from his birth, admits him to have been "sincerely religious, scrupulously attentive to the duties of his holy office, vigorously defending the position and privileges of his order: he positively played into the hands of infidelity, by the steps he took, both in his conduct and writings, to expose the cant and hypocrisy which he detested as heartily as he admired and practised unaffected piety." If, then, according to this writer, there was a mistake, it was not of his heart. What different judgments, and of so recent dates—a sincerely religious man, of practical unaffected piety, and, *per contra*, a long-life hypocrite before Heaven. We may well say, "Look on this picture and on this." Reflect, reader, upon the double title-page to the *Life of Tiberius*, on the mysteries of every man's life; and the seeming contradictions which can never be explained here. A simple truth might explain them, but truth hides itself, and historians and biographers cannot afford time for accurate search, nor the reading world patience for the delays which truth's narrative would demand.

The *Tale of a Tub*, it has been said, was the obstacle to Swift's preferment—it may have been the ostensible excuse. If the Duchess of Somerset went down on her knees to prevent

a bishopric being offered him, another excuse was wanted than the real one. It was ascribed to Swift that he had ridiculed her red hair: such a crime is seldom forgiven. But the "*spretæ injuria formæ*" will not be producible as an objection. This *Tale of a Tub* has been often condemned and excused, and will be while literature lasts, and is received amongst persons of different temperaments. There are some so grave that wit is condemned by them before they know the subject upon which it is exercised. To many it is folly, because beyond their conception. We know no reason why the man of wit should not be religious; if there be, wit is a crime; yet it is a gift of nature, and so imperative upon the possessor that he can scarcely withhold it. It is his genius. Wit has its logical forms of argument. Errors in religion, as in manners, present themselves to the man of wit both in a serious and ludicrous light; the two views combine, there is the instant flash for illumination or destruction. The corruptions in a church, as in that of Rome, being the growth of ages, engrafted into the habits and manners of a people, are not to be put down by solemn sermons only: arguments in a new and captivating manner must be adopted, and applied to the ready understanding and familiar common-sense of those on whom more grave and sedate argumentation is lost.

The Reformers were not remiss to take wit as an ally. Even now, those who are temporarily shocked at the apparent lightness with which it was employed in former days, as they read works such as the *Tale of a Tub* may have received with it solid arguments, never so vividly put to them, and which are still excellent preservatives against Romanism. The enemy who does not like it will call it ribaldry, buffoonery, and magnify it into a deadly sin. The vituperation of it marks its power. This kind of writing, even on the gravest subjects, is more defensible than those who are hurt by it will admit. In a state of warfare (and church is militant), we must not

throw away legitimate arms. If wit be a gift, it is a legitimate weapon, and a powerful one. It deals terrible blows on the head of hypocrisy. We owe to it more perhaps than we think. It may be fairly asked, Were the *Provincial Letters* injurious to the cause of religion? The *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* helped to demolish some strongholds of iniquity. Rabelais, disgusting as he is to modern readers in too many parts, was acceptable to bishops and archbishops. They pardoned much for the depth of sense, knowledge of mankind, and solid learning in the curate of Meudon. There are offences against taste, that are not necessarily offences against religion. There is many an offensive work, especially in modern literature, where taste is guarded and religion hurt. Is there a natural antipathy between wit and religion, or between wit and morals? We trust not; for by wit all mankind may be reached—at least those who can be reached by no other appeal, to whom that may be the first, though not the last. In times of controversy all must come into the field, the light-armed as well as the heavy-armed, and they must use their own weapons. David slew Goliah with a pebble and a sling. He had tried these; they were scorned by the giant, but they slew him. But this genius of wit is imperative, and unless you shut the church-doors against it, and anathematise it (and to do so would be dangerous), it will throw about its weapons. Danger cannot put it down. It has its minor seriousness, though you see it not; it has its deep wisdom, and such an abundance of gravity, that it can afford to play with it. It bids the man endowed with it use it even upon the scaffold, as did Sir Thomas More. Admit that, if it is a power for good or evil, that very admission legitimatises it. The infidel, the scoffer, will use it, and he will be in the enemy's camp. Yes, we must have, in the gravest cause, our sharpshooters too. There have been buffoons for the gravest purposes as for the vilest. It is well to be

cautious in condemning all. Demosthenes could not prevail upon the people of Athens to give attention to him where their safety was concerned, and he abandoned his seriousness, and told them a story of the "shadow of an ass." Buffoonery may be a part put on—the disguise, but the serious purpose is under it. Brutus was an able actor. A man may be allowed to put on a madness, when it would be death to proclaim himself, so as to be believed, in his senses. What shall we say of the grave buffoon, the wittiest, the wisest, the patriotic, who risked his life to play the fool, because he knew it was the only means of convincing the people, when he, Aristophanes, could not get an actor to take the part of Cleon, and took it himself, not knowing but that a cup of poison awaited him when the play was ended? It is as well to come to the conclusion that the wit, even the buffoon, may be respectable—nay, give them a higher name —even great characters. Their gifts are instincts, are meant for use. As the poet says, they cut in twain weighty matters: "*Magnas plerumque secant res*" We fear that if we were to drive the lighter soldiers of wit out of the religious camp, those enlisted on the opposite side would set up a shout, rush in, and, setting about them lustily, have things pretty much their own way. Apply this as at least an apology for Swift. You must have the man with his wit—it was his uncontrollable passion. And, be it remembered, when he conceived, if not wrote, the *Tale of a Tub*, he was in the riotous spirit of his youth. And abstract from it its wondrous argument, deep sense of illustration, and weigh them, how ponderous the mass is, how able to crush the long age-constructed machinery of designing Popery! But heavy as is the abstract, it would have lain inert matter, but for those nicely-adjusted springs of wit, which, light as they seem, lift buoyantly the ponderous power, that it may fall where directed. If any have a Romish tendency, we would

recommend him to read the *Tale of a Tub*, without fear that it will take religion out of his head or his heart. We perfectly agree with Johnson as to the *intention*, in contradiction to Mr Thackeray, who says: "The man who wrote that wild book could not but be aware what must be the sequel of the propositions he laid down." And thus is it cruelly added: "It is my belief that he suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepticism, and that he had bent his pride so far down as to put his apostacy out to hire." Charity, which "believeth all things," never believed that.

The virtues reign by turns in this world of ours. Each one is the Queen Quintessence of her time, and commands a fashion upon her subjects. They bear the hue of her livery in their aspects. What is in their bosoms it is not so easy to determine; their tongues are obedient to the fashion, and often join in chorus of universal cant. Philanthropy is now the common language, we doubt if it is the common doing, of the age. We are rather suspicious of it, not very well liking its connections, equality and fraternity, and suspect it to be of a spurious breed, considering some of its exhibitions on the stage of the world within the memory of many of us. As the *aura popularis* has been long, and is still blowing rather strong from that quarter, it may appear "brutal" to say a syllable *per contra*. There never was a fitter time to lift up the hands and eyes in astonishment at Swift's misanthropy. See the monster, how he hated mankind! Perhaps he was a misanthrope. That he was a good hater we verily believe, but for a misanthrope he was one of the kindest to those who deserved and needed his assistance. It is said of him that he made the fortunes of forty families—that when he had power, he exerted it to the utmost, perseveringly to advance the interests of this or that man, and did many acts of benevolence secretly and delicately;—witness his payment to Mrs Dingley of £52 per annum, which he made her

believe was her own; and he paid it as her agent for money in the funds, and took her receipt accordingly, and this was not known till after his death. Very numerous are the anecdotes of this nature, but here we have no space for them. Such misanthropes are not very bad people—even though, detesting the assumption of uncommon philanthropy, they put on now and then a little roughness, as Swift undoubtedly did, and many very kind people very often do. But he wrote *Gulliver*, that bitter satire on mankind, for which Mr Thackeray the lecturer is greatly shocked at him. "As for the moral, I think it is horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous; and, giant and great as this Dean is, I say we should hoot him." Certainly hoot him—pelt him out of your *Vanity Fair*, which, though bad enough, is far too good for him, for the law there is to treat bad mankind very tenderly, and to make the good come off but second best, and look a trifle ridiculous. There have been strong vigorous satirists, universally read and admired, and made the stock literature of all countries too, and the authors have been hitherto thought highly moral and dignified characters; and they were personal, too, as ever Swift was (not that we admire his personalities — they were part his, and part belonged to his time), and their language as coarse. What are we to say of Juvenal, if we condemn Swift on that score? What of his sixth and tenth satires? The yahoo for mankind is not more hideous than the Tabraca monkey, which so frightfully represents men's old age, in that famous tenth satire on the "Vanity of Human Wishes." It is, indeed, a morbid philanthropy, a maudlin philanthropy, that will not give detested vices the lash. What is brutal vice?—degraded human nature, such as our police courts have of late exhibited it, our Cannons,* and kickers, and beaters

* Cannon—a brute tried at the time this Essay was written for a ferocious attack on a constable.

of women—the Burkers of our times, murderers for the sake of body-selling, to whom yahoos are as far better creatures. Yet, in our philanthropic days, we must not compare man to low animals. Indeed, we make companion of the faithful dog—we pet the obedient horse—we love them—and we are better for the affection we bestow, and it is in a great degree perhaps reciprocal; but such brutes in human shape, we shrink from comparing our dumb friends with. They have made themselves an antipathy to human nature, and our nature an antipathy to them.

One would think, to hear some people talk about this *Gulliver*, that Swift had originated such hideous comparisons with the brute creation, and that he alone had brought his *animali parlanti* on the stage. Chaucer, whom everybody loves, makes the cock say, as thus Dryden says it for him:—

> "And I with pleasure see
> Man strutting on two legs, and aping me."
> *Cock and Fox.*

But let us put the matter thus: In depicting the lowest vices of human nature, Swift, like Hogarth, made them appear more odious, and the former less offensive, by at least ideally or rather formally removing them from our species. The transforming them to brutes in something *like* human shape, renders the human image less distinct; covers them with a gauze, through which you can bear the sight, and contemplate what brutalised human nature may become. The satirist Hogarth is as strong, and by too near a resemblance, more disgusting, yet is he a great moralist. Is the Yahoo of Swift worse, or so offensive to our pride, as the heroes and heroines of "Beer and Gin Alley," or the cruelty scenes of Hogarth? Yet who ever called these doings of the painter-satirist "shameful, unmanly, blasphemous." Hoot *him*, Mr Lecturer, hoot both or neither. No—the hoot of the Lecturer was nothing but a little oratorical extravagance,

for an already indignant audience, touched upon that tender modern virtue, general philanthropy. Out of his lectures, the lecturer is a true, good, loving, kind-hearted, generous man; his real "hoot" would sound as gently as the "roar" of any "sucking dove." But at a lecture-table, the audience must be indulged in their own ways. The lecturer puts by his nature and puts on his art. He is acting the magician for the moment, and not himself, and thus his art excuses to him this patting on the back our mock philanthropy; *mock*, for it is out of nature, and not real. Honest genuine nature is indignant, and has an impulse as its instinct to punish villany. Who ever read history, and did not wish a Cæsar Borgia hanged? Philanthropists are very near being nuisances; they go out of the social course, which runs in circles—at first small ones too, home. There is room for the exercise of plenty of charity, amiableness, goodness; where is the need a man should burthen himself with the whole census? We live for the most part in circles, and if we do good, true, and serviceable duty within them, it little matters if some, with a pardonable eccentricity, deem them magic circles, and that all on the outside of the circumference are fiends ready to leap in open-mouthed to devour them. Professing philanthropists are apt to have too little thought of what is nearest, and to stretch out beyond the natural reach of their arms. They are breakers into other people's circles, and perpetually guilty of a kind of affectionate burglary—and therefore not punishable, but to be pitied as a trifle insane. Poor Swift! how his friends wept at his last sad condition, which the hard hearts who knew him not, a century and a half after, choose to call Heaven's punishment, and his misery a "remorse." How his true friends grieved for him! and such friends, too—men of generous natures that lift humanity out of that, its vexatious condition, which provokes universal satire. He had a circle of friends

whom he dearly loved, and who as dearly loved him. No matter how many yahoos go to the whipping-post. Take care of the home circles, and ever keep the temper sweet in that temperate zone, which the natural course of society has provided for you; and be sure the world won't be a bit worse off, if you light your cigar at your own hearth, and pleasantly write a pretty sharp satire on the world at large. We know not if it is not a fair position to lay down, that all satirists are amiable men; our best have been eminently so. Poor gentle Cowper, in his loving frenzy, wielded the knout stoutly, and had it been in his religion, would have whipped himself like a pure Franciscan; and yet he loved his neighbour. And it is our belief that Swift was good and amiable, and as little like a yahoo as those who depict him as one. Nature gave him a biting power, and it was her instinct that made him use it; and what if he exaggerated? It is the poet's license. What did Juvenal? and what did he more than Juvenal? Oh, this at once bold and squeamish age!—bold to do bad things, and to cry out against having them told or punished, but delighting in dressing up an imaginary monster and ticketing it with the name of Jonathan Swift, dead a century ago!!

And was there so little vice and villany in the world in Swift's time, or in Hogarth's time, that it should have been allowed to escape? Party was virulent and merciless, and divided men, so that statesmen had no time to care for good public morals. To be a defeated minister was to be sent to the Tower, as Swift's friend Harley was, and kept there two years. They were corrupt times—yahoo times. What says the sober historian, the narrator of facts, about 1717? There are accounts of the "Mug-houses," when the Whig and Tory factions divided the nation. There was the attack on these Mug-houses, retaliations and riots, and there were "Mohocks," of which we read too pleasantly now in the

Spectator, who went about with drawn swords, and kept the city in terror. It is somewhere about the year 1730 of which the historian speaks thus:—

"A great remissness of government prevailed at this time in England. Peace both at home and abroad continued to be the great object of the minister. Prosperity in commerce introduced luxury—hence necessities were created, and these drove the lower classes of people into the most abandoned wickedness. Averse to all penal and sanguinary measures, the minister gave not that encouragement to the ordinary magistrates that would enable them to give an effectual check to vice among the multitude. This produced a very pernicious effect among the higher class, so that almost universal degeneracy of manners prevailed. It was not safe to travel the roads or walk the streets; and often the civil officers themselves dared neither to repel the violences nor punish the crimes that were committed. A species of villains now started up, unknown to former times, who made it their business to write letters to men of substance, threatening to set fire to their houses in case they refused their demands; and sometimes their threats were carried into execution. In short, the peculiar depravity of the times became at length so alarming that the government was obliged to interpose, and a considerable reward was offered for discovering the ruffians concerned in such execrable practices." *

If Swift's miseries were so large as to make Archbishop King shed tears, and pronounce him the most unhappy man on earth, on the subject of whose wretchedness no question may be asked; and if, remembering this, we reflect upon his great and active doings, it will not be without admiration that we shall see how manfully he strove against being overwhelmed with inevitable calamities; and if we think him too much inclined to view mankind ill, we should reflect that he lived in such times as we have been describing, and had ill-treatment enough from mankind to render his best struggles for contentment at times hard, and that he preserved his friendships to the last.

The fortuitous disappointments of life may be borne with

* RUSSELL'S *History of England*.

a humble patience, the virtue in misery; the disappointments which our fellow-creatures inflict by their falseness and wickedness, are apt in a degree to make generous natures misanthropic; but even then their best feelings do but retreat from their advanced posts—retire within, and cling with greater love and resolution to the home fortress, fortified and sustained by a little army of dear friends. So it was with Swift: out in the world he was the traveller Gulliver —but the best friendships made his world his home. Even in the strictest sense of *home*, such a home as Swift had, of so strange a home-love, we know not to what great degree we should look on that with pity. It is to be hoped, not one of his revilers have had his miseries—which even his friend was with tears requested not to look into.

The animosities of Whigs and Tories were extreme. Swift declared himself a Whig in politics, a Tory as high-churchman. In the course of political experience, it is evident one of the principles must give way. Swift saw to what the Whig policy tended: the higher interests prevailed with him—he joined the Tories. Giant as he was, we are not surprised at the strong expressions of the essayist whom we have before quoted: "Under Harley, Swift reigned, Swift was the Government, Swift was Queen, Lords, and Commons. There was tremendous work to do, and Swift did it all." We do not mean to say Swift was not a thorough man of the world; nor that he did not look to his own interests, as men of the world do; but at the same time, it would be hard to show that he was profligate as to political principle. He may have changed his views, or political principles may have shifted themselves. We firmly believe him to have been honest. But he left the Whig ranks. Having done so, he was too great not to be feared, and so hated—and is it too much to say that this Whig hatred with regard to him has come down to our day, and unforgiving as it is, as it

cannot persecute the man, persecutes his memory? It is next to impossible not to see that political rancour has directed and dipped into its own malignant gall the pen of Lord Jeffrey, who in that essay, which has now become cheap railway reading, heaps all possible abuse on Swift, ascribing to him all bad motives—is furiously wroth with him even now, because he abandoned the Whigs. It is the very burden of his vituperative essay. He (Swift) is a political apostate, and a libeller of the Whigs against his conscience; and this, Lord Jeffrey gathers from his letters. Indeed! and was it in Lord Jeffrey's mind so dreadful an offence (if true) this writing against his conscience, and to be discovered in private letters, at supposed variance with published documents, by this said Dean? We fear Lord Jeffrey was not aware that he was passing a very severe censure upon his own conduct when he wrote thus of Swift; for we remember reading a letter by the said Lord Jeffrey in entire contradiction to that which, as Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, he had given out to the world. In this private letter, published in his "Life," he writes in perfect terror, and in the deepest despair of the nation, arising from the dangerous tendency of articles in that *Review*, with, as we conceive, a very poor apology, that he could not restrain his ardent writers. Party blinded him then, and thus he vents his rancour further, forgetful of the lampoons of the Whig Tom Moore, the *Twopenny Post-bag*, and a long list—and of the Whig Byron, and his doings in that line. "In all situations the Tories have been the greatest libellers, and, as is fitting, the great prosecutors of libels." Lord Jeffrey, when he wrote this, was as forgetful of his own party as of himself in particular—of the many personalities in his own review, as of Whig writings. Unfortunately for them, they were not so gifted with wit as their opponents, but their malignity on that account was the greater. What is to be said of Lord

Holland's note-book? But Lord Jeffrey was not the one to condemn, however others might be justified in doing so, even personal libels, which, in his own case, as editor and political Whig agent, he justifies, and, more than that, sets up a principle to maintain his justification. It would appear that one of his contributors had been shocked at the personal libels in the *Edinburgh*, and had remonstrated. Jeffrey thus defends the practice: "To come, for instance, to the attacks on the person of the Sovereign. Many people, and I profess myself to be one, may think such a proceeding at variance with the dictates of good taste, of dangerous example, and repugnant to good feelings; and therefore will not themselves have recourse to it." (Here his memory should have hinted—

"Qui facit per alium facit per se.")

"Yet," he continues, "it would be difficult to deny that it is, or may be, a lawful weapon to be employed in the great and eternal contest between the court and the country. Can there be any doubt that the personal influence and personal character of the Sovereign is an element, and a pretty important element, in the practical constitution of the government, and always forms part of the strength or weakness of the administration he employs? In the abstract, therefore, I cannot think that attempts to weaken that influence, to abate a dangerous popularity, or even to excite odium towards a corrupt and servile ministry, by making the prince, on whose favour they depend, generally contemptible or hateful, are absolutely to be interdicted or protested against. Excesses, no doubt, may be committed. But the system of attacking abuses of power, by attacking the person who instigates or carries them through by general popularity or personal influence, is lawful enough, I think, and may *form a large scheme of Whig opposition*—not the best or the noblest part, certainly, but one not without its use,

and that may, on some occasions, be altogether indispensable."—*Letter to Francis Horner, Esq., 12th March* 1815.

The semi-apologetic qualifying expressions "against good taste and feeling," only make one smile, as showing the clear sin against conscience, in thus falling into or recommending the large scheme of Whig opposition. One might imagine him to have been one of Mr Puff's conspirators in his tragedy, who had manufactured from the play a particularly Whig party-prayer—a prayer to their god of battle, whoever he was, certainly one a mighty assistant in such conspiracies.

> "Behold thy votaries submissive beg,
> That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask;
> Assist them to accomplish all their ends,
> And sanctify whatever means they use
> To gain them."—*The Critic.*

Every one will now agree, of course, with Lord Jeffrey, that the Tories have ever been the great libellers!!!

Was it ever known that Tom Moore, or even the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, were prosecuted!! We do not justify Swift in all his libels—some bad enough. They were strange times, and of no common license; and who was more licentiously attacked than Swift himself? And he knew how to retaliate, and he did it terribly and effectually. Many badly-written things were ascribed to Swift which he did not write. But we must not take the code of manners of one age, and a more refined age, and utterly condemn, by reference to them, the manners of another, as a chargeable offence against an individual. Much that Swift wrote could not be written now; much that was written by Mr Thackeray's other "Humourists" could not be written now; and yet the objections are on the score of manners wanting in refinement, and not that morals were offended. In Swift's time, both in literature and politics, men wrote coarsely, and acted some-

what coarsely too; for they wrote in disgust, which was scarcely lessened by a fear of the pillory. Retaliations were severe. De Foe, who knew well what political prosecution was, wrote thus on Lord Haversham's speech: "But fate, that makes foot-balls of men, kicks some up stairs and some down; some are advanced without honour, others suppressed without infamy; some are raised without merit, some are crushed without crime; and no man knows, by the beginning of things, whether his course shall issue in a peerage or a pillory"—in most witty and satiric allusion to Lord Haversham's and his own condition. Swift's *Account of the Court and Empire of Japan*, written in 1728, is no untrue representation of the factions and ministerial profligacy of that period. The Dean, as an Irish patriot—for he heartily took up the cause of Ireland—was persecuted, and a reward of £300 offered for the discovery of the author of one of the Drapier's Letters. The anecdote told on this occasion is very characteristic of Swift. He was too proud to live in fear of any man. His butler, whom alone he trusted, conveyed these letters to the printer. When the proclamation of reward came out, this servant strolled from the house, and staid out all night and part of next day. It was feared he had betrayed his master. When he returned, the Dean desired him instantly to strip himself of his livery, and ordered him to leave the house; "For," says he, "I know my life is in your power, and I will not bear, out of fear, either your insolence or negligence." The man was, however, honest and humble, and even desirous to be confined till the danger should be over. But his master turned him out. The sequel should be told. When the time of information had expired, he received the butler again; and "soon afterwards ordered him and the rest of the servants into his presence, without telling his intentions, and bade them take notice that their fellow-servant was no longer Robert the

butler, but that his integrity had made him Mr Blakeney, Verger of St Patrick's, whose income was between thirty and forty pounds a-year." As it has fallen in the way to give this narrative of his conduct to a deserving servant, it may not be amiss, in this place, to offer a pendant; and it may be given the more readily, as those who wish to view him as a misanthropic brute, and they who would commend him for his humanity, may make it their text for their praise or their abuse. "A poor old woman brought a petition to the deanery; the servant read the petition, and turned her about her business. Swift saw it, and had the woman brought in, warmed and comforted with bread and wine, and dismissed the man for his inhumanity."

To revert, however, to his political course. When the Tory Ministry was broken up, he never swerved from his friendships, nor did he court one probable future minister at the expense of the other. Indeed, at the beginning of the break-up, he clung the more closely to Harley, the dismissed minister. But even this conduct has been misrepresented, by those who viewed all his actions upside down, as a deep policy, that he might be sure of a friend at court whichever side might ultimately win.

That he might appear wanting in no *possible impossible* vice, avarice has been added to the number adduced. Even Johnson charges his economy upon his "love of a shilling." This does appear to us, after much examination of data, a very gratuitous accusation. His early habits were necessarily those of a poor man; he never was a rich one; and he was far above the meanness of enlarging his means at the expense of his deanery, its present interests, or of his successor, by any selfish regard to fines. Due economy is often taken to be avarice. Nor does it follow that reasonable parsimony, when constantly practised for a worthy purpose, *is* avarice. Such avarice is at least not uncommon in great and good minds.

Swift so often made it known that he had a good object, and also fulfilled it, that it seems quite malicious to forget his motives, and to ascribe his by no means large accumulations to a miserly disposition. He did not, in fact, after all, leave a very ample endowment for his hospital for the insane. The first £500 which he could call his own he devoted to loans, in small sums, to poor yet industrious men. Had he been avaricious, he might have accumulated a fortune by his writings. A very small sum (we believe for his *Gulliver*) was the only payment received for all his writings. Had he been naturally avaricious, he would not have returned, with marked displeasure, a donation sent him by Harley. There was a sturdy manliness in his pride which forbade him to incur serious debt; and this pride caused him to measure nicely, or rather say frugally, his expenditure. He had, indeed, a "love of a shilling," as he ought to have had, for he knew for what purpose he husbanded it. We know an instance of seeming parsimony that originated in, and was itself, an admirable virtue. It was in rather humble life. The man had given up his little patrimony—his all—to the maintenance of two sisters, whom he truly loved; and when he went out into the world, trusting to his industry alone, he made a vow to himself that the half of every shilling he could save should go to his sisters. This man drove hard bargains; by habit he came to think that what he spent idly was a half robbery. Many a hard name, doubtless, was cast at this tender-hearted man in his progress through little-knowing and ill-judging society.

We do not attempt a delineation of Swift's character. We are conscious that it was too great for our pen. It must be a deep philosophy that is able to search into such a mind, and bring all the seeming contradictions into order, and sift his best qualities, from their mixture of eccentricities, from a real or imaginary insanity. This part of the subject has been

ably treated, and with medical discrimination, by Mr Wilde in his *Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*, from whose work we gladly quote some just animadversions upon his vituperators.

"To the slights thrown upon his memory by the Jeffreys, Broughams, Macaulays, De Quinceys, and other modern *literati*, answers and refutations have been already given. Of these attacks, which exhibit all the bitterness of contemporary and personal enmity, it is only necessary to request a careful analysis, when they will be found to be gross exaggerations of some trivial circumstances, but written in all the unbecoming spirit of partisanship; while the opinions of his contemporaries, Harley, Bolingbroke, Pope, Arbuthnot, Delany, &c., are a sufficient guarantee for the opinion which was entertained of Swift by those who knew him best and longest."

It was well said, with reference to Jeffrey's article in the *Edinburgh Review*, "but Swift is dead, as Jeffrey well knew when he reviewed his works." If men of mark will be so unjust, unscrupulous, uncharitable, as to apply "base perfidy" to such a man as Swift, no wonder if the small fry of revilers, whose lower minds could never by any possibility rise to the conception of such a character as Swift, should lift their shrieking voices to the same notes, as if they would claim a vain consequence by seeming to belong to the pack. Mr Howitt alludes to the discarded story which we have noticed, the slander at Kilroot, and grounds upon it a charge of "dissipated habits" in his youth. This writer, lacking the ability and influence of the superior libellers, gives vent to such expressions as "selfish tyranny," "wretched shuffler," "contemptible fellow."

It is a vile thing, this vice of modern times—this love of pulling down the names of great men of a past age—of blotting and slurring over every decent epitaph written in men's hearts about them. That men of note themselves

should fall into it, is but a sad proof that rivalry and partisanship in politics make the judgment unjust. We remember the reproof Canning gave to Sir Samuel Romilly, no common man, who indeed acknowledged Mr Pitt's talents, but denied that he was a great man. "Heroic times are these we live in," said Canning, "with men at our elbow of such gigantic qualities as to render those of Pitt ordinary in the comparison. Ah! who is there living, in this house or out of it, who, taking measure of his own mind or that of his coevals, can be justified in pronouncing that William Pitt was not a great man?" Of all our modern revilers of Swift, the pullers to pieces of his fame and character, is there any that might not shrink from putting his own measure of either to the comparison? Political hatred lasts too long—it reverses the law of canonisation: if there is to be worship, it must be immediate. A century destroys it; but enmity survives.

> "Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
> And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
> But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on," &c.

We commenced with the intention of reviewing Mr Thackeray's Lectures, but have stopped short at his life of Swift, and yet feel that we have but touched upon the subject-matter relating to that great man; and hope to refer to it, with some notice and extracts from his works, at a future time.

And what is Swift? What is any dead man that we should defend his name, which is nothing but a name—and not that to *him?* What is Swift to us, more than "Hecuba" to the poor player, or "he to Hecuba," that we should rise with indignation to plead his cause? Praise or blame to the man dead a century and more, is nothing for him, no, nor to any one of his race (for affections of that kind are lost in a wide distribution.) Shakespeare makes even honour of a shorter date. "What is honour to him who died o' Wednes-

day?" Very soon individual man melts away from his individuality, and merges into the general character; he becomes quite an undistinguishable part of the whole generation; his appearance unknown. Could the great and the small visit us from the dead—they who "rode on white asses," and they who were gibbeted—they whom the "king delighted to honour," and they whom the hangman handled—there is no "usher of black rod" that could call them out by their names. Their individualities are gone—their names must go in search of them in vain—they will fasten nowhere with certainty—none know which is which. Let Cæsar come with his murderers, and who shall tell which is Cæsar? After a generation, there is no one on earth to grieve for the guilty or unfortunate, unless in a fiction or tale. We laugh at the weeping lady who puts her tears to the account of the "anniversary of the death of poor dear Queen Elizabeth." Feelings and affections of past ages are all gone, and become but a cold history, that the poet or the romance-writer may warm again in their sport. They no longer belong to those who had them. While memory and affection last there is a kind of vitality, but it soon goes. "Non omnis moriar" is a motto to be translated elsewhere. The atmosphere of fame, for this earth, rises, like that we breathe, but a little way above it, and is ever shifting.

But if the individual thus melts away, not so the general character; that will remain—and in that the living are concerned. We deem it a part of a true philanthropy if we can pull out one name from the pit of defamation into which it has been unhandsomely thrust, and can place it upon the record of our general nature, that our common humanity may be raised, and, as much as may be, glorified thereby. Such has been our motive (for with this motive alone is Swift anything to us), and we hope we have succeeded in rescuing one of nature's great men from unmerited obloquy.

We have spoken freely of Mr Thackeray's Lectures, with reference to his character of Swift.

We believe that he has unfortunately followed a lead; and, in so doing, has been encouraged to a bias by his natural gift—satire. We say not this to his dispraise. Like other natural gifts, the satiric puts out ever its polyp feelers, and appropriates whatever comes within its reach, and promises nutriment. It is not indeed likely, in this our world, to be starved for lack of sustenance; nor would society be the better if it were. But we do doubt if it be quite the talent required in a biographer. We would not have Mr Thackeray abate one atom of the severity of his wit; and we believe him to have an abhorrence of everything vicious, mean, and degrading, and that his purpose in all his writings is to make vice odious. He habitually hunts that prey: having seen the hollowness of professions, he drives his merciless pen through it, and sticks the culprit upon its point, and draws him out upon the clean sheet, and blackens him, and laughs at the figure he has made of him. A writer of such a stamp ought to be considered, what he really is, a moralist—therefore a benefactor in our social system.

But with this power, let him touch the living vices till they shrink away cowed. The portraiture of the vices of men who lived a century or more ago, real or imaginary, may only serve to feed the too flagrant vice of the living—self-congratulating vanity. If then he must write, or lecture, on biography, we would earnestly recommend him to do it with a fear of himself. His other works have contributed many hours of delight to the days of most of us; and in the little volume before us, setting aside his lecture on Swift, there is much to amuse and to instruct. The sharp contrasting choice of his positions, and easy natural manner, not forcing but enticing the reader to reflection, must ever make Mr Thackeray a popular writer. Were he less sure of the public

ear, and the public voice in his favour, we should not have endeavoured to rescue the character of Swift from his grasp; and we believe him to be of that generous nature to rejoice, if we have, as we hope, been successful in the attempt. We cannot speak too highly of Mr Thackeray as one most accomplished in his art: his style, eminently English, is unmistakably plain and energetic. It is original—so curt, yet so strong; there is never amplification without a purpose, nor without the charm of a new image. Thoughts are clad in the words that best suit them. With him, pauses speak; and often a full stop, unexpected in a passage, is eloquent. You think that he has not said all, because he has said so little: yet that little is all; and there is left suggestion for feelings which words would destroy. He is never redundant. So perfect is this his art that his very restraint seems an *abandon*. He knows when and how to gain the credit of forbearance, where in fact there is none. In his mastery over this his peculiar manner, he brings it to bear upon the pathetic or the ridiculous with equal effect; and, like a consummate satirist, makes even the tragic more tragic, more ghastly, by a slight connection with the light, the ridiculous, a certain air of indifference. We instance the passage of the death of Rawdon, in his *Vanity Fair*. Few are the words, but there is a history in them. The apparent carelessness in dismissing his hero reminds one of that in Richard the Third.

"The Lady Anne hath bade the world good-night."

His strongest ridicule is made doubly ridiculous by the gravity he tacks to it. It sticks like a burr upon the habit of his unfortunate victim. He puts the rags of low motives upon seeming respectability, and makes presumption look beggarly —effecting that which the Latin satirist says real poverty does —*ridiculos homines facit*. Most severe in his indifference, his light playfulness is fearfully Dantesque; it is ever onward,

as if sure of its catastrophe. We do not know any author who can say so much in few common words. These are characteristics of genius. It has often been said, and perhaps with truth, that the reader shuts the book uncomfortable, not very much in love with human nature: we are by no means sure that this is absolutely wrong; such is the feeling on looking at Hogarth's pictures. It was the author's intention, in both cases, to be a moral satirist, not a romance-writer. It has been objected that he allows the vicious too much success; but he may plead that so it is in life: even the Psalmist expressed his surprise at the prosperity of the wicked. There is truth to the life in this treatment: a certain seeming success tells not the whole. It is a more serious charge that he has made virtue and goodness insipid. We wish he could persuade himself that there is romance in real life, and that it is full of energies; its true portraiture would give a grace to his works. Cervantes and Le Sage were not all satire; their beautiful touches of romance hurt not the general character of their works; the fantastic frame-lines mar not the pathos of the picture. With this recommendation we close our paper, with trust in the good sense and good feeling of Mr Thackeray, rejoiced to think that his powerful genius is in action: whatever vein he may be in, he will be sure to instruct and amuse, and accumulate fame to himself. If the virtues do not look their very best, when he ushers them into company, at least vice will never have to boast of gentle treatment—he will make it look as it deserves; and if he does not always thrust it out of doors in rags and penury, he will set upon it, and leave its further punishment for conjecture.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

[SEPTEMBER 1854.]

It is the common practice of innovators to set up a loud cry against long-received opinions which favour them not, and the word prejudice is the denunciation of "mad dog." But prejudices, like human beings who hold them, are not always "*so bad as they seem.*" They are often the action of good, natural instincts, and often the results of ratiocinations whose processes are forgotten. Let us have no "Apology" for a long-established prejudice; ten to one but it can stand upon its own legs, and needs no officious supporter, who simply apologises for it.

We have had philosophers who have told us there is really no such thing as beauty, consequently there can be no such thing as taste; that it is a mere idea, an unaccountable prejudice somehow or other engendered in the brain. And though there exists not a head in the universe without a portion of this disorder-breeding brain, the philosopher persists that the product is a worthless nonentity, and altogether out of the nature of things. We maintain, however, in favour of prejudices and tastes—that there are real grounds for both; and, presuming not to be so wise as to deny the evidences of

An Apology for the Colouring of the Greek Court. By Owen Jones. London, 1854.

our senses, and conclusions of our minds, think it scarcely worth while to unravel the threads of our convictions. In matters of science we marvel and can believe almost anything; but in our tastes and feelings we naturally, and by an undoubting instinct, shrink from the touch of an innovator, as we would shun the heel of a donkey.

Whenever an innovator of this kind sets up "An Apology" for his intended folly, we invariably feel that he means a very audacious insult upon our best perceptions. The worst of it is, he is not one easily put aside—he will labour to get a commission into your house, ransack it to its sewers, and turn it out of windows. He is the man that must ever be doing. He will think himself entitled to perambulate the world with his pot of polychrome in his hand, and bedaub every man's door-post; and if multitudes—the whole offended neighbourhood—rush out to upset his pot and brush, he will laugh in their faces, defend his plastering instruments, and throw to them with an air his circular, "An Apology;" and perhaps afterwards knock the doors down for an authorised payment. Such a one shall get no "Apology"-pence out of us.

We are prejudiced—we delight in being prejudiced—will continue prejudiced as long as we live, and will entertain none but prejudiced friends. There are things we will believe, and give no reasons for, for ever; and things we never will believe, whatever reasons are to be given in their favour. We think the man who said, "Of course, I believe it, if you say you saw it; but I would not believe it if I saw it myself," used an irresistible argument of good sound prejudice, mixed with discretion. It is better, safer, and honester, to bristle up like a hedgehog, and let him touch who dares, than to sit and be smoothed and smoothed over with oily handling of sophisticated arguments, till every decent palpable roughness of reason is taken from you.

Reader, do you like white marble? "What a question!"

you will ask—"do you suppose me to have no eyes? Do not all people covet it—import it from Carrara? Do not sculptors, as sculptors have done in all ages, make statues from it—monuments, ornaments, and costly floors?" Of course, everybody loves white marble. Then, reader, if such is your taste, you are a prejudiced ignoramus; you belong to that age "devoid of the capacity to appreciate and the power to execute works of art" —that age which certain persons profess to *illuminate*. You are now, under the new dictators of taste, to know that you had no business to admire white marble,*—that you are so steeped in this old prejudice that it will require a long time before you can eradicate this stain of a vile admiration, although your teachers have acquired a true knowledge in an incredible time. You must put yourself under the great colourman of the great Crystal Palace, Mr Owen Jones, who, if he does not put out your eyes in the experiments he will set before you, will at least endeavour to convince you that you are a fool of the first water. But beware how you don his livery of motley. Hear him: "Under this influence (the admiration of white marble), however, we have been born and bred, and it requires time to shake off the trammels which such early education leaves." You have sillily believed that the Athenians built with marble because of its beauty,—that the Egyptians thought there was beauty in granite. You thought in your historical dream that he who found the city of brick, and left it of marble, had done something whereof he might reasonably boast. You have been egregiously mistaken. If you ever read that the Greeks and Romans, and other people since their times civilised, sent great distances for marble for their palaces and statues, you must put

* White marble.—This contempt of white marble is about as wise as Walpole's contempt of white teeth, which gave rise to his well-known expression, "The gentleman with the foolish teeth." Yet though a people have been known to paint their teeth black, white teeth, as white marble, will keep their fashion.

it down in your note-book of new "historic doubts." You learn a fact you never dreamed of, from Mr Owen Jones. They merely used it (marble) because it lay accidentally at their feet. He puts the richest colouring of his contempt on "the artificial value which white marble has in our eyes." Learn the real cause of its use: "The Athenians built with marble, because they found it almost beneath their feet, and also from the same cause which led the Egyptians to employ granite, which was afterwards painted—viz. because it was the most enduring, and capable of receiving a higher finish of workmanship." He maintains that so utterly regardless were these Greeks of any supposed beauty in marble—especially white marble—that they took pains to hide every appearance of its texture; that they not only painted it all over, but covered it with a coating of stucco. Listen to an oracle that, we will answer for it, never came from Delphi, that no Pythia in her madness ever conceived, and that, if uttered in the recesses, would have made Apollo shake his temple to pieces.

"To what extent were white marble temples painted and ornamented? I would maintain that they were *entirely* so; that neither the colour of the marble, nor even its surface, was preserved; and that preparatory to the ornamenting and colouring of the surface, the whole was covered with a thin coating of stucco, something in the nature of a gilder's ground, to stop the absorption of the colours by the marble."

"A thin coat of stucco!" and no exception with respect to statues — to be applied wherever the offensive white marble showed its unblushing nakedness and beauty!! Let us imagine it tested on a new statue—thus stucco over, however thin, Mr Bayley's Eve, or Mr Power's Greek Slave —the thought is enough to make the sculptor go mad, and commit a murder on himself or the plasterer—to see all his fine, his delicate chisellings obliterated! all the nice markings, the scarcely perceptible dimplings, gone! for let the coat of stucco be thin as a wafer, it must, according to that

thickness, enlarge every rising and diminish the spaces between them: thus all true proportion must be lost; between two risings the space must be less. "What fine chisel," says our immortal Shakespeare, "could ever yet cut breath?" How did he imagine, in these few words, the living motion of the "breath of life" in the statue! and who doubts either the attempt or the success so to represent perfect humanity, when he looks at the finest antique statues? Let an audacious innovator dare to daub one of them with his coat of stucco, and all the chiselling of the life, breath, and motion is annihilated. It must be so, whatever be the thickness of the coat; though it be but a nail-paring it must diminish risings and hollows, and all nicer touches must disappear. We should heartily desire to see the innovator suffocated in his plaster and paint-pot, that in his suffering he may know it is a serious thing to knock the life-breath out of the body even of a statue.

"Nec lex est justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ."

There is one slight objection to our getting rid of this prejudice in favour of white marble which we suggest to Mr Owen Jones, and all the "Stainers'" Company—the unseemly blots we shall have to make in the fairest pages of poetry, old and new. Albums will, of course, be ruined, and a general smear, bad as a "coat of stucco," be passed over the whole books of beauties who have "dreamed they dwelt in marble halls." The new professors, polychromatists, must bring out, if they are able, new editions of all our classics. How must this passage from Horace provoke their bile—

"Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore purius?"

And when, after being enchanted by the "grata protervitas," he adds the untranslatable line,

"Et Vultus nimium lubricus aspici,"

we can almost believe, with that bad taste which Mr Owen Jones will condemn, that he had in the full eye of his admiration the polished, delicately defined charm of the Parian marble.

It was a clown's taste to daub the purity; and first he daubed his own face, and the faces of his drunken rabble. He would have his gods made as vulgar as himself; and then, doubtless, there was many a wooden, worthless idol, the half joke and veneration of the senseless clowns, painted as fine as vermilion could make them.

> "Agricola et minio suffusus, Bacche, rubente,
> Primus inexpertâ duxit ab arte choros."—TIB.

But to suppose that Praxiteles and Phidias could endure to submit their loveliest works to be stuccoed and *solidly* painted over with vermilion, seems to us to suppose a perfect impossibility. That they could not have willingly allowed the defilement we have shown by the nature of their work, all the nicety of touch and real proportion of parts lying under the necessity of alteration, and consequently damage, thereby. Whatever apparent proof might be adduced that such statues were painted—and we doubt the proof, as we will endeavour to show—we do not hesitate to say that the daubings and plasterings must have been the doing of a subsequent less cultivated people, and possibly at the demand of a vulgarised mobocracy. The clown at our pantomimes is the successor to the clown who smeared his face with wine-lees, and passed his jokes while he gave orders to have his idol painted with vermilion. Yet though it must be impossible that Phidias or Praxiteles would have allowed solid coats of paint or stucco, or both, to have ruined the works of their love and genius, under the presuming title "historical evidence," an anecdote is culled from the amusing gossip Pliny to show what Praxiteles thought of it. "There is a passage in Pliny which is de-

cisive, as soon as we understand the allusion. Speaking of Nicias (lib. xxxv. cap. 11), he says that Praxiteles, when asked which of his marble works best satisfied him, replied, "Those which Nicias has had under his hands." "So much," adds Pliny, "did he prize the finishing of Nicias,"—(*tantum circumlitioni ejus tribuebat*). This "finishing of Nicias," by its location, professes to be a translation from Pliny, which it is not. Had the writer adopted the exact wording of the old English translation, from which he seems to have taken the former portion of the sentence, it would not have suited his purpose, but it would have been more fair: it is thus, "So much did he attribute unto his vernish and polishing"—which contradicts the solid painting. Pliny is rather ambiguous with regard to this Nicias—whether he was the celebrated one or no. But it should be noticed that the anecdote, as told in Mr Owen Jones' "Apology," is intended to show that the painter's skill, as a painter, was added—substantially added—to the work of Praxiteles, whereas this Nicias may have been one who was nice in the making and careful in the use of his varnish; and we readily grant that some kind of varnishing or polishing may have been used over the statues, both for lustre and protection. Certainly at one time, though we would not say there is proof as to the time of Phidias, such varnishes, or rather waxings, were in use. Yet even if it were the celebrated Nicias to whom the anecdote refers, we cannot for a moment believe he would have touched substantially, as a painter, any work of Praxiteles. Yet as genius is ever attached to genius, he may have supplied to Praxiteles the means of giving that polish which he gave to his own works, and probably aided him in the operation, not "had under his hands," as translated—"quibus manum *admovisset*." Pliny had in his eye the very *modus operandi* of the encaustic process, the holding heated iron within a certain distance of

the object. But what was the operation? Does the text authorise anything like the painting the statue? Certainly not. And however triumphantly it is brought forward, there is a hitch in the argument which must be confessed.

In making this confession, it would have been as well to have referred to Pliny himself for the meaning. Pliny uses the verb *illinebat* in grammatical relation to *circumlitio*, in the sense of varnishing, in that well-known passage in which he speaks of the varnish used by Apelles—"Unum imitari nemo potuit quod absoluta opera *illinebat* atramento ita tenui," &c.

The meaning of this passage hangs on the word *circumlitio*. Winckelmann follows the mass of commentators in understanding this as referring to some mode of *polishing* the statues. "But Quartremère de Quincey, in his magnificent work *Le Jupiter Olympien*, satisfactorily shows this to be untenable, not only "because no sculptor could think of preferring such of his statues as had been better polished, but also because Nicias being a *painter*, not a sculptor, his services must have been those of a painter." If these are the only "becauses" of Quartremère de Quincey, they are anything but satisfactory; for a sculptor may esteem all his works as equal, and then prefer such as had the advantage of Nicia's *circumlitio*. Nor does the *because* of Nicias being a painter at all define the *circumlitio* to be a plastering with stucco, or a thick daubing with vermilion; for, be it borne in mind, this vermilion painting is always spoken of as a solid coating. As to Nicias's services, "What were they?" asks the author of the *Historical Evidence in Mr Jones's Apology*. "Nicias was an *encaustic painter*, and hence it is clear that his *circumlitio*, his mode of finishing the statues, so highly prized by Praxiteles, must have been the application of encaustic painting to those parts which the sculptor wished to have ornamented. For it is quite idle to suppose a sculptor like Praxiteles would allow

another sculptor to *finish* his works. The rough work may be done by other hands, but the finishing is always left to the artist. The statue completed, there still remained the painter's art to be employed, and for that Nicias is renowned." —Indeed! This is exceedingly childish: first the truism that one sculptor would not have another to *finish* his work—of course, not; and then that the work was not finished until the painter had regularly, according to his best skill and art —which art and skill are required—been employed in the painting it as he would paint a picture, "*for which he was renowned;*"—that is, variously colour all the parts—till he had variously coloured hair and eyes, and put in varieties of flesh tones, show the blue veins beneath, and all that a painter *renowned* for these things was in the habit of doing in his pictures. If this be not the meaning of this author, and the object of Mr Owen Jones in making such a parade of it, he or the writer writes without any fixed ideas, and all this assumption, all this absurd theory, is after all built upon a word which these people are determined to misunderstand, and yet upon which they cannot help but express the doubt. But why should there be any doubt at all? As far as we can see, the word is a plain word, and explains itself very well, and even expresses its *modus operandi.* A writer acquainted with such a schoolboy book as Ainsworth's Dictionary might have relieved his mind as to any doubts or forced construction of *circumlitio;* he might have found there, that the word comes from *Lino*, to smear, from *Leo*, the same — and that *Circum* in the composition shows the action, the mode of smearing. Nay, he is referred to two passages in Pliny, the very one from which the quotation in the *Historical Evidence* is taken, and to another in the same author, Pliny—and authors generally explain themselves—where the word is used in reference to the application of medicinal unguents. We can readily grant that the ancient sculptors did employ

recipes of the most skilful persons in making unctuous varnishes, which they rubbed into the marble as a preservative, and also to bring out more perfectly the beauty of the marble texture—not altogether to hide it. It may be, without the least concession towards Mr Owen Jones's painting theory, as readily granted that they gave this unctuous composition a warm tone, with a little vermilion, as many still do to their varnishes. Pliny himself, in his 33d book, chap. vii., gives such a recipe: White Punic wax, melted with oil, and laid on hot; the work afterwards to be well rubbed over with cerecloths. To return to the "Circumlitio," we have the word, only with *super* instead of *circum*, used in the application of a varnish by the Monk Theophilus, of the tenth century, who, if he did not take the word from Pliny, and therefore in Pliny's sense, may be taken for quite as good *Latin* authority. After describing the method of making a varnish of oil and a gum—"gummi quod vocatur fornis"—he adds, "Hoc glutine omnis pictura superlinita, fit et decora ac omnino durabilis." The two words Superlitio and Circumlitio,*—the first applicable to such a surface as a picture; the last to statues, which present quite another surface. But if it could be proved—and it cannot—that the works of Praxiteles were in Mr Owen Jones's sense painted over, would that justify the colouring the frieze of the Parthenon, the work of Phidias, who preceded Praxiteles more than a century, during which many abominations in taste may have been introduced? We are quite aware that, at a barbarous period, images of gods, probably mostly those of wood, were painted over with vermilion, as a sacred colour and one of triumph. We extract from the old translation of Pliny this passage: "There is found also in silver mines a mineral

* "*Circumlitio.*"—See Mr Henning's evidence before Committee of House of Commons on the preservation of stone by application of hot wax penetrating the stone, and his mode of using it, similar to the encaustic process.

called minium, *i. e.* vermilion, which is a colour at this day of great price and estimation, like as it was in the old time; for the ancient Romans made exceeding great account of it, not only for pictures, but also for divers sacred and holy uses. And verily Verrius allegeth and rehearseth many authors whose credit ought not to be disproved, who affirm that the manner was in times past to paint the very face of Jupiter's image on high and festival daies with vermilion: as also that the valiant captains who rode in triumphant manner into Rome had in former times their bodies covered all over therewith; after which manner, they say, noble Camillus entered the city in triumph. And even to this day, according to that ancient and religious custom, ordinary it is to colour all the unguents that are used in a festival supper, at a solemne triumph, with vermilion. And no one thing do the Censors give charge and order for to be done, at their entrance into office, before the painting of Jupiter's image with minium." Yet Pliny does not say much in favour of the practice, for he adds: "The cause and motive that induced our ancestors to this ceremony I marvel much at, and cannot imagine what it should be." The Censors did but follow a vulgar taste to please the vulgar, for whom no finery can be too fine, no colours too gaudy. However refined the Athenian taste, we know from their comedies they had their vulgar ingredient: there could be no security among them even for the continuance in purity of the genius which gave them the works of Phidias and Praxiteles; nor were even these great artists perhaps allowed the exercise of their own noble minds. The Greeks had no permanent virtues—no continuance of high perceptions: as these deteriorated, their great simplicity would naturally yield to petty ornament. They of Elis, who appointed the descendants of Phidias to the office of preserving from injury his statue of Jupiter Olympius, did little if they neglected to secure their education also in the principles

of the taste of Phidias. The conservators would in time be the destroyers; and simply because they must do, and knew not what to do. When images—their innumerable idols—were carried in processions, they were of course dressed up, not for veneration, but show. We know that in very early times their gods were carried about in shrines, and, without doubt, tricked up with dress and daubings, pretty much as are, at this day, the Greek Madonnas. Venus and Cupid have descended down to our times in the painted Madonna and Bambino. Whatever people under the sun have ever had paint and finery, temples, gods, and idols have had their share of them. We need no proofs, and it is surprising we have so few with respect to the great works of the ancients, that these corruptions would take place. It is in human nature: barbarism never actually dies; it is an ill weed, hard entirely to eradicate, and is ready to spring up in the most cultivated soils. The vulgar mind will make its own Loretto: imagination and credulity want no angels but themselves to convey anywhere a "*santa casa;*" nor will there be wanting brocade and jewels, the crown and the *peplos*, for the admiration of the ignorant. Are a few examples, if found and proved, and of the best times—which is not clear—to establish the theory as good in taste, or in any way part of the intention of the great sculptors? If authorities adduced, and to be adduced, are worth anything, they must go a great deal farther. Take, for instance, a passage from Pausanias, lib. ii. c. 11: Καὶ Ὑγείας δ' ἐσι κατα ταυτον αγαλμα οὐκ αν οὐδὲ τοῦτο ἴδοις ῥᾳδίως, οὕτω, περιεχουσιν ἀυτὸ κόμαι τε γυναικῶν άαι χειρονται τῇ Θεῷ, καὶ ἐσθῆτός Βαβυλωνίας τελαμῶνες. "And after the same manner is a statue of Hygeia, which you may not easily see, it is so completely covered with hair of the women who have shorn themselves in honour of the goddess, and also with the fringes of the Babylonish vest." Here, surely, is quite sufficient authority for Mr Jones to procure ample and variously-coloured wigs

for the Venus de Medicis, and other statues, and to order a committee of milliners to devise suitable vesture. Images of this kind were mostly made of wood, easy to be carried about; and were often, doubtless, made likest life, for the deception as of the real presence of a deity. The view of art was lost when imposture commenced. Mr Jones admits that the Greek sculptors did not intend exact imitation, but his theory goes so close to it, it would be difficult to say where it stops short. Indeed, he had better at once go the whole way, or we may better say, "the whole hog," with bristle brushes, for when he has got rid of the "*prejudice*" in favour of white marble, his spectators will be satisfied with nothing less than wax-work.

Of late years we have been removing the whitewash from our cathedrals, thicker, by repetition, than Mr Owen Jones's prescribed coats of stucco. Should his theory prevail, we shall be again ashamed of stone; white-lime will be restored until funds shall be found for stucco, inside and out, as preparation for Mr Jones's bright blue and unmitigated vermilion and gold. It is frightful to imagine Mr Owen Jones and his paint-pot over every inch of Westminster Abbey, inside and out.

Let us take a nearer view of the historical evidence. We are told, "Ancient literature abounds with references and allusions to the practice of painting and dressing statues. Space prevents their being copiously cited here." We venture to affirm, that the lack of existence is greater than the lack of space, if by ancient literature is meant the best literature—the literature contemporary with the works of the great sculptors. There were poets and historians—can any quotation be given at all admissible as evidence? It is extraordinary that the advocates for the theory, if it were true, can find no passages in the poets. Is there nothing nearer than what Plato puts into the mouth of Socrates?

"Let it be remembered that Socrates was the son of a sculptor, and that Plato lived in Athens, acquainted with the great sculptors and their works; then read this passage, wherein Socrates employs by way of simile the practice of painting statues—'Just as if, when painting statues, a person should blame us for not placing the most beautiful colours on the most beautiful parts of the figure—inasmuch as the eyes, the most beautiful parts, were not painted purple but black,—we should answer him by saying, Clever fellow, do not suppose we are to paint eyes so beautifully that they should not appear to be eye.'—PLATO, *De Repub.*, lib. iv. This passage would long ago have settled the question, had not the moderns been preoccupied with the belief that the Greeks did not paint their statues; they therefore read the passage in another sense. Many translators read 'pictures' for 'statues.' But the Greek word Ανδριας signifies 'statue,' and is never used to signify 'picture.' It means statue, and a statuary is called the maker of such statues—Ανδριαντοποιος. (Mr Davis, in Bohn's English edition of Plato, avoids the difficulty by translating it 'human figures')." Mr Lloyd, in his remarks upon this passage, confesses that it does not touch the question concerning the painting the flesh, but refers to the eyes, lips, and ornaments. We object not to admit more than this, and, as we have before observed, that certain images, mostly of wood, were painted entirely, excepting where clothed; and, for argument's sake, admitting that Socrates alluded to these common images, if we may so speak, the ancestors of our common dolls, should we be justified in building a theory subversive of all good taste upon such an ambiguity? For nothing is here said of marble statues; and there is nothing to show that marble statues are meant. The writer in the "Apology" says, with an air of triumph, that Ανδριας always means statue, and never picture; but these were figures, that

he would call statues, of wood and of clay, and of little value—a kind of marketable goods for the vulgar, as we have already shown. But if the writer is determined to make them marble statues, and of the best, he might certainly have made his case the stronger; for when he says, and truly, that Socrates was the son of a sculptor, he forgets that Socrates was himself a sculptor,—and some have supposed him to have been a painter also, but Pliny is of another opinion. The three Graces in the court before the Acropolis of Athens were his work; and it is probably to the demands these Graces made upon his thoughts the philosopher alluded in his dialogue with Theodote the courtesan. She had invited him to her home; he excused himself that he had no leisure from his private and public affairs,—"and besides," he adds playfully, "I have φίλαι—female friends—at home who will not suffer me to absent myself from them day or night, learning, as they do from me, charms and powers of enticement." * So that we may suppose him to have been no mean statuary. Yet, considering that his mother followed the humble occupation of a midwife, and that consequently his father was not very rich, it may not be an out-of-the-way conjecture to suppose that the family trade may have had its humbler employments, of which the painting images may have borne a part. Ships had their images as well as temples, and we know that the ship's head was "Μιλτοπάρῃος." The custom has descended to our times. But we are not to take the word put by Plato into the mouth of Socrates—ανδριαντας—necessarily in the highest sense, and imagine he speaks of such works as those of Phidias or Praxiteles. Although the Greeks did distinguish the several words by which statues were understood, they were not very

* In the *Clouds*, Aristophanes makes Socrates swear by the Graces—σοφῶς γε νὴ τὰς χαρίτας—twitting him, as the scholiast remarks, upon his former employment, alluding to his work of the Graces.—*Clouds*, 771.

nice in the observance of the several uses. Ανδριαντας may have been applied to any representation of the human figure.* Ανδριαντοποιος, says the Apologist, was a statuary —so may have been said to be Ανδριαντοπλάσης, the modellest in clay or wax; but neither word is used by Socrates—simply Ανδριαντας (images). There is not a hint as to how, or with what materials, they were made. The scholiast on the passage in Aristophanes respecting the work of Socrates (the Graces), makes a distinction between ανδριαντας and αγαλματα—noticing that Socrates was the son of Sophroniscus, λιθοξόου, with whom he took his share in the polishing art, adding that he polished ανδριαντας λιθινους ἐλαξεύε, and that he made the "αγαλματα" of the three Graces. Now, let ανδριας be a statue, or human figure, of whatever material, and grant that some such figures had painted eyes, and probably partially coloured drapery, possibly the whole body painted—what then? they might have been low and inferior works. Who would think, from such data, of inferring a habit in the Greek sculptors of painting and plastering all their marble statues—asserting too, so audaciously, that we the moderns have, and not they, a prejudice in favour of white marble? But Mr Lloyd, in his note on this passage, with respect to Socrates (*vide* "Apology"), admits that it is no evidence of the colouring the flesh. "The passage is decisive, as far as it goes, but it does not touch the question of colouring the flesh. It proves that as late as Plato's time it was usual to apply colour to the eyes of statues; and assuming, what is not stated, that marble statues are in question, we are brought to the same point as by the Æginetan marbles, of which the eyes, lips, portions of the

† "Inter *statuas* Græci sic distinguunt teste Philandro, ut statuas Deorum vocent ἴδοιλα; Heroum ξοάνα; Regum ἀνδριαντας; Sapientum εἴκελα; Benemeritorum βρετια; quod tamen discrimen auctoribus non semper observatur." —HOFFMANN'S *Lexicon*.

armour and draperies, were found coloured. I forget whether the hair was found to be coloured, but the absence of traces of colour on the flesh, while they were abundant elsewhere, indicates that, if coloured at all, it must have been by a different and more perishable process—by a tint, or stain, or varnish. The Æginetan statues, being archaic, do not give an absolute rule for those of Phidias. The archaic Athenian bas-relief of a warrior, in excellent preservation, shows vivid colours on drapery and ornaments of armour, and the eyeballs were also coloured: here again there is no trace of colour on the flesh." But notwithstanding that no statue has been found with any trace of colour in the flesh, and not satisfied with Mr Lloyd's commentary, Mr Owen Jones seeks proof and confirmation of the sense of the quotation from Plato, in a caution given by Plutarch, thus mistranslated: "It is necessary to be very careful of statues, otherwise *the vermilion with which the ancient statues were coloured will quickly disappear.*" What kind of care is necessary? Plutarch uses the word γάνωσις, which means more than care—that a polishing or varnishing is necessary (if, as we may presume, they would preserve the old colouring of an archaic statue), because, not perhaps of the quick fading of the vermilion, as translated by Mr Lloyd, but the vermilion ἐξανθεῖ—effloresces; or, as we should say, comes up dry to the surface, leaving the vehicle with which it was put on. However, let the passage have all the meaning Mr Owen Jones can desire, it relates only to certain sacred figures at Rome, not in Greece, and which may have been, for anything that is known to the contrary, figures of sacred geese. How do these quotations show the practice of Phidias? In the first place, Plato, who narrates what Socrates said, was nearly a century after Phidias, and Plutarch nearly six hundred years after Phidias. On every account the authority of Plato would be preferable to that of Plutarch, who kept his school

at Rome, and was far more fond of raising questions than of affording accurate information.* Mr Owen Jones, however, in the plenitude of his imaginary triumph, outruns all his given authorities to authorities not given. He says: "There are abundant notices extant which illustrate it (the painting of statues). One will suffice. The celebrated marble statue of a Bacchante by Scopas is described as holding, in lieu of the Thyrsus, a dead roebuck, which is cut open, and the marble represents living flesh." We willingly excuse the blunder of the *living* flesh of a *dead* roebuck, ascribing it solely to the impetuosity of the genius of Mr Owen Jones, which, plunging into colouring matter, would vermilionise the palest face of Death. If paint could "create a soul under the ribs of death," he would do it.

We know not where to lay our hand upon the original account of this statue of the Bacchante of Scopas; but if it says no more than the Apologist says for it—that the marble represented "living flesh"—it does not necessarily imply colour. Here is a contradiction: if it be meant that by "living flesh" the colour of living flesh was represented—for that must be the argument—there must have been an attempt towards the exact imitation of nature. "In the first place," says Mr Owen Jones, arguing against the suggestion of coloured and veined marble having been used, "veins do not so run in marble as to represent flesh. In the second, unless statues were usually coloured, such veins, if they existed, would be regarded as terrible blemishes, and

* We do not presume to be critical upon the Bœotian schoolmaster's Greek; but no modern student would take him for an authority in prosody. He says the impetuosity of the genius of Homer hurried him into a false quantity in the first line of the *Iliad*, in the word Θιὰ. Plutarch was forgetful of the rule of *a purum* in the vocative. His prejudice is sufficiently shown in his essay *On the Malignity of Herodotus*, whom he disliked, because the historian did not speak over favourably of the Bœotians. "Plutarch was a Bœotian, and thought it indispensably incumbent on him to vindicate the cause of his countrymen."—BELOE'S *Herod.*

the very things the Greeks are supposed to have avoided—viz. colour as representing reality—would be shown." Does Mr Owen Jones here admit that this exact imitation by colour was not usual? If so, as the words imply, what becomes of his quotation of the words of Socrates with regard to colouring the eyes? And further, upon what new plea will he justify his colouring the Parthenon frieze—not only the men and their cloaks, but the horses—so that the latter exactly resemble those on the roundabouts on which children ride at fairs. We suppose he meant the men to have a natural colour, and the horses also—a taste so vile, that we are quite sure such a perpetration would have shocked Phidias out of all patience. And if not meant for the exact colour, what can he suppose they were painted for?—as, to avoid this semblance of reality, the Greeks, according to him, should have painted men and horses vermilion or blue, or any colour the farthest from reality, the contrary to the practice of Mr Owen Jones—and that he should have painted them vermilion he immediately shows, by quoting Pausanias, where he describes a statue of Bacchus "as having all those portions not hidden by draperies painted vermilion, the body being of gilded wood." What has this to do with marble statues? But he seems not to understand the hint given by his commentator, Mr Lloyd, "that the statue was apparently ithyphallic, and probably archaic"—a well-known peculiarity in statues of Bacchus. Not having, however, such a specimen in marble, he is particularly glad to find one of gypsum, "ornamented with paint:" nothing more probable, and for the same reason that the wooden one was painted vermilion.

"But colour was used, as we know," says Mr Owen Jones; "and Pausanias (*Arcad.* lib. viii. cap. 39) describes a statue of Bacchus as having all those portions not hidden by draperies painted vermilion, the body being of gilded wood. He also distinctly says that statues made of gypsum

were painted, describing a statue of Bacchus γυψου πεποιημενον, which was — the language is explict — ornamented with paint (επικεκοσμημενον γραφη.)" These are statues of Bacchus, and, as the Apologist is reminded by his commentator, Mr Lloyd, "apparently ithyphallic," and therefore painted red. The draperies are the assumption of the writer; he should have said ivy and laurel. Mr Owen Jones, to render his examples "abundant," writes *statues* in the latter part of the quotation, whereas the word in his authority, Pausanias, is singular. We stay not to inquire if γραφη here means paint, though, speaking of another statue, Pausanias uses the verb and its congenial noun in another sense —" ἐπίγραμμα ἐπ᾽ αὐτῇ γραφῆναι." We the more readily grant it was painted vermilion, because it was a Bacchic statue; and grant that it was seen by Pausanias. We daresay it was ancient enough; but for any proof we must not look to Pausanias, who lived at Rome in the 170th year of the Christian era;—and here it must be borne in mind, that of the innumerable statues spoken of by that writer, of marble and other materials, the supposed painted ones are a very few exceptions. Not only does he speak of marble without any mention of colouring, but of its whiteness. In this matter, indeed, the exceptions prove the rule of the contrary. Before we proceed to the examples taken from Virgil—weak enough—let us see if there may not be found something nearer the time of Phidias than any authorities given. Well, then, we have an eye-witness, one who must not only have seen the statues of Phidias, but probably conversed with Phidias himself—Æschylus. If such statues as he speaks of were painted generally, and as a necessary part of their completion, could he have brought into poetic use and sentiment their vacancy of eyes? It is a remarkable passage. He is describing Menelaus in his gallery full of the large statues of Helen. It is in the "Agamemnon:"

Ενμόρφων γὰρ κολοσσῶν
Ἔχθιται χάρις ἀνδρί.
Ὀμμάτων δ' ἐν ἀχνίαις
Ἔρρει πᾶσ' Ἀφροδίτα.

There was "no speculation in those eyes." The eyes were not painted certainly; as the poet saw the statues in his mind's eye, so had he seen them with his visible organs. The charm of love was not in them, because the outward form of the eye only was represented in the marble. The love-charm was not in those "vacancies of eyes." Schütz has this note upon the passage: "Quamvis nimirum eleganter fabricatæ sint statuæ, carent tamen oculis, adeoque admirationem quidem excitare possunt amorem non item."

These lines of the poet Æschylus, repeated before an acute and critical Athenian audience, would have been unintelligible, and marked as an egregious blunder, if the practice of painting statues, or even their eyes alone, had been so universal as it is represented in this "Apology." Can there be a more decisive authority, than this of the contemporary Æschylus? It is certainly a descent from Æschylus to Virgil; but we follow the apologist.

"Marmoreusque tibi, Dea, *versicoloribus alis*
In morem pictâ stabit Amor pharetrâ."

The writer, by his italics, is, we think, a little out in grammar, connecting "in morem" (because it was customary) with "versicoloribus alis,"—and in his translated sense of the passage, with "pictâ pharetrâ" also. This is assuredly making nothing of it, by endeavouring to make the most of it. "In morem" may more properly attach itself to "stabit;" if not, to the wings or painted quiver,—not, in construction, to both; at any rate, Virgil, though Heyne reproves him for his bad taste, had here a prejudice in favour of marble, for "Amor" shall be marble—that is the first word, and first consideration. In the next quota-

tion Virgil, as provokingly, sets his heart upon marble—nay, smooth polished marble—and the whole figure is to be entirely of this smooth marble; but he gratifies Mr Jones by "scarlet"—the colour of colours, vermilion—and thus so reconciles the Polychromatist to the marble, as to induce him to quote the really worthless passage :—

> "Si proprium hoc fuerit, levi de marmore tota
> Puniceo stabis suras evincta cothurno."

It is not of much moment to the main question what statue one clown should offer to Diana, in return for a day's hunting, or the other to a very different and far less respectable deity, whom he has already made in vulgar marble, *pro temp.* only, and whom he promises to set up in gold, though simply the "custos pauperis horti."

> "Nunc te marmoreum pro tempore fecimus; at tu
> Si fœtura gregem suppleverit, aureus esto."

The poetical promises exceeded the clown's means; neither Diana, nor the deity odious to her, saw the promises fulfilled. The Apologist is merely taking advantage of a poetical license, a plenary indulgence in non-performance. It is quite ridiculous to attempt to prove what Phidias and Praxiteles must have done, by what Virgil imagined. But as Mr Owen Jones delights in such *quasi* modern authorities, we venture to remind him of the bad taste of Horace, who loved the Parian marble; and to recommend him to consider in what manner white marble is spoken of by as good authority, Juvenal, who introduces it as most valued in his time—white statues.

> "Et jam accurrit, qui marmore donet
> Conferet impersas. Hic nuda et candida signa,
> Hic aliquid præclarum Euphranoris et Polycleti."

It may be as well to quote also what he says in reference to waxing statues :—

> "Propter quæ fas est genua *incerare* Deorum."

Upon which we find in a note — "Consueverant Deorum simulacra cera *illinire* (the old word of dispute) ibidemque affert illud Prudentii, lib. i., contra Symonachum,—

——'Saxa illita ceris
Viderat, unguentoque Lares humescere nigros.'"

And in Sat. XII., "Simulacra intentia cerâ."

We have already treated of this custom of waxing the statues, and given the recipe of Pliny, to which we revert for a moment, because the advocates for the colouring theory insist that *illitia*, *linita illinere*, *linire*, all of one origin, are words applicable to painting. Pliny says,—we quote from Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*,—after showing how the wax should be melted and laid on, "It was then rubbed with a clean linen cloth, *in the way that naked marble statues were done.*" The Latin is—"*Sicut et marmora nitescunt.*" The writer in the Dictionary speaks as to the various application of the encaustic process, to paint and to polish: "Wax thus purified was mixed with all species of colours, and prepared for painting; but it was applied also to many other uses, as polishing statues, walls, &c."

Lucian, who died ninety years of age, 180th of the Christian era, although he relinquished the employment of a statuary, and followed that of literature, had certainly an excellent taste in art. His descriptions of statues and pictures prove his fondness and his knowledge. What he says of the famous Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles is very remarkable. After admiring the whiteness of the marble and its polish, he praises the ingenuity of the artificer, in so contriving the statue as to bring least in sight a blemish in the marble (a very common thing, he adds). It would not have required this ingenuity in the design, if Praxiteles had intended his statue to be painted, for the paint would have covered the stain in the marble wherever placed. We may learn something more from Lucian. In his "Images," wish-

ing to describe a perfect woman, he will first represent her by the finest statues in the world, selecting the beauties of each. It is in a dialogue of Lycinus and Polystratus. "Is there anything wanting?" asks Polystratus, after mention of these perfect statues. Lycinus replies that the colouring is wanting. He therefore brings to his description the most beautiful works of the best painters. Enough is not done yet; there is the mind to be added. He then calls in the poets. Here, then, we have statuary, painter, and poet, each by their separate art to portray this perfect woman. He does not describe by painted statues, but by pictures. Had painting statues been universal, as pretended, Lucian must have seen examples, and his reference to pictures would have been unnecessary. If it be argued that the paint had worn off, that argument will tell against the Polychromatists, for it at least will show that, in an age when statues were esteemed, the barbarity of colouring was not renewed.

In his "Description of a House," he says: "Over against the door, upon the wall, there is the Temple of Minerva in relief, where you may see the goddess in white marble, without her accoutrements of war." The painter, it may be fairly conjectured, painted inside on the wall of the house, the common aspect, and the white marble statue.

In his "Baths of Hippias," he mentions "two noble pieces of antiquity in marble of Health and Æsculapius." Nor does he omit noticing paint, and that vermilion—but where is it? "Then you come to a hot passage of Numidian stone, that brings you to the last apartment, glittering with a bright vermilion, bordering on purple."

According to Mr Owen Jones's theory, all these exquisite works in white marble are to be considered as unfinished; if they have not been handed over to the painter, they should be now. Why did Phidias and Praxiteles so elaborate to the mark of truth their performances? The reader

will be astonished to learn the reason from Mr Owen Jones. It was from the necessity of the subsequent finish by paints!

"People are apt to argue that Phidias never could have taken such pains to study the light and shade of this bas-relief, if the fineness of his workmanship had had to be stopped up when bedaubed with paint." It is astonishing that not a glimmering of common sense was here let in upon the work of Phidias, while the whole light of his understanding showed the effect of his own handiwork on the plaster; for he, in that case, says, "But when the plaster has further to be painted wich four coats of oil-paint to stop the suction, it may readily be imagined how much the more delicate modulations of the surface will suffer." Does he suppose that the eyes of Phidias, and of people in that age, were blind to the suffering of these nice modulations from the stucco, or over-coats of paint? But why did Phidias so finish his works?—hear the polychromatic oracle: "Now, people who argue thus have never understood what colour does when applied to form. The very fact that colour has to be applied, demands the highest finish in the form beneath. By more visibly bringing out the form, it makes all defects more prominent. Let any one compare the muscles of the figures in white with the muscles of those coloured, and he will not hesitate an instant to admit this truth. The labours of Phidias, had they never received colour, would have been thrown away; it was because he designed them to receive colour, that such an elaboration of the surface was required." This is the most considerable inconsiderate nonsense imaginable. Common sense says, that one even colour, or absence of colour, gives equal shadows, according to the sculptor's design; but if you colour portions of the same work differently, the unity of shadows will be destroyed, for shadows will assimilate themselves to the various colourings, be they light or dark. This necessity of colour-

ing would impose such a task upon the sculptor, so complicate his work and design, and so bring his whole mind into subservience to, or certainly co-operation and consultation with, the painter, that no man of genius could submit to it; for it is the characteristic of genius to have its exercise in its own independent art. The assertion of the effect of colour Mr Jones ascribes to it, is untrue in fact, and if he could make it true, would so complicate, and at the same time degrade, the statuary's art, that in the disgust of its operation it would be both out of the power, and out of the inclination, of men to pursue it. Will the people of England take Mr Owen Jones's reproof? To them the labours of Phidias have hitherto been thrown away, for they have only as yet seen his works in white marble—in fact, unfinished. In this state Mr Jones thinks they have been very silly to admire them at all—and how they came to admire them who can comprehend? they have no colourable pretext for their admiration. Not only have the labours of Phidias been "*thrown away*,"—but, what is more galling to this age of economists, some forty thousand pounds of our good people's money have been thrown away too. What is left to be done? Simply what we have often done before—throw some "good money after the bad," and constitute Mr Owen Jones Grand Polychromatist-plenipotentiary, with competence of salary and paint-pots, and establish him for life, and his school for ever, in the British Museum. It is well for him and for them that the innocent marbles have no motion, or the very stones would cry out against him, and uplift their quiescent arms to smash more than his paint-pots.

And here let us be allowed to remark of Mr Owen Jones's colouring, having been thoroughly disgusted at the Crystal Palace, that he is as yet but in the very elements of the grammar of colour. He has gone but a very little way in its alphabet. He has practised little more than the A B C—

that is, the bright blue, the bright red, the bright yellow. But the alphabet is much beyond this. What of their combinations? These are so innumerable that, as if in despair of their acquirement, he puts his whole trust in the blue, red, and yellow, so that the very object of colour, variety, is missed, and the eye is wearied and irritated in this Crystal Palace with what may be called, in defiance of the contradiction of the world, a polychromatic monotony. His theory of colour stops short at the beginning—it is without its learning. The sentiments of colours are in their mixtures, their relative combinations, and appropriate applications, and we venture to suggest to other Polychromatists, besides Mr Owen Jones, that the grammar of colouring, if learned properly, will lead to a mystery which the blue, red, and yellow, of themselves the A B C of the art, are quite insufficient to teach. The study is by none more required than our painters in glass; nor are some of our picture-makers, as our Academy exhibitions show, without the need of a little learning. We scarcely ever see a modern window that does not exhibit a total ignorance of colour. The first thing that strikes the eye is a quantity of blue, for it is the most active colour, and it is given in large portions, not dissipated as it should be—then reds, and as vivid as may be—and yellows. Attempt at proper effect, such as the *genius loci* requires, there is none. With the unsparing use of these three unmitigated colours only, we do not see why decorators should be called Polychromatists at all; they should style themselves Trichromatists. But of Mr Owen Jones's polychromatic theory and practice, do not let him so slander the tasks of the ancients as to pretend that he has it from them, if by the ancients he means those artists of good time. They delighted in white marble, "nuda et candida signa,"—the naked and the white. And yet the directors of this Crystal Palace have taken Mr Owen Jones's word for it. They have

inconsiderately, and with the worst taste, delivered up the Palace into Mr Jones's hands. We dread his being put into any other palace, for he evidently longs to be stuccoing and daubing the real marbles. "The experiment cannot be fairly tried, till tried on marble"—and he looks to a wide area, ample verge, and room enough, "and in conditions of space, atmosphere, &c., similar to those under which the originals were placed." We, however, owe it to Mr Owen Jones's candour in admitting a note by Mr Penrose, which vindicates the character of this odious marble. Thus speaks Mr Penrose: "An extensive and careful examination of the Pentelic Quarries, by the orders of King Otho, has shown that large blocks, such as were used at Athens, are very rare indeed. The distance, also, from the city is considerable: whereas there are quarries on Mount Hymettus at little more than one-third the distance (and most convenient for carriage), which furnish immense masses of dove-coloured marble, much prized, it would seem, by the Romans (Hor. ii. 18), and inferior in no respect but that of colour to the Pentelic. It could, therefore, only have been the intrinsic beauty of the latter material that led to its employment by so practical a people as the Athenians." It will occur to the reader to ask if there is not here something like a proof that they did not intend this Pentelic marble to be painted; for it is manifest, under the stucco-and-painting theory, that the dove-coloured of Hymettus would have answered all purposes. But Mr Owen Jones triumphs over his own candour. He sees nothing in the admission of this note of Mr Penrose; he takes it up, he exhibits it, merely for the purpose of throwing it down and trampling upon it. He gives it a scornful reply.—*Reply* in large letters. It is a curious one, for, like the boomerang, it flies back upon himself, and gives his own arguments a palpable hit. The reader may remember how he had asserted that "the Athe-

nians built with marble because they found it almost beneath their feet." In his oblivious reply, he discovers that the Athenians used it because it was a great way off from their feet; nay, that the worst part of the matter was, that it was no farther off from their feet. He uprises in reverential dignity, to reprove "our present ideas of economy." "I do not think that, with our present ideas of economy, we are able to appreciate the motives of the Athenians in choosing their marble from the Pentelic Quarries, in preference to those of Mount Hymettus. We must remember that the Greeks built for their gods; and the Pentelic marble, by presenting greater difficulties in its acquisition, may have been a more precious offering." Mr Jones thus offers two contradictory motives on behalf of the Athenians—*one* must be given up. It would be strange in so few pages that a writer should so contradict himself, if we did not bear in mind with what ingenuity a theory will invest its own pertinacity. Surely no man on earth will believe that the Athenians, either by any extraordinary devotion* they showed towards their gods in the time of Pericles, or by an unheard-of folly (for they were a practical people), chose the one quarry in preference to the other, for no other reason than its greater cost and difficulty.

We are referred to the evidence of Mr Bracebridge, produced before the committee of the Institute, which Mr Jones says settles the point "as far as regards monumental sculpture." The evidence is, that in the winter 1835-6, an excavation, to the depth of twenty-five feet, was made at the

* The "devotion"—the estimation in which the Athenians held their gods, at the very time of their building magnificent temples, and of their highest perfection in art, we may fairly gather from their dramatic performances. If Zeus himself was treated with little reverence, other deities to whom they erected statues fared worse. Bacchus is exhibited on the stage as a coward—Hercules as a glutton.—*Vide* Aristophanes and Euripides. So much for the motives invented for the Athenians by Mr Jones. Had such motives been appealed to, not a drachma would have been obtained.

south-east angle of the Parthenon. "Here were found many pieces of marble, and among these fragments parts of triglyphs, of fluted columns, and of statues, particularly a female head, which was painted (the hair is nearly the costume of the present day)." It is quite an assumption that the spot of this excavation was the place where "the workmen of the Parthenon had thrown their refuse marble." There is no proof whatever that these fragments were even of the age of the Parthenon; even if they may be supposed so to be, we presume that, as works of art, they are worthless, for they are called refuse, and most likely had nothing to do with the work of the Parthenon. We believe at the same time was found the very beautiful fragment in relief, the Winged Victory, of which but very few casts were taken. One of these we have just now seen, and doubt not its being of the age of Phidias. This is white marble, and we have never heard that it has any indication of having been painted. If Mr Owen Jones could prove to us that the whole Parthenon, with all its statues, showed certain indications of paint, we still have not advanced to any ground of fair conclusion; for, in the want of contemporary evidence—(we cannot call anything yet adduced evidence)—we are left to conjecture that the daubing and plastering were the work of a subsequent age, or ages, when ornament encroached upon and deteriorated every art in Greece, whether dramatic, painting, or sculpture. "Pliny and Vitruvius both repeatedly deplore the corrupt taste of their own times. Vitruvius (vii. 5) observes, that the decorations of the ancients were tastelessly laid aside, and that strong and gaudy colouring and prodigal expense were substituted for the beautiful effects produced by the skill of the ancient artists."—(Smith's *Antiquities*.)

We pay little attention to what has been said by the writers quoted regarding Acrolithic or Chryselephantine statues, whether of the best or lowest character. Whatever

they were, they have perished, and there is nothing left for modern barbarism to restore. We have looked chiefly to undoubtedly good genuine marble — white marble statues, and reliefs of the best times, of such as are to be seen and admired, unadorned, in our British Museum. "It is the custom of all barbarous nations to colour their idols," says the writer of the historical evidence. We perfectly assent to this, and believe we shall ourselves be a very barbarous nation whenever the statues in that Museum shall be plastered with stucco, or painted over with four coats of vermilion or any other colour. Barbarous nations have painted, and do so still, not only their idols but themselves. Our Picts, with their woad colouring, may have emulated the peculiar beauty of bluefaced baboons. We dispute not the point that Greece, as well as every other country, at some period of its history was addicted to the common barbarous taste of colouring to the utmost of their means. The question is not whether they did it, but when they left it off. It is said in the "Apology," that if they had ever left off the practice, it would have been so remarkable an event that it would have been noted in history. We know not where any one will be able to put his hand upon any passage in history, showing the exact or probable period at which our neighbours the Picts left off the fashion, which we learn prevailed. We think Mr Owen Jones himself would be very much astonished if, even though in pursuit and pursuance of his own argument, he should turn the corner of Pall-Mall, and come face to face with half-a-dozen naked Picts in the ancient blue and vermilion costume. Quite satisfied that the fashion has been superseded, we care not about the when. Nor do we care to know, in our practical age, what finery they put upon their idols; and although a commission under Polychromatic direction may bring back, from no very distant travel, accounts of multitudes of idols still draped and painted,

we are sure this English nation will not resume the practice. We have something else to do which the "Wisdom of Solomon" tells us they had not, who fabricated such monstrosities. "The carpenter carved it diligently, *when he had nothing else to do*, and formed it by the skill of his understanding, and fashioned it to the image of a man, or made it like some vile beast, laying it over with vermilion, and with paint colouring it red, and covering every spot therein."

Much is made of the notices of Pausanias, who, in the 177th year of the Christian era, travelled over Greece. Mr (afterwards Sir Uvedale) Price, in 1780 published "an accurate bill of fare of so sumptuous an entertainment," in relation to the temples, statues, and paintings remaining in Greece in the time of Pausanias. We have thought it worth while to look over this bill of fare, and to extract all that is said about painted statues. Page 45: "In the great square, where are several temples, there are the statues of the Ephesian Diana, and of Bacchus in wood—all the parts of which are gilt with gold, except the faces, which are coloured with vermilion." Immediately follows: "There is a Temple of Fortune with her statue, which is an upright figure of Parian marble." Nothing about painting this! Page 177-78: "In Ægina there is a Temple of Jupiter, in which there is his statue of Pentelican marble, in a sitting posture, and one of Minerva in wood, which is gilt with gold, and adorned with various colours; but the head, hands, and feet are of ivory." "At Philoe there are the temples of Bacchus and Diana: the statue of the goddess is in brass, and she is taking an arrow out of her quiver; but that of Bacchus is of wood, and is painted of a ruddy colour." It is only the wooden are painted! Page 199: "In Phigalia there is a Temple of Diana Sospita, with her statue in marble; and in Gymnasium there is a statue of Mercury, and likewise a Temple of Bacchus Acratophorus with his statue—the upper

part of which is painted with vermilion, but the lower part is covered by the ivy and laurel that grows over it." This is the statue mentioned in the historical evidence, where it says "*the body being of gilded wood.*" There is no doubt it was so—but in fairness we must say, that, having examined the original passage in Pausanias (*Arcad.* lib. viii., cap. 89), we find no mention of the material of which it was made. Here it will be observed that in no instance does Pausanias speak of a marble statue painted.

We have been reading an account of the discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii—without doubt, both these places contained Greek sculpture of a good period. There have been a vast number of marble statues and fragments of statues found. The marble of which they are made is mentioned. They are mostly white marble, and there is no notice of any having been painted. If one should be, or should have been, found coloured, it would be an exception, the not unlikely experiment of individual bad taste. We should bear in mind, also, that the discovered works must have been found with regard to substance and colour in the state in which they were overwhelmed in the sudden destruction of the towns. Yet do we read of a single painted marble statue? The paintings are, however, minutely described, and their coloured wall decorations. We have yet to learn that there has been any paint discovered upon those exquisitely beautiful statues belonging to the Lycian Temple Tomb, in the British Museum, discovered and brought to this country by Sir Charles Fellowes. Could we be brought to believe that marble statues were stuccoed or painted—and we utterly repudiate any such attempts as Mr Jones's to make it credible—we should bless the memories, had they left us any notices of their names, of those worthies of a better taste who had the good sense to obliterate, to the utmost of their power, the bedaubers' doings. With them

we venerate white marble; and while we think of the Polychromatists, we entertain greater respect for the taste and sense of the so-called simpletons of the fable who endeavoured to wash the blackamoor *white*, than for the fatuous who would make the *white* black, or even vermilion.

It is surprising that in the history of the arts the Homeric period is made of so little account. We are inclined to believe that the arts had reached a high state, at least of workmanship; that they were subsequently lost, and revived. If Homer and Hesiod, the eldest of heathen authors, introduced into their poems elaborate descriptions of the shields of Hercules, and Achilles, and in some degree spoke of the actual workmanship, can we believe that either of them treated of things totally unknown at the times they wrote? If so, they were inventors—or at least one of them—of the arts they describe. It is all very well to ascribe all that we read of to mere poetry; but poetry, however it invents, or partakes of invention, builds invention on fact. It would not invent an art, and offer it to the world as a thing already known. The shields exhibit extraordinary workmanship, which is thought worthy to be attributed to the skill of a deity. That of Hercules in Hesiod implies the use of hidden springs, for Perseus is described as hovering over and not touching the shield, and the Gorgons pursuing him as making a noise with the shield's motion. The gold and silver dogs keeping watch at the gates of Alcinous could scarcely be the unauthorised invention of the poet. Much might be said upon the Nineveh discoveries; references might be made to the time of Moses—and instances more than that of the brazen serpent; the subsequent building of the Temple might supply most curious detail—all these proving the existence of sculptural arts, more or less refined, long antecedent to what we would fain call the revival of art in

Greece. But we cannot be allowed space for a discussion not immediately bearing upon the subject of this paper.

It may be fairly conceded, that we are not to look to the earliest periods of art for its greatest simplicity. In all countries, monstrosities and ornament were more eagerly sought, soon after the first attempts at representation, than accuracy and beauty. The time of the

"Fictilis et nullo violatus Jupiter auro,"

if not the poets' fiction, was of short duration.

In this paper we treat not of the barbarities of art. Barbarous ages may be of all or of any times. Art having once reached perfection, and having mastered, over the falsities of bad taste, its own independence and emancipation from every other art, we deprecate the return of a barbarism which shall unite it with a gaudy presumption of another and a lower art, subjugating the genius of mind to the meaningless handling of the decorator.

Indeed, we should be content very much to narrow the question — to care little whether the ancient statues and relievi were painted or not. We are quite sure, from the very nature of things, the materials and the objects in the use of them, that they never ought to have been painted; and if there ever was such a practice, and it were a common one as pretended, the world has shown its good sense in obliterating the marks of the degradation of art so widely, as that any satisfactory discovery of such a practice is not to be met with. Ages have passed in a contrary belief, and much more than the meagre evidence adduced must be required, in any degree to damage the long-established opinion that statues should not be painted, and that white marble has undeniable, and, for the purpose of the statuary, perfect beauty. The audacious attempt in the Crystal

Palace, and the assumptions of the "Apology," might lead to the worst taste, to retard and not to advance art. And while we see simultaneously set up a foolish and dangerous principle to govern our national collections in painting, and probably sculpture, assumed with too much apparent authority, we fear the introduction of monstrosity in preference to beauty, and the consequence in oblivion of what is good in art, and the encouragement of a practice of all that is bad.

If the reader, unsatisfied with the damage inflicted in these pages upon the facts assumed by Mr Owen Jones in his "Apology," and his conclusions upon them, would desire to see further arguments adduced from the necessities which originated the various styles of basso, alto, and mezzo relievo,—showing that they all presupposed one even colourless, or at least unvariegated plane, as the surface upon which they were to be executed, and how and why these three—the basso, alto, and mezzo—have each their own proper principles, in which they differ from each other—how they were invented for the very purpose of doing that which, if painting the marble had been contemplated, would have been unnecessary—how, in fact, they are in their own nature independent of colour, regulated by principles of light and shade, with which colour would detrimentally interfere—we would recommend to his attentive reading the short yet complete treatise on the subject, by Sir Charles Eastlake, being No. 7, in his admirable volume, *The Literature of the Fine Arts.* He proves by the characters of the three styles, and by the wants they were invented to supply, and the diversity of design which they require, that "the Greeks, as a general principle, considered the ground of figures in relief to be the real wall, or whatever the solid plane might be, and not to represent air as if it was a picture." As Mr Jones's experiments are made on relievi, a little study

of their nature and distinctions is at this moment very desirable.

If Mr Jones colours the horses brown and grey, the faces of the riders flesh colour, and marks their eyes, and reddens their lips, and draperies their bodies after patterns out of a tailor's book—it is quite absurd to say that the Greeks never intended exact imitation. In what he has done every one will recognise the attempt to portray exact nature in colour. Upon this principle, and establishing a contempt of white marble, there is but one more step to take, to set up offensive wax-work above the art of the statuary. Sculpture is an appeal to the imagination, not to the senses. That which attempts to deceive disgusts by the early discovery of the fraud. Indeed, it is a maxim in sculpture that a certain unnaturalness in subordinate accompanying objects is to be adopted, to show that a comparison with real nature is not intended. "If imitation is to be preferred," says Aristotle, "which is least adapted to the vulgar and most calculated to please the politest spectators, that which imitates everything is clearly most adapted to the vulgar, as not being intelligible without the addition of much movement and action, as bad players on the flute turn round, if they would imitate the motion of a discus. Paint to the statuary is what all this motion is to the flute-player. Whoever mutilates what is great and good in art, and would persist in so doing, after reproof, ought to pay the penalty of his folly. We would not be too severe in the punishment of offenders in taste, but should rejoice to see one of a congenial kind put in practice, one very mild for such an offence as this of statue painting—the tarring and feathering the perpetrators, plasterers, and bedaubers, principals and coadjutors. Upon Mr Owen Jones's principle, the "ex uno omnes," and his making a confirmed summer of one swallow, though we doubt the existence of this one *rara avis*, a white marble statue painted, he and his

company ought not to object to the punishing process, for more culprits have been known to have been tarred and feathered than are even the pretended specimens of painted marbles on record. We would, out of consideration for the peculiar taste of the decorators, mitigate the punishment, by allowing the received proportion of Mr Jones's blue and vermilion to be mixed with the tar.

The reader will think it time to draw to a conclusion; it will be most satisfactory if he deems the case too clear to have required so much discussion, and that

"Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle."

But before we lay down the pen, we would not have it supposed that we are not sensible both of the merits and advantages of the Crystal Palace. It ought to be, and doubtless will be, the means of improving the people, and affording them rational amusement. There has been a little too much bombast about it, as a great college for the education of the mind of the people—too much eulogistic verbiage, which sickens the true source of rational admiration. It will improve, because it will amuse; for good amusement is education both for head and heart. The best praise it can receive is, that it is a place of permanent amusement, than which nothing could be devised more beautiful and appropriate for those who mainly want such relief from the toils and cares which eat into life. We could wish the Archbishop of Canterbury had not consented to let the Church of England be dragged in triumph behind the car of a commercial speculation. It was in bad taste at its opening—and Mr Owen Jones's colouring is another specimen of bad taste—but "non paucis maculis." We sincerely hope it will succeed in all respects, though we ventured not to join the Archbishop in his prayer. In fact, it is too great in itself for unnecessary display at the ushering in, which was worse than ridiculous

—it made that which should be most serious in that place an offence and a falsity. The reader may be amused by an inauguration of quite another kind—one of poetry by anticipation. We summon, then, our oldest poet, to celebrate as afar off, for coming time, our newest Crystal Palace and its wonders, in

CHAUCER'S DREAM OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"As I slept, I dreamt I was
Within a temple made of glass,
In which there were more images
Of gold standing in sundry stages,
In more rich tabernacles,
And with jewels more pinnacles;
And more curious portraitures
And quaint maniere of figures
Of gold work than I saw ever.
There saw I on either side,
Straight down to the door wide,
From the dais many a pillar
Of metal that shone out full clear.
. . . . . .
Then gan I look about I see
That there came entering in the hall,
A right great company withal,
And that of sundry regions,
Of all kinds of conditions,
That dwell on earth beneath the moon,
Poor and rich.
Such a great congregation
Of folks as I saw roam about,
Some within, and some without,
Was never seen, nor shall be no more."

CIVILISATION.—THE CENSUS.

[OCTOBER 1854.]

My dear Eusebius,—If you wonder at the speculations with which I have amused myself and bewildered all within reach of inquiry, remember what a celebrated phrenologist said, that I should never make a philosopher: you remarked, So much the better, for that the world had too many already. I am not sure that I was not piqued; and, owing a little spite against these unapproachable superiors—philosophers—have rather encouraged a habit of posing them; and finding so many in this my experience inferior to the common-sense portion of mankind, I amuse myself with them, and treat them as monkeys, now and then throwing them a nut to crack a little too hard for them. Wry faces break no syllogisms, so we laugh, and they gravitate in philosophy. What is civilisation? Is that a nut?—a very hard one, indeed. I, at least, cannot tell what it is, in what it consists, or how this *summum bonum* is to be attained; but I am no philosopher. I have taken many a one by the button, and plunged him head foremost into the chaos of thought, and have seen him come out flushed with the suffocation of his dark bewilderment. Less ambitious persons will scarcely stay to answer the question—What is civilisation? The careless, who cannot answer it, laugh, and think they win in the game of fool-

ishness. Perhaps no better answer can be given, and the laughing philosopher, after all, may be as wise as the speaking one. A neighbour, who had been acquainted with the money markets, told me he did not exactly know what it was, but he thought its condition was indicated by the Three-per-cent Consols. An economist of the new school, who happened to be on a visit to him, preferred as a test "American breadstuffs." He argued that such stuffs were the staff of life, supported life, and were, therefore, both civilisation and the end and object of civilisation. My neighbour's son Thomas, a precocious youth of thirteen years of age, stepped forward, and said civilisation consisted in reading, writing, and arithmetic: upon this, a parish boy, the Inspector's pet of the National School, said with rival scorn, "You must go a great deal farther than that—it is knowledge, and knowledge is knowing the etymologies of cosmography and chronology." I asked the red-faced plethoric Farmer Brown;—"What's what!" quoth he, with a voice of thunder, and, like a true John Bull, stalked off in scornful ignorance. My next inquiry was of your playful little friend, flirting Fanny of the Grove, just entering her fifteenth year. "What a question!" said she, and her very eyes laughed deliciously—"the latest fashions from Paris, to be sure." Make what you please of it, Eusebius; put all the answers into the bag of your philosophy, and shake them well together, your little friend's will have as good a chance as any of coming up with a mark of truth upon it. The people that can afford to invent fashions must have a large freedom from cares. There must be classes who neither toil nor spin, yet emulate in grace, beauty, and ornament the lilies of the field. If you were obliged to personify civilisation, would you not, like another Pygmalion, make to yourself a feminine wonder, accumulate upon your statue every grace, vivify her wholly with every possible virtue, then throw a Parisian veil of dress

over her, and—oh, the profanation of your old days!—fall down and worship her?

There is no better mark of civilisation than well-dressed feminine excellence, to which men pay obeisance. Wherever the majority do this, there is humanity best perfected. Homer teacheth that, when he exhibits the aged council of statesmen and warriors on the walls of Troy paying homage to the grace of Helen. The poet wished to show that the personages of his Epic were not barbarians, and chose this scene to dignify them. Ruminate upon the answer, "The latest fashions from Paris." What a mass of civilising detail is contained in these few words!—the leisure to desire, the elegance to wear, the genius to invent, the benevolent employment of delicate hands, the trades encouraged, the soft influences—the very atmosphere breathes the most delicate perfume of loves. It is not to the purpose to interpose that this Paris of fashion suddenly turned savage, and revelled in brutal revolution, sparing not man nor woman. It was because, in their anti-aristocratic madness, the unhappy people threw off this reverential respect that the uncivilised portion slaughtered the civilised. It was a vile atheistical barbarism that waged war with civilisation. Think no more of that black spot in the History of Humanity—that plague-spot. Rather, Eusebius, turn your thoughts to your work, and fabricate, though it be only in your imagination, your own paradise, and she shall be named Civilisation. In case your imagination should be at this moment dull, rest satisfied with a description of an image now before me, which I think, as a personification, answers the question admirably; for supposing it to be a portrait from nature, what a civilised people must they be among whom such a wonder was born—not only born, but sweetly nurtured, and arrayed in such a glory of dress! If you think this indicates a foolish extravagant passion, know that this fair one must have "died of

old age" some centuries before I was born. There she is, in all her pale loveliness, in a black japan figured frame, over the mantelpiece of my bedroom at H ——, where I am now writing this letter to you. Mock not, Eusebius; she is, or rather was, Chinese. I look upon her now as giving out her answer from those finely-drawn lips—"I represent civilisation." If I could pencil like that happy painter — happiest in having such uncommon loveliness to sit to him — I would send you another kind of sketch; it would be a failure. Be content with feeble words. First, then, for dress: She wears a brown kind of hat, or cap, the rim a little turned up, of indescribable shape and texture: the head part is blue; around it are flowers, so white and transparent, just suffused with a blush, as if instantaneously vitrified into China. Lovely are they—such as botanical impertinences never scrutinised. On the right side of this cap or hat two cock's feathers, perfectly white, arch themselves, as if they would coquet with the fairer cheek. You see how firm they are, and would spring up strong from the touch, emblems of unyielding chastity. The hair, little of which is seen, is of a chestnut-brown; low down on the throat is a broad band of black, apparently velvet, just peeping above which is the smallest edging of white, exactly like the most modern shirt-collar, fastened above, where it is parted, by a gold clasp. The upper dress is of a pink red, such as we see in Madonna pictures; below this is a dark blue-green skirt-dress, richly flowered to look like enamel; over the shoulders a Madonna kerchief, fastened in a knot over the chest; it is of a clear brownish hue, such as we see in old pictures. The upper red dress does not meet, but terminates on each side with a gold border, of a pattern centre, with two lines of gold. Thus a rather broad space is left across the bosom, which in modern costume is occupied by a habit-shirt; but such word would ill describe either the colour or the texture here worn:

it is of a gossamer fabric, of a most delicately-greenish white, diapered and flowered all over; nothing can be conceived more exquisite than this. It would make the fortune of a modern *modiste* to see and to imitate it. A clasp of elegant shape fastens skirt to upper dress; the sleeve of the upper dress reaches only half-way down the arm; the lower sleeve is of the rich blue-green, but altogether ample. Attitude, slightly bent forward; over the left arm, which crosses the waist, is suspended a fruit-basket of unknown material, and finely patterned, brown in colour, in which are grapes and other fruit; expression, sweetly modest; complexion—how shall it be described? Never was European like it. It is finest porcelain, variegated with that under-living immortal ichor of the ancient divinities. Eyes clear-cut or pencilled, rather hazel in colour; background, rockwork garden, rising to a hill, on which are trees—but such trees! Aladdin may have seen the like in his enchanted subterranean garden. Then there is a lake, and a boat on it, at a distance, with an awning. She is the goddess, or the queen, of this Elysium, which her presence makes, and has enchanted into a porcelain earth, whose flowers and trees are of its lustre.

Wherever, Eusebius, this portrait was taken, it was, and is, an epitome, an emblem of high civilisation. It speaks so plainly of all exemption from toil and care, of the unapproachableness of danger. There is living elegance in a garden of peace. It is, in fact, the type of civilisation. What! will the economist, the philosopher of our day, be ready to say,—Civilisation amongst Chinese and Tartars! and that centuries perhaps ago. Civilisation is "The Nineteenth Century!" The glory of the Nineteenth Century is the Press. We are Civilisation. Very well, gentlemen; nevertheless it would be pleasant if you could exhibit a little more peace and quietness, a little less turmoil, a little more unadulterating honesty, a little less careworn look in your streets, as the mark of your

boasted civilisation. You are doing wonders, and, like Katerfelto with his hair on end, are in daily wonderment at your own wonders. You steam—annihilate space and time. You have ripped open the bowels of knowledge, and well-nigh killed her in search of her golden egg. You are full, to the throat and eyes, of sciences and arts. You are hourly astonishing yourselves and the world. Nevertheless, you have one great deficiency as to the ingredients that make up civilisation; you are decidedly too conceited; you lack charity; you count bygone times and peoples as nothing and nobodies: yet you build a great Crystal Palace, and boast of it, as if it were all your own; whereas the whole riches of it, in the elegances of all arts, are imitations of the works of those bygone times and peoples. Who is satisfied with your model-civilisation? Eusebius, is not the question yet to be asked—What is it? in what does it consist? how is it to be obtained? True civilisation has no shams—we have too many, and they arise out of our swaggering and boasting; so that we force ourselves to assume every individual virtue, though we have it not. We are contemptuous; and contempt is a burr of barbarism sticking to us still, even in this "Nineteenth Century," a phrase in the public mouth glorifying self-esteem. I must, for the argument, go back to the Chinese lady in her narrow japanned gilt frame. As I have drawn my curtains, Eusebius, at the dawn of day, and that placid beauty (though not to be admitted in any book of that name) has smiled upon me from lips so delicate, so unvoracious — did she pick grains of rice, like Amine in the Arabian tale?—I verily thought she must have lived in as civilised an age as ours. Yes—perhaps she was not very learned, excepting in Chinese romances, and very good learning that is: but neither you nor I, Eusebius, lay very great stress upon knowledge, nor call it "Power," nor think that happiness necessarily grows out of it. One evil of it is, that

it unromances the age; and romance—why not say it?—romance is a main ingredient in true, honest, unadulterated civilisation. You would prefer being as mad as Don Quixote, and being gifted with his romance, to being the aptest of matter-of-fact economists, and material philosophers. Romance, then, springs from the generous heart and mind;—methinks, Eusebius, you are progressing, and reaching one of the ingredients of this said desideratum, "Civilisation." As a people, it may be doubted if we are quite as romantic as formerly; if so, however we may advance in knowledge and sciences, we are really retrograding from the *summum bonum* of social virtues. I remember once hearing a celebrated physician, who knew as much as most men of mankind, their habits and manners, speak of an American "gentleman," adding, "and he was a savage." You can imagine it possible, that, in the presence and impertinence of Anglo-Saxon vulgarity, the grave and courteous demeanour of a so-called barbarian would be a very conspicuous virtue. In Prince's *Worthies of Devon*, is a quaint passage to the point, which much amused me, for its singular expression. It relates to Sir Francis Drake, who, touching at one of the Molucca Islands, was, as the author words it, "by the king thereof, a true *gentleman pagan*, most honourably entertained." Of this "gentleman pagan," Prince adds, that he told General Drake "that they and he were all of one religion, in this respect, that they believed not in gods made of stocks and stones, as did the Portuguese; and further, at his departure he furnished him with all the necessaries that he wanted." Yet, perhaps, some of the habits of such gentlemen pagans had been scoffed at by Europeans, and often met with worse usage than contempt. Whoever has no consideration for others, no indulgence for habits contrary to his own, though he may be born in nominally the most civilised nation under the sun, is really a barbarian. It was well said that, upon the accidental

meeting of the finest dressed gentleman, with a powdered head, and a tatooed Indian, he who should laugh first would be the savage. The well-known story of the horror expressed by different people at the disposal of their deceased parents is curious, showing that opposite actions arise from the same feelings. In this case it was of filial piety. One party was asked if he would bury his father in the earth? He was amazed at the question—shocked. Not for the world; as an act of piety he would eat him. The other, asked to eat his father, was hurt and disgusted beyond measure. Let us be a little more even in our judgments, and speak somewhat kindly, if we can, of these gentlemen pagans all over the world. We may be often called upon to admire their disinterested heroism, even when lavished upon mistaken objects. Here is an example from the misnamed weaker sex—misnamed, for they are wonderfully gifted with fortitude. I have been reading of a poor young creature, widow of a chief among some cannibal race. She was to have been immolated, according to custom, at the burial of her husband. Her courage at the moment failed her: she was induced by the persuasions of some good missionaries to fly, and they protected her. In the night she repented of her irresolution, escaped, swam across a river, and presented herself for the sacrifice and the feast. Scholars, you read with love and admiration of Iphigenia at Aulis; her first reluctance; her after self-devotion: you have imagined her youth, her beauty, so vividly painted by the poet. Was Iphigenia more the heroine than this poor girl whom we are pleased to pass unhistoried as a savage? She gave herself up, not only to death, perhaps a cruel one, but with the knowledge that she would be devoured also that night. Iphigenia was certain of funeral honours, of immortal fame, and believed that her sacrifice would insure victory to her father and the Greeks. We have written exercises at school in praise of the suicide

of Cato, whose act, in comparison with this poor savage's, was cowardice;—more than that, we have been taught to mouth out, with applause, the blasphemy of the celebrated hexameter, "Victrix causa Diis placuit sed victa Catoni." The poor gentlemen pagans of the islands would cut as good a figure as heathen Cato, if their names and deeds could be turned into tolerable Latin, and passed off as of the classical age. Henley, in a letter to Swift, tells the speech of a farmer, who said, "If I could but get this same breath out of my body, I'd take care, by G—, how I let it come in again!" Henley makes the pithy remark, "This, if it was put into fine Latin, I fancy would make as good a sound as any I have met with."

I did not mean to induce a belief, Eusebius, that the Chinese excelled in the fine arts when I wrote down the description of the Chinese lady. The portrait had its peculiarities, and would not have been hung upon the line in the Royal Academy. I only chose it for its historical expression, which spoke of civilisation of manners, of security, and as containing in itself things which civilised people boast of. But there the argument is not very much in favour of this our "Nineteenth Century:" for the chiefest works of art in painting are of the *cinque cento*. It is not pretended that we have thrown into oblivious shade the masters of old celebrity; nor that we have made better statues than did Phidias and Praxiteles; nor excelled the Greeks in architecture; nor even the artist builders of the ages which we are pleased to style "Dark;" so that we have at least lost some marks of civilisation. Nay, to come to nearer times for comparison, it would be a hard thing for our swaggerers to find a dramatist willing to be taken by the collar, and contrasted face to face with the portraits of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, taking their plays as their representatives. There were worthies of a high romance in the civilised days of the "Glorious

Gloriana." What marks of essential civilisation are visible in the comedies of Shakespeare—what delightful mixture of the real and unreal—the mind springing from its own natural elasticity above the fogs and blight of worldly business, that ever tend to keep the spirits from rising! And why say comedies? Tragedies too. How fresh is the atmosphere mankind seem then to breathe. Humanity is made lovable or dignified. If we might judge of civilisation from the works of writers of that age, we might be justified in pronouncing it most civilised, for it was governed by a vivid and romantic spirit. Take as contrast the literature of Queen Anne's boasted time. It is quite of another spirit. There is a descending, a degradation of the whole mind. There begins visible worldliness. We see man taking his part in the affairs of the world for what he can get as an individual. There is a prominence of the business, and less made of the enjoyments of life;—the commercial spirit predominating, which has since overwhelmed the imaginative faculties, and buried the better, the more civilised pleasures of life, under the weight of avarice. We are, my dear Eusebius, too money-loving and money-getting to deserve the name of a thoroughly civilised people. Is a true and just perception of the fine arts a sign of civilisation? What is admired—what is eagerly purchased—what intellectual food do the purchases convey? Is the mere visual organ gratified by the lowest element of the arts—imitation—or the mind's eye enlarged to receive and love what is great and noble? In one sense, undoubtedly, the art of living is better understood, because, the romance of life fading away, personal comforts and little luxuries become exigencies, and engross the thoughts, filling up the vacancies that romance has left. Shall I shock you, my dear Eusebius, if I add my doubts if liberty is either civilisation or a sign of it? Great things have been done in the world, where there has been little of it enough, as well

as where there has been much. The fine arts are certainly not much indebted to it.

There is much in the question which yet remains to be considered. The questioned may well ask, as did the heathen philosopher on one more important, and of an infinite height and depth—another day of thought to answer it, and each succeeding day another still. Is civilisation that condition in which all the human faculties may be so continually exercised, as to make the more intellectual, moral, and religious being? when the plant humanity, like every other plant, shall by cultivation assume a new character, and even appearance? I fear this condition necessarily implies a degradation also. For as in no state do the many reach the high standard, equality must be destroyed, so that inferiority will not only have its moral mark, but also its additional toil, far above the share it would have, supposing a state nearer equality.

But then, it may be answered, the question is not about the many, but regards only examples, without considering number. Human plants may be exhibited of extraordinary culture and beauty—beauty that must be seen and admired—and, if so, imitated; and this law of imitation will draw in the many, in process of time, to improvement. Very true, Eusebius; and in a race naturally energetic, this imitation—while, on the whole, it will improve general manners—creates a social vice, affectation—which is vulgarity. The example of our Anglo-Saxon race is to the point—of wondrous energy, but in no race under the sun is vulgarity so conspicuous. If, then, the condition which forces all the human faculties to exertion be that of civilising tendency, does it follow that it is one of the greatest happiness? The history of the world says manifestly that it is not one of peace, of quietness, of content, of simplicity—alas! shall we say of honesty? For it must be confessed civilisation acts upon the mixed charac-

ter which every man has, and therefore gives progression both to vice and virtue. Man is only made great by trials; difficulties promote energies. It is the law of preparation for this world and for the next. Long, steep, and arduous is the way to excellence. The verse of Hesiod brings to mind a passage of greater authority. The smooth and broad way, and ever-ready way, is not so good.

"Τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς ἱδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάροιθεν ἔθηκαν,
Ἀθάνατοι μακρὸς δὲ καὶ ὄρθιος οἶμος ἐπ' αὐτὴν,
Καὶ τρηχὺς πρῶτον· ἐπὴν δ' εἰς ἄκρον ἵκηται
Ῥηϊδίη δ' ἔπειτα πέλει, χαλεπὴ περ ἐοῦσα."

HESIOD.

Here we have toil, trouble, and a rough road.

Now for a little entanglement of the subject. Who will sit for this aspirant for all the virtues—for civilisation? I look up to the portrait of the Chinese lady, who first set my thoughts upon this speculation. Surely she never got that placid do-nothing look from any long habit of toil and trouble; she never worked hard. I confess, Eusebius, as I question her, she does look a little more silly than I thought her. She never went the up-hill rough road. How should she? she was never shod for it; nay, were the truth told—for the painter has judiciously kept it out of sight—she had no proper feet to walk withal. They had been pinched to next to nothing. She never could have danced; would have been a sorry figure in a European ball-room; and in the way she must have stood, would have made but (as Goldsmith calls it) "a mutilated curtsy." It is hard to give up a first idea. I proposed her as an emblem of civilisation—and why not? She does not represent civilisation in its progress—in its work; but in its result—its perfection. For look at her,—she stands not up with a bold impudence, like Luxury in the "Choice of Hercules," puffed up and enlarged in the fat of pride, and redder and whiter than nature—a painted Jezebel.

Quite the reverse. She is most delicately slender; her substance is of the purity of the finest China tea-cup. In fact, she seems to have been set up as the work of a whole nation's toil,—as a sign, a model, of their civilisation. They who imagined such a creature, and set her upon her legs—yet I can hardly say that, considering the feet—must have made many after the same model, or seen many; and exquisite must have been the manners of such a piece of life-porcelain.

Indeed, Eusebius, we have greatly mistaken these people, the Chinese. I will believe their own account of themselves, and that they were a polished people when the ancient Britons went naked, and painted themselves with woad. Besides, here is another picture at hand, clearly showing them to have been, as probably they are still, a sensible people, for they evidently agree with the wisest man, who said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Here they have pictured a school, and the pedagogue is flogging a boy, and he has a very legitimate rod. If this is not a *mark* of civilisation—for it certainly leaves one, giving, as it were, a bottomry bond of future wisdom—I should like to know what is. Birch-buds are the smart-money of education, and wonderfully improve the memory without touching the head, but reaching the brain by a harmless and distant sympathy. I am sure the Chinese must be a people well worth studying; and, with all our national conceit, we may learn a good deal from them. If we scatter them about with our artillery, and stick them upon bayonets, and despise them because they are innocent, or have been till recently, in the arts of destruction, who are the most savage—the slaughtered or the slaughterers? Are we to call war, civilisation? Perhaps it may be the "rough way" it has to pass. Ask the Czar to answer the question. He will assuredly say, that it is cutting the throats of the Turks and filching their property; and he will show you one undoubted proof of the highest

civilisation of modern times, consummate hypocrisy—committing murder by wholesale in the name of religion.

Shall I advance a seeming paradox? Civilisation is impeded by knowledge—that is, by the modern demand for it. The memory becomes crammed, till there be no room in the brain for legitimate thought to work in. Hence a bewilderment, a confusion of other men's ideas, and none of our own; a general perplexity, and little agreement among people in sentiment, for they have no time left to consider upon their differences. The world is overstocked with the materials of knowledge, and yet there is ever a demand for more. The time of man's best wisdom was when he was not overburdened with books. Happy are scholars that so many of the classics are lost. Were all that have been written extant, the youth that should graduate in honours would be the miracle of a short time, and an idiot the remainder of his life. Then our own literature: it is frightful to see the bulky monthly catalogue of publications. Had I to begin the world, I should throw down the list in despair, and prefer being a literary fool, with a little common sense. Besides, the aspirant in education must learn all modern languages also. What a quantity! I made a note from a paper published, November 1851. Here is a quotation. A letter from Leipsic says: "The catalogue for the book fair of St Michael has been just published. It results from it that during the short space of time which has elapsed since the fair of Easter last, not fewer than three thousand eight hundred and sixty new books have been published in Germany, and that one thousand one hundred and fifty others are in the press. More than one-half of these works are on scientific subjects." Mercy on the brains of the people!—they will be inevitably addled. With all this learning and reading, summing and analysing, and making book-shelves of themselves, they are retrograding in natural understanding, which ought to be the strong foundation of

civilisation. And there is the necessity growing up of reading all the daily papers beside. Better, Eusebius, that the human plant should grow, like a cucumber, to belly, and run along the common ground, than shoot out such head-seed as is likely to come out of such a hotbed under a surfeit of dry manure. Verily it must shortly come to pass, that Ignoramus will be the wisest if not the knowingest among us. He may have common sense, a few flights of imagination unchoked with the dust of learning, or many wholesome prejudices, a great deal of honest feeling, and with these home-spun materials keep his morals and religion pure, and, walking in humbleness, reach unawares the summit of civilisation. If you think him an imaginary being, wed him to the Chinese Purity in the japan frame, and no one will write the epithalamium so happily as my friend Eusebius.

I might here have ended my letter, rather expecting to receive a solution to the great question than pretending to offer one. But having written so far, and about to add a concluding sentence, I received a visit from our matter-of-fact friend B., whom people hereabout call the Economist-General: he is a professed statist, great in all little things. He is always at work, volunteering unacceptable advices and schemes to boards of guardians and the Government. I told him I was writing to you, and the subject of my letter,—"Then," said he, "I can assist you. The Census newly come out is the thing. In that you will learn everything. You will, in fact, find civilisation depicted scientifically. I will send it to you." We conversed an hour; I promised to read his census return in the course of the day. He smiled strangely, but said nothing. I soon understood what the smile meant, when I saw a labouring man take out of a little cart a huge parcel, which upon opening I found to contain the Census in nineteen volumes or books, varying in shapes

and sizes, some of which being very bulky, I judged to contain heavy matter. The idea of reading over and digesting the Census in an afternoon appeared now so ridiculous that I could not refrain from laughing myself. Nineteen books to examine in an afternoon! It was evident there would be six months' toil, and as many hands as Briareus wanted to turn over the leaves; to say nothing of the number of heads to hold the matter. What horse-power engine in the brain to work up a digested process equal to the task! I was, however, being somewhat idle, curious to see what could have made our friend such an enthusiast; I therefore looked into some of the books—became interested—read more and more, though in a desultory manner. It is wonderful to see society so daguerreotyped in all its phases. What could have given rise to so much varied ingenuity?—what schemes, what contrivances for getting at everything?—the commissioners must have been Titans in ingenuity. Was it the necessity of the case that induced so much elaboration? I have read that the cost of the Census exceeds £120,000. That accounts for it, Eusebius; such a sum is not to be clutched without some inventive powers. Our friend thinks the Census will help to solve the question of civilisation; so pray borrow the volumes of an M.P. If you cannot get at the marrow of the thing you want, you will find much for after speculation. There is something frightful, Eusebius, in the idea that no class of men, no individuals, can henceforth escape the eye of this Great Inquisitor-General—a Census commission. There is no conceivable thing belonging to man, woman, or child that may not come under the inspection, and be in the books, of this great Gargantuan Busybody. In truth, he was born a gigantic infant in 1801. Hermes, in the Homeric hymn, leaped out of his cradle upon mischievous errands almost as soon as born: so did our big Busybody. Ere he was six months old he took

to knocking at people's doors, and running away.* He soon grew bolder, stood to his knock, and asked if Mr Thompson did not live there. Then he had the trick of getting into houses like the boy Jones, and counted the skillets in the scullery, the pap-dishes in the nursery, turned over the beds in the garrets, and booked men and maids who slept in them before they could put their clothes on. With a thirst for domestic knowledge, he insisted upon knowing who were married and who not. He would burst in upon a family at their prayers, and note what religion they were of. He would know every one's age, condition, business, and be very particular as to sex female, why they married or why they lived single; he could tell to a day when any would lie in. The most wonderful thing was the paper case he carried with him wherever he went. It would have made Gargantua himself stare with astonishment, for it is said, upon competent authority, to have weighed "nearly forty tons." This paper case contained particulars noted down of every one's possible concerns. He had another at home, in which he kept circulars for distribution, demanding further information. It was said to be bigger still; † as he grew robust and bold, of course it took more to feed Busybody. It is almost incredible what a number of the people's loaves he ate up in one year; but that there is the baker's bill to vouch for it, no one would believe it. The quantity of food required for himself and his numerous retainers has already made him look about with anxiety to foist upon the country a scheme for sure agricul-

* There was an attempt to *enforce* returns upon religious and educational statistics, but, in the words of the Report, "It was, however, considered doubtful whether, upon a rigid construction, the Census Act rendered it compulsory upon parties to afford information upon these particulars: and the inquiry was, therefore, pursued as a purely voluntary investigation."—*Report*, No. I.

† "The weight of the schedules, blank enumeration-books, and other forms despatched from the Central Office, exceeded fifty-two tons.—*Report*, No. I.

tural statistics, to ascertain the number of loaves to the acre. It cannot be said of him, as of many, that his eye is bigger than his belly, for the former cannot as yet see "bread-stuffs" enough to fill the latter. Besides, he has quite an army to maintain of officials, enumerators, and registrars, who all, after the manner of benchers, must eat their way into the universal knowledge required of them. Such is Busybody. In my afternoon nap, I have dreamed of him, Eusebius, and offer you this description of him—his birth, life, habits, and manners—as by a dreaming intuition I received them. What think you of the monster? As perilous a beast as the Wooden Horse of Troy.

"Inspectura domos, venturaque desuper urbi." It would not be surprising if Irish mothers, when they find that all their babes are registered, age and sex noted down, were to take into their heads that they are to be fattened; that Swift's scheme, which a popular author has unwisely characterised as serious cannibalism, is at length to be realised, and thus Bigmouth of the old fair and puppet-show will appear as Busybody-General. Perhaps the "King of the Cannibal Islands," since we have taught him to read and write, will avail himself of this new registration system; for with him all is alike meat in the market. I have been reading an account of such a people's doings, and find the only difference between human and other is, that the former is sold as "long pig," the other short pig.

I mentioned the ingenuity displayed in the Census—turn to the maps and diagrams. You will see a map of England and Wales, shaded so that the depth of colour shall denote the density of the population: there are figures also to tell the number of persons to a square mile, and towns and cities are represented by round dots, larger or smaller, according to the number of inhabitants. It is a very curious and pretty plaything; but of what imaginable use? It is like

the shadowing on the maps of the moon. London looks awful—a horrible black pit—and must give children, who will be delighted with the plaything, a notion that our great metropolis must be a sink of iniquity. Cobbett's notion of the "great wen" was by no means agreeable; to make it such a black pit of destruction is far less flattering. There are diagrams also showing, by the closeness of dots, the density of population at various periods. It was certainly a very ingenious contrivance of the inventor, for the enlargement and continuance of his work and employment; in a matter, too, where, at first view, so little was required to be done. If not more profitable, it at least provides as much amusement as Diogenes afforded when he rolled his tub about, to show that he must be busy. The inventor was, however, wiser than the philosopher; for the philosopher aimed at satire only, the inventor of the maps and diagrams at pay and profit. Everything should nowadays be turned into the channel of education; it might be suggested to the educational purveyors, and to masters and inspectors of schools, who stand a chance of wanting something to teach, to have these maps and diagrams printed cheaply on thick or board paper, that, even in their recreation hours, the scholars may learn something, and the favourite "game of goose," of ominous name, be profitably superseded. The two diagrams of London, the one for the year 1801, the other 1851, may serve quite as well as the "Chinese puzzle" to exercise growing or dull memories, having a like advantage of not burthening the mind, already too full, with any useful knowledge whatever. For instance, it will be quite sport to learn by heart that, as to density of London in 1801, "on an average, there were nearly 394 square yards of land to every person, 2784 square yards to every inhabited house." As to proximity in 1801, that, "on an average, the mean distance from house to house (inhabited) was nearly 57 yards; from person

to person 21 yards." That, as to density in 1851, "on an average, there were nearly 160 square yards of land to every person; 1234 square yards to every inhabited house." As to proximity, that in 1851, "on an average, the mean distance from house to house (inhabited) was nearly 38 yards; from person to person 14 yards." So that every person is approaching his neighbour in person, but not probably in love or liking, so rapidly, as that he has already seven yards of the area of his liberty taken from him since 1801. It will be comfortably and philosophically answered, that most of those who enjoyed that liberty in 1801, more than half a century ago, cannot complain, for they are now silent, and in less space, that of six feet by four; and that the present generation easily accommodate themselves in less space, having the better liberty of making more noise. These are the trifles, the games, and the plays that amuse children six feet high.

"Increase and multiply" was at the beginning, and from the beginning to this day is, the divine command. Some would infer that there must be a blessing attending obedience to it, others would in part abrogate the law, and, with Malthus, admit no crowding at the bountiful table which nature supplies. The presumption fairly is, that as security to life and happiness is the main cause of increase; viewing this world only, such increase must be a great good, and it implies advancement in civilisation, which possibly may not be ill defined as the art of promoting life and happiness. It includes moral advancement. But the beneficence of our Maker allows us to look beyond this world. Hence, the awful thought, and the responsibility incurred by its increase of population, as an increase of immortal souls. There is a depth in this argument beyond my scope. It is a curious fact which this Census shows. In 1801, the population of Great Britain was 10,578,956; in 1851, it had reached

20,959,477. Thus the population has nearly doubled in fifty years. But further: "The population of the United Kingdom, including the army, navy, and merchant-seamen, was 21,272,187 in 1821, and about 27,724,849 in 1851; but in the interval 2,685,747 persons emigrated, who, if simply added to the population of the United Kingdom, make the survivors and descendants of the races within the British Isles in 1821, now 30,410,595."

Perhaps, Eusebius, you never considered that you have only right and title to a certain limited area, to live and breathe in, in this your beloved country. Your area is becoming more circumscribed every day. People are approximating fearfully. You may come to touch very disagreeable people; at present you are only a few yards apart. There are two things, according to this Census, threatening you—"density" and "proximity." For "density" a French writer proposes "specific population after the analogy of specific gravity," so that if there be an accelerating ratio, you may be run in upon and crushed by your neighbours, after the annihilating principle of some of our railroads. I remember when a boy hearing an old gentleman make a curious calculation, equalising rights to the air we breathe. He came to the conclusion that a man who smoked tobacco took up more room in the atmosphere than he had any right to. This, now that we are so rapidly approximating, ought, you will think, to come under the consideration of the Legislature. See your danger—"the people of England were on an average one hundred and fifty-three yards asunder in 1801, and one hundred and eight yards asunder in 1851." Thus the regular goers, the world-walkers, are coming in upon you; but there are some as erratic as comets, whose contiguity you will dread. I say this is your danger, for you do not suppose such infinite pains would have been taken, and such vast expense incurred, merely out of idle

curiosity to give you this information. Perhaps it is kindly meant to give you a hint that your room would be preferred to your company. "Tempus abire tibi est." More than this—not only persons, but houses are encroaching upon each other. "The mean distance apart of their houses was three hundred and sixty-two yards in 1801, and two hundred and fifty-two yards in 1851."

I dare to say, among your ignorances, you are ignorant of this, that the British Isles are at least five hundred in number. "Five hundred islands and rocks have been numbered, but inhabitants were only found and distinguished on the morning of March 31, 1851, in *one hundred and seventy-five* islands, or groups of islands." I cannot very well tell what is meant by "*distinguished*," but you will perceive that there is a chance, if you fear the "crushing density and proximity" of escape to one of these islands, as yet uninhabited, where you may exist without contact or contagion, as a very "*distinguished*" individual. You may be another Alexander Selkirk, and "monarch of all you survey," and have the honour of a distinction, in the next census, now enjoyed by a lone lady. You will be enumerated as, and as solely taking care of, number one. There are British isles that have each but two inhabitants. "Little Papa" has but one—a woman; and "Inchcolm one solitary man." What think you of this "last man" and this "last woman," each upon his or her "*Ultima Thule?*" The motherless man-hating woman, in contempt of the parental name, alone treading under foot "Little Papa." The "solitary man," if, as is likely he be, brutish, may live out of the fear of a recent Act of Parliament. For if he disdains the marital luxury, he cannot be punished for beating his wife.

The writer of these statistics, aware that there is a good deal of dry matter, prudently sprinkles it with a little salt-water poetry. Thus, as a kind of preface to these British

islands, he says: "The Scandinavian race survives in its descendants round the coasts of the British Isles, and the soul of the old Viking still burns in the seamen of the British fleet, in the Deal boatmen, in the fishermen of the Orkneys, and in that adventurous, bold, direct, skilful, mercantile class, that has encircled the world by its peaceful conquests. What the Greeks were in the Mediterranean Sea, the Scandinavians have been in the Atlantic Ocean. A population of a race on the islands and the island coasts, impregnated with the sea, in fixing its territorial boundaries, would exhibit but little sympathy with the remonstrating Roman poet, in his Sabine farm over the Mediterranean:

> 'Nequidquam Deus abscidit
> Prudens *oceano dissociabili*
> Feras, si tamen impiæ
> Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.'"

A writer or compiler of statistics should ride his own hobby. Pegasus is hard-mouthed to his hand; if he attempts the use of the curb, he is thrown, and thus is sure to be run away with. So here he has got quite beyond the ground of matter-of-fact. By the Vikings' soul in the British seamen —the burning soul too—he declares himself of the Pythagorean philosophy, quite gratuitously; and in the following sentence carries his transmigration notions to a strange but practical conclusion, for he tells us of a race "*impregnated with the sea*," imaging sailors' mothers and wives as mermaids —that is, previous to the marine and martial alliances; by which unaccountable flight of poetic diction, I presume, he means only that the sea was rather a rough nursing-mother: and how could he imagine that such an untutored race ever read, or could read, a syllable of what Horace wrote? Doubtless, he must have been weary, counting up these five hundred mostly barren islands, and, coming in the list to "*Rum*," it must have made for him a comfortable sugges-

tion; and in consequence, a pretty stiff tumbler set all his ideas at once afloat, and poetically "half seas over" among the islands, steering, however, steadily, as he was bound towards Mull Port, and the more pleasant hospitality of its 7485 inhabitants. Having descended from this marine Pegasus, the author proceeds in his statistics.

The number of inhabited houses in Great Britain in 1801 amounted to 1,870,476; in 1851, to 3,648,347: these contained 4,312,388 families—persons, 20,816,351. Thus it is seen that the number of houses since 1801 is nearly doubled. How commonly we boast, Eusebius, of things that have passed away! You hear it now often said that an Englishman's house is his castle, the garrison of which has been hitherto supposed to be known only to himself. There has been an idea that not only the master, but all down to the very scullion, are ready to stand with spits and skillets to keep out unwelcome invaders; whereas the truth is, as shown in this Census, that the castle has its government-inspector, who notes down and registers the numbers, ages, names, sexes, and occupations of every individual the said castle contains. Houses are a very nice tangible property for the convenience of government taxation; by judicious scrutiny, of which the Census Commission provides ample means, it will be easily ascertained what each family has to live upon; or, what is quite the same thing for the getting the taxation, what on "an average" the Commissioners may think the said family ought to have to live upon; thus the income-tax is facilitated in computation and collection. These are surely encroachments, that, by little and little, are domineering over the subjects' liberty. There are other Acts of Parliament also which affect this liberty in the "castle;" some general, some local. In few places can a man make alterations in his building, inside or out, without an application for consent, and of course a fee to some commissioner or

other. If he succeeds, there is a further penalty upon his improvements, though they may have been required for the very health of his family. He has, through this Census scrutiny, to pay a tax upon his improvements, nor is he allowed any deduction for repairs. This Englishman's castle, then, you see, is as much besieged as Bomarsund! At first it was pretty well thrown out of its own windows by the window-tax, and is always at the mercy of commissions, whether it shall or shall not be turned out of doors. Many a one is there that has a ten-pound battery playing upon it all the year round. If, weary of watching your besiegers, you turn yourself out of house, and live a rambling, roving life how you can, you will not so easily escape; you will have an inspector after you with note-book and ink-horn, and you will be booked and pigeon-holed for further use when wanted. "Finally, there is the population sleeping in barns, in tents, and in the open air, comprising, with some honest, some unfortunate people out of employment, or temporarily employed, gypsies, beggars, strollers, vagabonds, vagrants, outcasts, criminals. The enumeration of the houseless population, unsettled in families, is necessarily imperfect, and the actual number must exceed the 18,249 returned; namely, 9972 in barns, and 8277 in the open air." The poor strollers! why should they be stigmatised and classed with vagabonds, vagrants, outcasts, and criminals? are they not following their lawful vocation, and doing something, as it is hoped they are, towards civilising the people through legitimate amusement? It were better the compiler had the charity of the chimney-sweeper boy, who remonstrated with a brother sweep, who pointed his finger at Garrick in the streets, and said, "there be one of the player-folk." "Don't say so," said the discreet one, "for thee dostn't know what thee and I may come to." But I know, as you rather patronise gypsies, you will be pleased to hear

that one tribe of them baffled the officials. "It is mentioned in one instance that a tribe of gypsies struck their tents, and passed into another parish in order to escape enumeration."

The great king whom we read of in history, who, in the excess of his felicity, thought it needful to have a flapper appointed to remind him every day that he was mortal, though he was made the example of many a theme in our school days, I look upon now as a very silly fellow. I have often heard you express your dislike of any impertinent *memento mori*—you have even thought it irreligious, and unthankful for present good; and tending to chill the life-blood, the little that is left in the old, and to throw a wet blanket over the cheerfulness of the young, out of which cheerfulness elastic manhood is to spring, and to take upon itself to do the manly responsible duties of life vigorously. I repeat that you have always maintained, that to thrust a *memento mori* in every man's face, or to carve it upon his walking-stick, is irreligious, because it is essential unthankfulness.

It is not pleasant, certainly, to have one's days numbered by other people, and sent to you in circulars. I knew one of these life-calculators; a clergyman called to condole with him on the recent death of his wife. All he could get from him was partly a submission to a necessity, and partly a congratulation that death had not taken him. "Yes, sir," said he, "if A does not die, in all probability B will; and if neither A nor B die, C must." You will be indignant, but your philosophy will have the pleasure of its indignation, if I pointed out to your notice Busybody's table of mortality. When last he knocked at your door, and booked your age, did his eyebrows arch with surprise? Eusebius, that look meant to tell you that you had no right whatever at that moment to be alive. He longed to filch your name out of his pigeon-hole of life. You are a hale man, and will, I

hope, doing so much good as you do, outlive a couple of censuses yet. Have your eye upon Busybody when he next appears; not like Death, with one of his warnings, but ready to receive a certificate of burial. There is a table showing how very few who were alive in 1801 are now living, and so on, at every succeeding census. "By the English Life Table it is shown that the half of a generation of men of all ages passes away *in thirty years*, and that more than three in every four of their number die in half a century." But I pass by this unwelcome subject—nor will I be the one to say to you or to any man, "Proximus ardet, Ucalegon." Let Ucalegon's house escape if it can.

It is more agreeable to contemplate births than deaths. There is something very curious in that hidden law which evidently regulates the proportion of the sexes to each other. It has been commonly thought that the males have exceeded the females, in order to make allowance for the greater waste of life to which the males are subject by wars and the elements. But the facts show the contrary. "The number of the male population of Great Britain was 10,386,048, of the female population 10,735,919; the females exceeded the males by 349,871; and the males at home were 10,223,558; consequently the females exceeded by 512,361 the males *in* Great Britain. To every 100,000 females the males were 96,741, including 1538 males abroad, the exclusion of whom leaves 95,203 males at home. The excess of females over males was nearly the same proportionally in 1801 and 1851. Thus, in 1801, to every 100,000 males there were 103,353 females; in 1851, the females were 103,369 to the same number of males. The proportion in both periods was nearly 30 males to 31 females." It may be inferred from this that there is rather a greater waste of female life than of male. It would be worth while to ascertain how long this excess has been found to have taken place; I am

inclined to suspect that the unhealthy employments of young women, to so large an extent, may have been the cause; for it seems to be the law of nature to make a supply for the greater waste. Humanity requires a strict scrutiny into the healthy or deleterious employments of young women, especially in our manufacturing districts, to account for this excessive supply, that as far as is possible some remedial measures may be adopted. That all is regulated by a law of Providence, there can be no doubt in any mind. My present knowledge of the Census is entirely confined to the Report No. 1 of 1851. I shall look to the second Part for an elucidation of this problem.

It is surprising, however, on the whole, to see how unevenly the sexes are balanced; it would be a speculation not uninteresting to observe what causes may have induced occasional variations. Thus speaks the Report:—

"The sexes have apparently increased at different rates in certain decennaries, but the average annual rates of increase through the whole period have been so nearly the same (males 1.328, females 1.329 per cent) as to cause a slight difference only in the third decimal place, and have differed little from $1\frac{1}{3}$ annually. The decennial rates of increase were, males 14.108, females 14.111." The "law of population," as it relates to proportion of sexes, is a mystery. No human polity can provide for that. It is plain to see, however, that there is a wise, benevolent, superintending Power which makes and maintains the law in a just equilibrium. Whether people shall marry or no may depend on human laws and civil institutions; whether due encouragement be given, or the reverse.

We learn from Herodotus that among the Sauromatæ, a people in the northern parts of Europe and Asia, the women dressed in the habits of men, and, like them, engaged in battle; that none were allowed to marry till she should

first have killed her man. Hence it happened, we are further told, that many died old maids, never having been able to fulfil the conditions. How any population could be kept up under the existence of such a law, no one now can question the historian. I suppose, from the necessity of the case, that a reform was demanded, and more peaceful marriages were the first-fruits of a free trade. It must have been an adventurous thing for a man to marry a woman who had once killed her man to obtain one husband; he might have lived in continual fear that she might kill a second man to have another husband.

It appears that marriage, though it is nominally free, is under restriction; were it otherwise, the increase of population would be far greater. "In ordinary times a large proportion of the marriageable women of every country are unmarried." The writer might have spared his ink; but he adds: "And the most direct action on the population is produced by their entering the marriage state." As one example may serve a general purpose, the Census gives that of the south-eastern division, comprising Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Hants, and Berks, in which "the number of women of the age of 20, and under 45, amounted at the last Census to 290,209, of whom 169,806 were wives, and 120,403 were spinsters or widows. 49,997 births were registered in the same counties during the year 1850, or 10 children were born in 1850 to every 58 women living in 1851." It is to be presumed that among matrimonial chances every lot is a prize. The difficulty of a choice, where multitudes assemble, maintains a law of hesitation—of indecision—by which it happens that celibacy becomes wise, and is fond of repeating the philosopher's advice as to the time to marry: if young, not yet; if middle-aged, wait; if old, never. Let us see how the reverse operates where the choice is very limited. St Kilda, in the parish of Harris, is 70 miles away

from the mainland in the Western Hebrides; the population is 110—48 males, 62 females; 32 families in 32 houses. "There are 19 married couples on the island, 2 widowers, 8 widows. *Five unmarried men, 5 unmarried women of the age of* 20, *and under* 46." One would imagine these had only to meet and to marry. Five is no great choice; the greater haste, you would suppose, to take a partner. Is the solution to be found in this extraordinary fact, that there is no clergyman to unite the couples resident on the island? The five couples must wait; and as the clergyman on the mainland may hesitate to go 140 miles to marry one couple, he is probably waiting for all five to come to a decision. It must have been some such unfortunate place as St Kilda which supplied the wit to the epigrammatist upon the question of marriages ceasing elsewhere, the priest asserting that women are not to be found there; the reply being—

> "Women there are, but I'm afraid
> They cannot find a priest."

"On St Kilda," says the Census, "there is a manse and a church, but no medical man—no clergyman resident on the island."

Will the world be better, Eusebius, for all these statistics; will civilisation be one jot advanced, by *registering* our tailors as well as their paletots?—by knowing how many tinkers there are in the world to mend our kettles? They will, be sure of it, trudge about just the same, and do their work as badly or as well as before. All trades will be governed by their own instincts, without the least difference; unless, indeed, statistics take a more useful turn, and fix their stigma upon the adulterators of goods. We may have reason to say something in favour of the Scrutiniser-General, when he can tell us where the wines called port are manufactured that never came from Portugal, and who make them; who adul-

terates our drugs, so that people are dying for lack of the genuine; who, in fact, poison all we eat and drink, and put devils'-dust on our backs for woollen cloth. It is very little to the purpose to have the number of thieves and rascals that infest the world, if the Augean stable of crime is left uncleansed. If dishonesty should ever be driven out of common trades, which it has so notoriously infected, a great thing would be done; and we might bear with a grateful quietude more numbering and registering of us and all our concerns than we quite like; although it surely is not necessary for this to carry on such espionage as this Census contains. Perhaps even its absurdity is dangerous, for it induces people to fix their minds upon that, not upon its ulterior purposes. While men are laughing at things, wilily ridiculous in themselves, they know not what mischief is secretly brewing. I maintain that it is a great offence in any way to touch the sanctity of the hearth—that what economists and statistic inventors may please to call public liberty, should be allowed to destroy home liberty. It is something monstrous that every one should be obliged to give an account of every inmate in his house, their ages, conditions, and their relationship. It is better to let some of the peccadilloes of life escape notice, than register them and the house. If Miss or Mrs Debora Wilkins shall receive under her hospitality a big nephew, it is very hard upon her to be obliged to certify the exact relationship, or induce her into the great error of writing down a falsehood. Men may be a little more careless in such matters, but feminine nicety is touched to the quick. Could you, having any bowels of compassion, extort a confession from such an unprotected female as Miss Debora? A registration commission might, if encouraged, hereafter ransack her unfortunate boxes to find baby-linen. Is there to be nothing but one rigid rule—no charity shown to sex and age—but the unsparing discovery of both on that

fatal 30th of March? Must no female, then, escape to her lover's arms in male attire—no "lubberly boy" pass for a sweet Anne Page, that sweet Anne Page fall not to the lot of a fool? Must foibles, frailties, and follies be all registered in damnatory schedules? Surely there might be a little decent connivance, such as would spare the two village ladies, who, being born in the same *anno Domini*, annually visited each other to determine what should be their ages for the ensuing year. Their only comfort will be in bribery and corruption, which they will be thankful is not yet put down, and a fee will spare what uncharitable Census would expose. There may be something in attacking crimes and discovering frauds which touch the whole community. These are not much harboured in homes, but in public-houses, and in shops, which are not homes, but as having a public character, and giving public invitation to all to enter them, ought to come under some kind of surveillance; but when the citizen shuts his street door, let none force an entrance. Let no Asmodeus take off his roof, and publish the within little histories, nor make gimlet-holes in walls and ceilings. Such doings are but, as at present, a slight exaggeration or caricature of a census. Let there be a police, and a good one; even with much secret scrutiny allowed to it,—it is for the public safety; but there let it end in its admitted authority. Make not a police of a census commission, nor let the one interfere with or usurp the office of the other. Let a census be content to number the people—a police take crime under its cognisance. The undying, ever-seeing, and acting arrangement of a police is one of the most curious phenomena of society. For revolutions that appear to overturn everything, scarcely touch a well-ordered police: the excellence of which is, that it lives and moves unseen, unfelt, by the good—that it is a protector.

I remember years ago reading an anecdote showing the

perfection of the old Parisian police. A gentleman had sojourned in Paris a week or two, when one day he was requested to attend at the police-office. He was surprised when told how he had occupied himself since he had been in Paris — what houses he had frequented, what friends visited, what business he had transacted. He was finally asked the home-question, "Are you a man of courage—can you rely upon yourself?" He thought he might. Then he was told that there was a plot to murder him in his bed that night—that his own servant was in conspiracy with others for that purpose. He was desired to go to bed as usual, and, if he did not sleep, to appear to sleep, and to fear nothing. In the night he heard his room-door open, a person or persons enter—he knew steps were softly approaching his bed — he fancied the arm uplifted to murder him. His reliance and his courage failed him not. Under his bed, and elsewhere in his room, soldiers had been secreted. To make the story short, his servant and the accomplices were taken. The Census which a police quietly makes has an object of general safety. It has its one pursuit. It has its particular game, and we may well give it its license. By it we sleep safely in our beds. It does its complicated but defined work silently; whereas the other census is perpetually knocking at every man's door, to ask impertinent questions. It is a perpetual warning to "beware the Ides of March;" for then it will come and toss the clothes off your bed at earliest dawn, lest you should rise and escape; and you must give an account of all the beds, and all who slept in them. And what is all this disturbance for? For no earthly good that any of the persecuted can yet see, but all mistrust the end. Must every one of us have a ticket and number on his back? It is the same thing, if he and his concerns, and all the relations of his life, are down in Busybody's book. There he sits in his Centralisation Office, with

his millions of electric wires passing underground, and coming up unseen in every man's house. He means to have his hook in every man's nose, nay, every man's, woman's, and child's, and to draw them in when he wills, as a big spider does his flies, and perhaps to leave them sucked as dry, suspended in his million-threaded web. And has he not as many eyes as that ugly creature, and as many ways of spreading out his ubiquitous legs—backward, forward, or circular? Oh, this Busybody!—he means to have a line in every one's mouth, and to draw all after him as Gulliver did the diminutive fleet. But I say, Eusebius, that, Liliputians as we are in his eyes, it is hard if we cannot combine, get our multitudinous toils round his legs, and with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, throw him on his back, tie him down hands and feet, search his pockets for his hooks, and then shoot our sharpest arrows into the body of this Quinbus Flestrin. We will not be any more gulled by this huge Gulliver. He is the Great Humbug and Deceiver, cajoling silly ones into a belief in the marvel of his arithmetic; that all the commonest things of life must be done by his mystical numbers, or will be done ill; that they must count and think of how many joints, bones, muscles, and sinews they have in their toes, before venturing their feet a single step.

What is become of civilisation all this while, Eusebius? This Census, which was to tell so much, has not thrown light upon the question. Yet, perhaps, after all, it is a more simple one than you or I thought it to be. I go back to the placidity of the Chinese lady in the picture. I am now gazing on her expressive trustfulness—upon a complexion that, if there be many such, justifies the title of "Celestial Empire." She, the feminine representative of a nation, the prized pearl of the Romance of the Porcelain Empire, the very "Gentilezza," the embodied purity of a people's best

thoughts, the endowed growth of a perfection above nature, for so much worship as humanity may, for its improvement in civilisation, be allowed to set up in the garden of imaginary virtues, the very Goshen where grow plants and flowers, and sweet waters glide unknown to working nature, and all courting the enchanting and enchanted beauty.

"L'acqua la terra in suo favor s'inchina." Not to be tedious with you in this fancied passion, Eusebius, I come to the point I aim at. She is the emblem of civilisation, and that is feminine influence. Its ideal has beautified that porcelain world, as it will ever beautify every other where it is felt and maintained.

Yes, Eusebius, civilisation, like common sense, aptly called mother-wit, comes from the mother. He who, as child and boy, loved and reverenced for all her purity, truth, and goodness, a mother, when he becomes man will ever do his part in civilising the world. From the first romance of mother's love groweth every other romance; for romance is a noble and delicate sentiment. To propagate this is to propagate civilisation. But if any lack this reverence, from whatever cause, and would palm upon society, as better than its romance, an idle knowledge, a low spirit of calculation, an accumulation of mere facts and figures, trust him not with the secrets of your breast; all his doings tend to selfishness and rebarbarism. For my own part, Eusebius, when I see such glib statistical calculators boasting of their practical knowledge, I bethink me of the learned dog in the show, who with perseverance has acquired the trick of putting his paw upon letters and numbers, and of arithmetising required ages. Take heed to your pocket on such occasions; for though you have paid your admission ticket, there remains the last requirement, the last main trick to be exhibited, the going round the company with the hat in his mouth.

CIVILISATION.—THE CENSUS.

[NOVEMBER 1854.]

Did my last letter, dear Eusebius, open to your intellectual sight a glimpse of the real nature of Civilisation? Not that I would presume to imagine I could unfold so great a mystery, or to have reached the kernel of the nut which had broken the teeth of philosophers. Truth is as a ball of thread which, cast upon the ground, as it rolls unfolds itself: it is a lucky catch to have your fingers upon the outer thread: a careful following may unravel the whole, and the inner substance become clear and visible, however obscured in its involutions. Paint your phantasmagoria; let it represent a universal tournament, with queens of beauty the prizes, and let every action be of honour, generosity, and love. Imagine a romance that shall embrace a nation, wise and reverenced age, heroic and lovely youth! Why, you are laughing doubtless at the rhapsody—the dream. Well, is it not a dream of civilisation? Honest hands were they of the trades in their several guilds that glorified the general grace with their proud handiwork, emulous of mastership and fair renown. Maiden-embroidery and horse-millinery were of the true materials; no shams, no adulterated and knavish substitutes. All work was honest; there was an additional worth in it of the labour of love. Fast asleep and dreaming again will you deem me? So

much the worse, if it be so very unlike the world we wake into, where both romance and honesty are faded like old tapestry, and equally derided for their out-of-time and seeming unnatural quaintnesses. Yet who knows, Eusebius, what "the ever-whirling wheel" of mutability may throw off for our allotment? Old things may come round again, tricked anew, and bright as all the virtues!

"Redeant Saturnia regna."

Is this but a peevish humour? Are we not, after all, "better than we seem?" Have we not greatness in us and among us? Truly we have. We are on the stage of a serious drama, of which the low underplots and the interludes are somewhat ridiculous; but it is a grand piece that is being acted—that may justify a "plaudite," ere the curtain drops. Who shall dare to say that heroism is dead—that honesty is dead? because knavery happens to be just now thriving, and miscalculating economists are troublesome with their false weights when the higher virtues are in the scale.

I emblematised civilisation, in the Chinese lady in japan-gilt frame, like a rose in garden enclosure,—the feminine excellence, that even you might not, with an Anglo-Saxon conceit that occasionally and for a moment predominates in us all, arrogate to this your England all that is good. Queen, Empress, or Ladye—they are all one and the same—was she once, in the empire of Porcelain. Her picture is proof of her once existence, as a discovered coin of a reign; and who knows if, in the wonders that mutability is working, she may not again rise a revivified civilisation in that strange land—a new Aphrodite out of the sea of its turbulence, when the Tartar dynasty shall have quietly withdrawn itself; for it is better he should escape than she should "catch a Tartar." My letter concluded with the best of conclusions, that civilisation is, was, and ever will be, Feminine Influence.

You may not like my Chinese model; but you, who would rather fight for the honour and reputation of your great-grandmother, than like a Bounderby deny a mother, will scan the mystery, and see its perfection.

I was vexed to find nothing of this in Census No. 1. There all was of the penmanship of Big Busybody, prime secretary of Prince Humbug, and I felt some pleasure in rolling about my tub in contempt. But whether it was that the Prince Humbug and his secretary were weary or hungry, and retired, or were shoved for a while from their seats of authority by a more masterly hand, I find quite another spirit in about the middle of Report No. 2, wherein, in coincidence with our—that is, your and my view—the feminine element is justly brought out and duly weighed—its value and importance established. The writer of this portion of the Census, wisely dissatisfied with the assumed causes of our progressive population—namely, the mechanical inventions which have apparently found employment for the people—ascribes it to *the influence* of the *changes in the conjugal state of the people*. He passes in review the period of our history extending from 1651 to 1751. "The population increased very slowly; and we find that, after the restoration of Charles II., such a general dissoluteness of manners was inaugurated as can now be scarcely understood; while shortly after 1751 the law of marriage—which, like the institution itself, had grown inconceivably loose, and had at the same time been greatly abused—was reformed." Puritanism had drawn the social bow with too strong a hand; the string had broken, and it had hastily flown back in the opposite direction. Profligacy was a fashion. The writer is here unsparing, yet justifies his severity by authorities given in the notes.

"The light poets, the players, and the gay men and women on town, led crowds of votaries into the extreme

opposite to Puritanism. Young people of both sexes were brought from the country to Whitehall, where, instead of hard lessons of elevated thought and patriotism—such as Lady Jane Grey and her contemporaries learnt from Plato—they masqued, they 'ogled,' sang, and danced, under the eye of the 'Mother of the Maids,' and the higher auspices of the Queen, the Queen-Dowager, and the Duchess of York, until, wounded or terrified, they flew into concealment, or as it was everywhere deemed, ridiculously married, and ingloriously discharged the duties of English wives and mothers. The sisters, daughters, and wives of the loyalest subjects, the greatest generals, the wisest statesmen, and the gravest judges, figured in the Paphian train, glittering and smiling as the troop of Boccaccio in the pages of Grammont, and on the walls of Hampton Court; but with advancing years shattered, patched, degraded, fading—as they are seen in the authentic memoirs of the age, and lifelike portraits of Hogarth."

As Hogarth was not born till 1698, the tenth year of the reign of William and Mary, it is surely straining a point for the picturesque effect of portraiture, to introduce him as depicting, in the *dramatis personæ* of his scenic works, the profligacies of the reign or the Beauties of the Court of Charles II. In the frigid Court of William and Mary, "vice lost its graces and charms;" but profligacy is not at once eradicated; and it would be strange indeed if there was not enough of it in practice of the then world of fashion to justify the satire of the moral painter. The "homely but not shining qualities" which regulated the court of the "devout, chaste, and formal" Queen Anne, so designated by Lord Chesterfield, a writer very tolerant of old vices, were not suffered to have a permanent effect upon the manners of the people, by the succession of the two first Georges.

Among all classes "the institution of marriage was unsettled to its foundations."

The effect of this state of things upon *families* was most pernicious. The due ratio of increase of population was stayed. A gradual improvement in the morals of the people commenced after 1751. Lord Hardwicke's bill, in 1753, was "one of the first evident reforms in the law of marriage." Historians do not express the same sentiments upon the operation of this bill—some viewing it as a means to secure to the aristocracy fortunes by marriages, others as giving a greater respectability to marriage itself. It was at the time considered by its opponents as likely to affect the population of the country. The writer in the Report observes: "Experience soon showed, that instead of stopping marriage, and the growth of population, the Act had the contrary effect, by depriving the marriage ceremony of disgraceful associations —by making it not a mere verbal promise, but a life-contract to be recorded, to be entered into with deliberation by persons in the enjoyment of their faculties, and to be kept inviolate till death." And here it is fair to remark, that probably no small share of the disrespect in which marriages were held, and the consequent dissoluteness, may be ascribed to the Puritans, who, before Charles's arrival, in 1653, had passed a bill for solemnising marriages by justices of peace. The removal of any part of the sanctity of marriage has a tendency to bring it into disrepute; it is better that it should be held even as some would say with a superstition, than merely as a civil contract, which, like most other civil contracts, may be broken *ad libitum* by those who are willing to incur the penalties. Modern legislation has, however, in this respect, brought the ceremony of marriage down still lower than the Act of the Puritans, by reducing even the official dignity of performance, and authorising marriages at

the public Register Offices. Where there is little distinct religious feeling or principle, there is a superstition akin to it. And there are few who do not receive or remember, with a sense of awe, the solemn words, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder;" and the evil suggestion, in the contrary case, is ready enough—Whom man joins man may put asunder, and if man only, it little matters what man. Parties may assume that privilege to themselves. It is hard to see how the Church of England can, at any after time, by their other official acts, recognise such marriages. What is to be said of the monition or warning, that "so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful"?

"Since the Act (of 1753) came into operation, the registers of marriage have been preserved in England, and show an increase from 50,972 in the year 1756 to 63,310 in 1764. 'The rage of marrying is very prevalent,' writes Lord Chesterfield in the latter year; and again in 1767, 'in short, the matrimonial frenzy seems to rage at present, and is epidemical.'" After many fluctuations, the marriages rose to *seventy, eighty, ninety, and a hundred thousand annually:* and in the Census year (1851) to *a hundred and fifty-four thousand two hundred and six.* Fourteen millions were added to the population. The matrimonial "frenzy" which amused Lord Chesterfield was rife in the reign of our Third George. You will not be surprised, Eusebius, to learn, that to George III., his queen, and the example of his court, is ascribed by this writer in the Census the change for the better in the morals and manners of the people. Family sanctities were established. The home influence of the virtuous mother was felt throughout the land. That purity was restored which had been nearly lost in the moral degradation of women of previous licentious times. It is with a grateful pleasure,

Eusebius, as one born during that moral reign, and thankful for that love of a mother which was its law and rule, and my individual happiness, that I make the following extract:—

"Of the political course of George III. and Queen Charlotte opinions necessarily still differ; but the truth of the testimony to the Queen's private virtues will be universally admitted." (Here follows extract from Lord Mahon's *History of England*). "Pure, and above all reproach in her own domestic life, she knew how to enforce at her court the virtues, or at the very least, the semblance of the virtues, which she practised. To no other woman, probably, had the cause of good morals in England ever owed so deep an obligation." The Queen devoted much time to the education of her family. The simple, pure life of the Royal Family, soon became known in every cottage of England and Scotland, and afforded a striking contrast to the scandals of preceding reigns. "Decorum reigned in the court of George III., but it was not the result of calculation or of philosophy, but of the love of order, of duty, and of religion. This prince as zealously promoted the family, as an institution according to the old Anglo-Saxon type, as Charles II. propagated the Oriental fashion, or its spurious modification." "He was to the last the 'good king' whom they had pitied and blamed, but never hated; for he had placed the wife on the throne, which the mistress had usurped; so that the idea of the English family lived again in all its old beauty. And this was the great social reform, which deservedly preceded all other changes."

The writer or writers of this Report are severe in their strictures upon the Marriage Law of Scotland. People living in the state of marriage in Scotland are one-sixth less in proportion than the people of England. Scotland is considered under-peopled. Her marriage law has not been reformed as in England; the consequences are those which operated with

us before Lord Hardwicke's Act in 1753. The evidence of the best legal authorities is given in the Report regarding this evil. Lord Brougham says concerning it: "As the law now stands, they (the parties) have only to go before the ostler, or the chambermaid, or the postboy, whoever it is that drives them to the country; or, if they reside in the country, they *can do it* before any one witness *that can prove it*, or *even without any witness they can do it, if they can prove the date*, by an interchange of letters and acknowledgments: they have only to do that, and they are married in a trice, and just as effectually as the Moderator of the General Assembly can marry them, or any of the doctors of divinity in their own parish. . . . I should say," says Lord Brougham, "that the law of Scotland as it now stands has a very great tendency to shelter, and therefore to promote *clandestinity*, which is in my opinion a very great evil in any society. It seems to me to be of infinite importance that a contract, such as the marriage contract, should be overt and known to all mankind, and above all, that it should be easy of proof." Lord Campbell is equally strong in his abhorrence of the law as it stands. It is injurious to Scotland as to England; for besides the disgraces of Gretna Green, and the evasion thereby of the English Marriage Law, it affects Scotland by the fact, as noticed by Lord Brougham, that English parents of property are afraid to send their sons for education to Edinburgh, and by the lower ratio of increase of population through fewer marriages. For the Census shows that, "in 1841, of the English people in Scotland 18,562 were males, and 19,234 were females: of the Scottish people in England and Wales, 60,704 were males, and 42,834 females. Of the Irish people in Great Britain, 219,397 were males, and 199,859 were females. The respective numbers of the ages under and above 20, were not distinguished in 1841; but the proportional numbers of males and females support the conclusion

that the Scotch women are forsaken in greater numbers than English women by their countrymen." What conceivable reason, Eusebius, can be given for the continuance of such an evil as this Scottish law of marriage? The newspapers have recently told us of a shameful case of a child of about 12 years of age taken from a school, and married under its vicious protection. Old plays and popular novels sufficiently show what were the dangers and the effects of loose marriages once so common even in England. Now, happily, no Olivia can be in danger of having the rite performed by a pretended clergyman. I believe, Eusebius, I speak of a notorious fact, that it is short of a century since, for election purposes, parties were unblushingly married in cases where women conveyed a right of freedom, a political franchise, to their husbands, and parted by shaking hands over a tombstone, as an act of dissolution of the marriage, under cover of the words "till death us do part."

This subject of marriage, of which you will see ample details in the Report, I have dwelt upon to this length because it is the very fountain-head of that feminine influence convertible into a national civilisation. From this arises the institution of the "Family" wherein maternity is enthroned, and home dignified by duties and responsibilities, and all the ties of love and the charities that civilise and grace life are engendered. These homes nestled and neighboured throughout the country, each an epitome of the kingdom which as a whole they constitute, maintain—and may they ever maintain—the best character of our race.

Whilst we are reading the heart-stirring accounts of our victories, and are justly proud of the blood, sinew, and spirit of our race, it is of no small interest to see how that stock of manliness is likely to be maintained. You will be glad to find, Eusebius, that we can still and may for ages contend gloriously with the enemy "in the gate,"—ay, not only in

our own "gates," but in any enemy's gates. "The males at the soldier's age of 20 to 40 amounted to 1,966,664 in 1821, and to 3,193,496 in 1851. The increase on the thirty years is equivalent in number to a vast army of more than *twelve hundred thousand* men (1,226,832)."

How few of us, Eusebius, would wish the realisation of the superfluous compliment, "May you live for ever." For my own part, I do not think it pleasant to have prophetic statistics thrust before you like the physicians in the *Bath Guide*.

The doctors are counting how long I shall live; I hope the detail given on such heads will benefit insurance companies, for whom they seem to have been manufactured: I may be allowed to doubt if the idle curiosity will be of other advantage. If, however, you have any ardent desire for longevity, and like the gossips would keep a crow to see if it be true that it lives to a hundred, it may be some satisfaction to you to know your chances.

"In Great Britain more than half a million of the inhabitants (596,030) have passed the barrier of 'threescore years and ten;' more than a *hundred and twenty-nine thousand* have passed the Psalmist's limit of fourscore years; and 100,000 the years which the last of Plato's climacteric square numbers expressed (9 times 9=81); nearly *ten thousand* (9847) have lived 90 years or more; a band of 2038 aged pilgrims have been wandering ninety-five years and more on the unended journey; and 319 say that they have witnessed more than a hundred revolutions of the seasons." Are you so satisfied with Plato's ultimatum, and is it so congenial to your "pleasing hope and fond desire," that you will clap your hands and say "Plato, thou reasonest well?" But if you should live to record the age of the old crow, I do not see why you should be pigeon-holed as an old wandering beggar, pathetically called a pilgrim on a weary journey. Far better that old age or death, kindly and amiably visiting, should find

you in your easy-chair, resigned and cheerful, and sensible of and sensitive to all the charities of life. As some check to any supposed "pleasing hope and fond desire," you must be told that "two-thirds of the centenarians are women," verifying the distich,

> "The age of man is threescore years and ten,
> But that of an old woman nobody knows when."

The Report gives the examples of longevity, Thomas Parr and Henry Jenkins. Parr lived 152 years, nine months —Henry Jenkins 169 years. Let me, Eusebius, for your comfort, present you with others. Thomas Carn died January 28, 1588, aged 207 years,—parish register, St Leonard's, Shoreditch. And from the year 1759 to 1780 died 48 persons, the youngest aged 130—eldest 175; also in 1797, a mulatto in Frederick Town, N. A., said to be 180. Very numerous examples are to be met with, in Kirby's Wonderful and Eccentric Magazine, vol. v., among which will be found a true Darby and Joan couple, Hungarians, John Rovel and Sarah his wife. John is spoken of as in his 172d year, and Sarah in her 184th. "Their children," adds the account, "two sons and two daughters, are yet alive; the youngest son is 116 years of age. Dated August 25, 1725." You will smile at the simplicity of the compiler in the Report, in dealing in truisms. As "it can rarely, if ever, happen, that a husband and wife die in the same instant of time," and, in consequence, that "it may be assumed that, practically, every marriage is dissolved by the death of the husband or wife separately;" that if man and wife were universally of the same age, and lived out together the whole cycle of life, "there would be neither widowers nor widows in the world." That it is not so moves very unnecessarily the tender bowels of the writer's compassion—for besides the "descending the vale of years," and such other funereal expressions, he breaks

out into a strain of lamentation, which makes page xl. resemble the scroll of Ezekiel, in which "was written lamentation, and mourning, and woe." He writes like an undertaker, whose lugubrious looks and utterances have a prospect beyond the assumed grief. I should suppose from this expression of very superfluous sorrow, that the penman had an eye to a new employment in the statistics-of-woe line, from the Sanitary Commission, while he winds up his threnody with a catalogue of the "ills that flesh is heir to." "The existence of 382,969 widowers, and 795,590 widows, some of tender age, in every class of society and in every part of the country, who have been left—as well as their companions that have been taken—by fever, consumption, cholera, and the cloud of diseases that at present surround mankind—stand like sad monuments of our mortality, of our ignorance, negligence, and disobedience of the laws of nature; and as memorials, at the same time, we may hope, of the sufferings from which the people may be delivered by sanitary discoveries and observances." This ungrammatical (for what is the nominative to "stand?") and maudlin passage is a puff direct of the Sanitary Commission. It is like the outpouring, after the inpouring of that spirit which creates a crying inebriation. If the writer be a married man, and fears death, you will see, however, upon a second look at the passage, and statistic details elsewhere, that there may be some cause for this lamentation. You will note, Eusebius, that whereas one of the two forming every married couple must be taken before the other, the husband is generally the one to go. For, seeing that there are only 382,969 widowers and 795,590 widows, more than double the number of widowers, the married man needs all encouragement at the moment of such a contemplation, to give his heart any decent hope and comfort. I remember once this comfort was actually felt by one who had, as he doubtless thought, escaped his natural fate. Upon

an attempt to sympathise with him upon the death of his wife, he quickly replied, in a self-gratulating tone—"Yes—but it might have been much worse, you know I might have been taken myself." The calculations prophesy a worse condition than that of Sinbad in his connubial prosperity: he was to survive his wife at least a few hours.

These statistics may be useful in answering the purpose of Matrimonial Register Offices; for they notify in what localities widows may have the best chance of finding fresh husbands—and widowers, wives. You will think it the result of a deep philosophy, that this hidden truth is discovered in the Report—"The number of widows who are every year left depends on the mortality of the husbands;" but as much abstruse truth, in the shape of matter of fact, may require explanation, it is thus given: "Where the rate of mortality among husbands is doubled, the number who *become* widows (in italics) is also doubled." Lest this should not be clear enough, and clearness is the very virtue of statistic writing, know that—"Any diminution in the mortality of men will therefore diminish the relative number of widows." Neither bachelors nor old maids (I hate, Eusebius, the ill-nature of the world that makes me write reluctantly the latter) will have reason to congratulate themselves, "fancy free" as they may now be from the cares and troubles of married life, for there is an intimation in this Census Report very awful for them. Let them count up with increasing astonishment at every thousand, or ten thousand, the married couples, the children they are likely to produce, and calculate what is to become of them. Then let them turn to the threat in the Census. They really may well be terrified. Lamb, in his admirable quaint way, somewhere speaking of marriages, alluding to the happy man who prays to have his "quiver full" of children, humorously protests against having the said quiver shot out upon him. Has the Census speculator

taken a serious hint from Lamb's quaint joke? Hear, bachelors, and maids, what a Census in progression prepares for you, unprepared as you may be for *it!*

"The great number of childless parents, of unmarried persons, of orphans, and of large families, particularly among the poor, sanctions the practice of adoption, and points out the propriety of distributing destitute orphans and other children—who are now kept at great expense by parishes, in workhouses, or by societies in large buildings—among the *childless families*, who would cherish the children with a sort of parental affection." Would they indeed? then, if so, Eusebius, you and I, and most people beside, know nothing of human nature. It is hard sometimes to keep up the heat of a true "parental affection," but a "sort of parental affection" is a sort of affection below zero. The passage doesn't look like wit, but can it be a serious proposal? It will certainly find a place among the Rejected Addresses, or among those curiosities of thought and invention which are said to be pigeon-holed in the moon. This scheme will offer some good subjects for the pencil of *Punch*. The pauper Pater-familias, being his own relieving officer, walking unconcernedly with his eight or nine unprovided-fors hand-in-hand, and dropping them one by one, within unwelcoming doors,—or the reception by an aged spinster of a lubberly boy, or an unweaned infant — or the nervous bachelor in his quiet lodgings, disturbed by an instant demand upon his dormant affections by the entrance of a parish officer and an overburthened parent, to deliver into his keeping twin babies and a wet-nurse.

As in No. I. of the Census, so in No. II. The great official Busybody rolls about his tub with a great deal of profitless industry. In this part, also, are maps and diagrams, playthings for little or for grown-up children who want idle amusement. The ages of married and unmarried,

and of husbands and wives relatively, are thought worthy of laboured diagram and tables. "The degree of disparity (age of husband and wife) differs, and is greatest at the extreme age of either sex;" where else could it be? "The disparity of age has a wide range, and the returns show one instance in which a man of 30–35 is married to a woman 90–95, and four in which men of 95–100 are married to women of 45–50. In one instance it appears in the tables that a girl of 18 is married to a man of 100; but this is an error." An error indeed in the tables! Then why admitted? The worst of errors is, to have an error in statistics of matters of fact. But I doubt very much if it be an error, as, if one, it is not accounted for. I am, Eusebius, unwilling to spare the census-maker as to his error, because he lacks charity in respect of those "unprotected females," whose privilege it is and ought to be to tell little innocent fibs in very delicate matters. What business has this big Busybody to expose such harmless peccadilloes in the face of the world? He would drag them bodily unmercifully by the hair of their heads into light if he could, and did not mistrust the colour of it; to announce to the world that it is grey at 25: how pitiless he is! He publishes as a fact that 35,000 must have told monstrous fibs. Take, Eusebius, the *ipsissima verba*. "The conclusion appears to be inevitable that some 35,000 ladies, more or less, who have entered themselves in the second age, 20–40, really belong to the third age, 40–60, to which the body of delinquents are transferred in Table 7." Delinquents indeed! He is himself the great delinquent, for what is it to him, if they profess to know their own ages better than he can? Whereas his knowledge is a mere pretence, made up of odious figures that nobody can follow, and bound up after all in a "more or less." What has a statistician to do with a "more or less," and to pretend to matter of fact? But he takes upon him to read these 35,000

(though I verily believe they are as fabulous as the Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne) a lecture on the subject thus: "Millions of women have returned their ages correctly. Thousands have allowed themselves to be called 20, or some age near it, which happens to be the age at which marriage is most commonly contracted in England, either because they were quite unconscious of the silent lapse of time" (here he is caught fibbing himself, for he does not believe any such thing), "or because their imaginations still lingered over the hours of that age; or because they chose foolishly to represent themselves younger than they really were, at the scandalous risk of bringing the statements of the whole of their countrywomen into discredit." "Scandalous risk" indeed—how *gauche!* here is a deficiency of manners and common sense too. He ought to know that all their countrywomen would step out in their defence and vouch for their veracity. He had better not be caught among them with that tale in his mouth. Helen of Troy was, say some over-curious people, near upon a hundred when the Greeks and Trojans fought their fatal fight about her; but the gallant writers of those days had the "Gentlemen Pagans'" forbearance, and never said a word about it. Neither Homer nor the dramatists after him dared the insult upon her feminine honour. Although she caused the destruction of Troy, none called her a "delinquent," though in her modesty she gave herself a worse name, which out of reverence for the sex I will not put into English. Of all "unprotected females" —something of the kind was noticed before—Scotchwomen are the most unprotected; but let them find consolation in a spiteful longevity. "Scotchmen die in greater numbers than Scotchwomen, or they leave the women of Scotland at home when they cross the Tweed, as well as when they emigrate, and do not marry; or marry English wives. So that to 100 men at the ages, 20–40, 40–60, 60–80, 80–100, the enumera-

tors of 1851 found respectively 112, 117, 135, and 159 women in Scotland. This great disparity of the sexes, which pervades so many counties of Scotland, well deserves careful investigation, in connection with the law of marriage, the household manners, and the occupations of the people." Scotchmen leave their lasses behind them when they cross the Tweed!—a pretty story indeed. How should ill-mannered Census know that? Did Scotchmen walk into England with enumerators at their backs? I can't believe this, Eusebius; there is another "error" to rectify. I would rather think the statistics a little cooked in this matter, than that they have degenerated from the character given of them in the song, and in the loving nature of their own Bard, who "dearly loved the lasses, O!" and described them so delightfully, that Englishmen have longed to cross the Tweed to get a sight of them. Who were they but Scotchwomen of whom sang he who sang so well,—

> "There's nought but care on every han',
> In every hour that passes, O;
> What signifies the life of man,
> An' 'twere not for the lasses, O!"?

Be sure, Eusebius, it was the invention of some "rejected" enumerator, who, in spite for what was above his reach, maligned them by insinuation, as the fox in the fable did the grapes.

I must, I grieve to say, check this playful vein. Here I find very serious matter indeed. I find a sad charge against our great trade towns. One can almost imagine one sees a Moloch enthroned in each, and children sacrificed on his altar. This is a frightful account: "Of 100,000 children born in Liverpool only 44,797 live to the age of 20, while in Surrey that age is attained by 70,885 out of the same number of children born. The probable lifetime is about 6 years in our unhealthiest towns, 52 years in Surrey, and

other comparatively healthy parts. In Manchester, where the mortality is high, 100,000 annual births only sustain at the ages 20–40, a male population of 38,919; while in all England and Wales, where the mortality is now much lower, the same number of births produces a constant force of 61,215 men at that age, and at other ages similar disparities in the numbers living exist. Now, the mortality was not much less in all England formerly than it is now in Manchester, and the great diminution in the mortality of England evidently took place at such a period of the last and present centuries as left proportionally more survivors at the ages 20–40 in 1851 than at the corresponding ages in 1821, for the dangers and loss of life incurred by the generations born in the 40 years 1781–1801 were greater than those encountered by the generations born in the years 1811–1831." In a note appended, is an extract from the Registrar-General's 7th Report. "In Manchester, 100,000 children born are reduced to about half that number (49,910) in six years." "The probable life-time is about *six years*." It behoves the Legislature seriously to look to this fact. How can we expect God's blessing upon our boasted manufactures, or upon the wealth they have accumulated, if obtained at such a cost of human life? Does this massacre of childhood arise from the debility of over-worked and perhaps too youthful parents, from overheated and ill-ventilated manufactories, or, as may not be unlikely, from the tasked work of young mothers, at a time when they should be chiefly occupied in the care of their offspring? From whatever state of things this great evil arises, it ought not to be, and surely the people as one man should look to the Legislature to provide proper sanitary and other means to check a national cruelty.

In the page of the Census from which I have made the above frightful extract, I find two curious notes as to the difficulty of ascertaining ages; they make one view with

some distrust the dottings down of any and all the enumerators. "A statistician of eminence informed M. Moreau de Jennès, that after many persevering, but fruitless attempts, he abandoned in despair an inquiry having for its object to determine the ages of his wife and his cook."

"In 1841, the Census Commissioners allowed persons of the ages of 34 or 33 or 32 to call themselves 30, and so for other ages." This little indulgence is amusing; it either shows the commissioners' despair to equal that of M. Moreau Jennès' friend the statistician, or that they had quite as much sense, and a little more charity, than the commissioners of 1851.

After all, Eusebius, there can be but little reliance on any accounts of people's ages; some falsify out of mere joke at the unexpected question, and some on purpose. I have heard of so many expedients resorted to, to avoid the impertinent questioning, that I give little faith to the Census. I know one instance of a cook, of at least 70, who, hearing from below her master questioned, laughingly called out 18, so she was dotted down at 18; for her master—though some, not you, Eusebius, will be sorry to hear it—was a clergyman, and had that grave politeness which distinguishes the Church of England rectors, vicars, and curates, and I hope archdeacons, deans, and bishops, not to contradict her; and this clergyman's conduct I would hold out for example to all enumerators and Census men. Another case I am acquainted with, where a lady, living in lodgings, communicating with an adjacent lodging-house, all under one landlady, dodged in and out from one house to the other, so that she escaped giving in publicly her age; but being a conscientious person, such as those who weekly enclose omitted taxes to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, she followed the enumerator, and gave him a paper with her age on it. And here it occurs to me to confute the lecturing Census reporter, by a very

natural suggestion, that if the ages put down by these 35,000 "delinquents" are erroneous, how does he know but that very conscientious returns may have been since made—or will be made, and he should, from the example of tax-payers, have thought it probable—to the great "Quinbus Flestrin" of a Registrar, who has not taken, and in all probability never will take, the trouble to look at them. Look at them or not, that is no fault of the 35,000 Fair Innocents; and if their conscientious returns are but so much waste paper, it is just what all the returns, and the whole costly Census, will be very soon, at least as to this matter of age scrutiny. Some I know determined not to sleep at all that fatal night, that they might conscientiously escape; some say they could not sleep, dreading what is vulgarly called "cold pig," at the hands of an intruding enumerator, because they were told the scrutiny would be very particular.

I am now come to a page (xxxviii.) where the great Gulliver philosophises, and is proud of his philosophy. He envies astrologists and alchymists, and thinks his the only philosopher's stone, as he is quite sure that he has found the elixir of life. He boasts that the necromancer was nothing in comparison with him; for the necromancer only professed to bring up the dead, whereas he brings down with a flourish of his pen the living to the dead condition. He proposes himself as the only fortune-teller, beating all to sticks the great Mistress Williams. He will tell you to an hour either when you were or ought to have been born; when you must die of spoon-meat, or live six years or upwards by natural suction; when you must marry or must live single, and as the very pith of his philosophy, that if you die young, you certainly will not live to be old. Almanac-makers with their conjectures are dead; but Gulliver's Census survives to tell all the world all that all the world ought to know; and with a pride quite beyond his usual modesty, he heads his im-

portant announcement of his possible doings thus: "Useful Applications of Real Knowledge." He promises to be the only and true intelligencer, the regulator of life and death, the marrier of children, the director of institutions, and the sole physician to "mitigate the calamities of premature death." Being assured, Eusebius, that you never met with, and probably never heard of, so wonderful a Gulliver, I extract for your use or amusement, according as you may wish to be deceived or laugh, this account which he gives of his marvellous self,—

"Without entering into any further or profounder analysis, it is sufficiently evident that the returns open a new field of philosophical inquiry into a subject which has hitherto been treated lightly; and that the fortune-teller may yet share the glory or the shame of the astrologists and the alchymists, whose success was the evidence of undiscovered truth, as well as of their bold rapacity, and of mankind's credulity. The passions and affections of men are governed by laws as certain as those of the heavenly bodies; but it is not true — as the phenomena are complicated—that the acts of particular individuals can always be predicted; and in discarding this notion we get rid of the vulgar error; but it is true that the acts of numbers of individuals can be predicted with sufficient certainty for practical purposes; for the marriage returns and these enumerations, in conjunction with the Life Table, furnish the means of calculating the chances that a man or woman, young or old, and unmarried, will marry before, in, or after a given year of age—of calculating the *probability* of remaining a spinster or a bachelor, or of being in the married state at any given age,—the probability of bearing children,—or of being a widower or a widow; and these calculations will serve, not merely to gratify idle curiosity, but to guide the course of men's lives, to regulate the population, to make provisions for children who marry, as well as for those who do not marry, and to direct the establishment and conduct of social institutions which may mitigate the calamities of premature death."

Facts are not always facts, Eusebius; there are such things as facts with a difference—facts that a skilful player for mere

sport sets up like ninepins, only to be knocked down by the hand of him, the judicious bowler, with a little bowl that he has in his hand, always with a bias, that comes unexpectedly round a corner of the ground, and lays every fact prostrate. Thus this sporting conjuror, having settled the fact that to every one hundred husbands who have married once in a stationary community there would be about 33 widowers, and to every 100 wives 40 widows, adroitly bowls down these facts, husbands and wives, widowers and widows; and sets up anew his ninepins of somewhat different proportions, saying, "Instead of 33 and 40, which are the results of the above hypothesis, the actual proportions are immediately altered by withdrawing from the ranks (that is, knocking down by his bias ball) of the *married* those who *have at one time been widowers or widows.*" This reminds me of an accountant who declared in my presence that he could make a debtor or creditor side appear as he pleased. But what is the use, Eusebius, of all this real or unreal knowledge, this game of ninepins, upon an imaginary population? Is it to amuse the world, which he says is younger than it should be—"the population is now younger than it would be by the natural standard"—that he sets up these children's plays, these kind of Cheshire puzzles; these playthings of diagrams and mappings, on which to open his teetotum? Madame de Staël thought the world was fifteen years of age, Census treats it with toys that would befit it in its infancy. I pointed out to you some of those childish diagrams in my last paper; such as told you how you and your neighbour were approaching each other, dreading a collision; and referred you to the silliness of Density and Proximity Games or Tables. In this part I find one scarcely less childish—a map of England coloured over with hieroglyphics, as hats, hose, guns, boots, meant to denote the localities of trades, and other figures for occupations in

mines, &c. Whether generally correct or not I care not to examine. I see in one instance an error, coal being marked where I should be extremely happy if any could be found. These sportive maps and diagrams must have cost a great deal of money; but also a great deal of money was to be earned in providing them, and Busybody must roll about his tub to show that as every 1000 of the population would have to pay £5, 4s., they would not have to pay so much for absolutely nothing; therefore, next to nothing in utility, but a great deal in show, has been turned out of Busybody's tub as it went round. Thus, how everybody employs himself is discovered. I am only afraid of an after discovery and enumeration of the drones, as some economists please to call them, of society; whom, when such economists become both enumerators and governors in this our land, it may please them to drive out of the hive; but who are, and who are not drones—like the old epigram in troublesome times, "which is the King, and which is the Pretender"—must be left for the statistics of some new commissioners, when universal suffrage and the ballot-box prevail. We may have a glimpse of the matter from the present Census, which, after enumerating the learned professions, gives this important fact to ruminate upon: "The three professions, with their allied and subordinate members not differing greatly from the average of 37,000 to each, amount to 110,730, and their importance cannot be overrated; yet, in point of mere numbers, they would be outvoted by the tailors of the kingdom." This would verify the old saying, for, in elections for a parliament man, the "nine tailors" would certainly make him.

The three learned professions, as they are usually called, do not very much differ from each other in numbers. "The clergy of the Established Churches (18,587), lawyers (16,763), and the medical men (18,728), differ little from each other in numbers; and, in the aggregate, amount to

540,78." These are the guardians of the public morals, rights, and health. If the question of the Roman satirist be asked, Who shall watch the guardians?—the inquirer may derive some satisfaction in learning, as he may by turning to the lists, that there is a policeman to every three, and a few over. The policemen being 18,318 (a trifle less than the clergy), multiplied by three, they make 55,024. The overplus, 946, being possibly thought a proper additional force to keep a look-out upon the higher functionaries of divinity and law, archbishops, bishops, deans and their chapters, lord-chancellors, judges of the several courts, &c. &c.,—such jealous politicians as Sir B. Hall will scarcely think the extra number sufficient.

But here, Eusebius, this penman Gulliver of the Census seems to have committed a numerical error—for a statistician strange. It has been seen that in the "Results and Observations" he has put down the clergy of the Established *Churches* at 18,587, whereas in the tabular list they stand at 17,621, a difference of 966; but I find in Class III., p. cxxviii., "Missionary, Scripture Reader, Itinerant Preacher, 965, one short of the number. But as 3 of these 965 are under twenty years of age, they cannot be Clergy of the Established Church; and if meant to make up the number, as in the Report, 18,587, by deducting these 3, the amount will be short by 4. Then, again, these 965 do not seem to belong to the *Established* Church, as they follow the enumeration of Wesleyans.* As the religious portion of the

* A statistician has no business to take his readers into a labyrinth of error without affording them a clue to get out of it. Essential things at least ought to be patent, and not put into a foot-note. I had long puzzled over the figures in the text, when I discovered such a note of explanation :—

Clergy of Church of England, . . .	17,320
Channel Islands, ...	143
Scotland, ...	1,120
	18,583

At the same time, reference being made to Summary Table XXVIII., page

Census was intrusted to a Dissenter, it is not surprising he should make a confusion, in a matter regarding an Established Church. Of the Fourth Class—Poets, Historians, Painters, Sculptors, Musicians, Architects, Natural Philosophers—it is said : "To this class belong the Shakespeares, Humes, Handels, Raphaels, Michael Angelos, Wrens, and Newtons." A satirist may say, "I wish you may get them." They may have *belonged* to other Censuses, but how *belong* to this! Gulliver, to magnify present times, pluralises them all and each.

I did not expect to find among the Occupations of the Fifth Class—maternal duties, because maternal and paternal duties, one or other, seem by their nature to be the participation of all classes. But Gulliver Census loves to sweeten his bitter of weariness, and indulges now and then in a little eloquential gossip, as by the wayside of his statistical travel. The duties of wife, therefore, turn up as a capital subject for a glib pen, and entire mental rest, the fatigue of the work being thrown upon the reader. Census also exhibits his easy learning on the occasion, talks of the "Guinœontis" and of Roman women, quotes the Greek of St Paul, and in a matter of so great importance as the boundary or no boundary of female rule over a household, recommends a new translation of the Greek word οἰκοδεσποτειν, and thereby a positive female *despotism*, if he had put it down in plain English as I have done. The Rights of Women Society might, with infinite thanks, have adopted him into

ccxl., which, to my surprise, proved to be a Table of the Occupations of Women!

On turning to the tables in which the professions are classified, for confirmation of these numbers, I observe—

Clergy of Established Church in Great Britain and Islands, . . 17,621,

being a deficiency of 966. Of this discrepancy, after much search, I find the explanation in another foot-note, which states that the Clergy of the Established Church in Scotland are, in the tables, not treated as such, but are classed as "Protestant Ministers."

their guild. They will not, however, owe him an obligation for reminding them of Penelope and her spinning maids in blank verse, or in vulgar prose of "washing, cooking, cleansing, nursing, teaching, and other offices," or, as they would deem, impositions of slavery.

I will not attempt to go through the Tables of Occupations. You would be astonished, Eusebius, to see what multitudes of trades there are you never thought of. What a comfort to the prosperous, to rejoice in the idea that among so many there will be sure to be berths for their poor relations. Certain practitioners in the medical line will not thank him for his classifying them among "empirics." "Empirics of various kinds—worm doctors, homœopathic professors, herb doctors, and hydropathic practitioners, figure in the sub-class to a small extent."

In what class should he have placed statisticians?

You will think a chapter of some length on "The Birthplace of the People" more curious than useful. Census professes the Tables to be interesting, which is at least a *useful* epithet, offering the largest possible latitude to classifiers. "These tables are interesting, as they show the composition of the town and other communities; the intimate blending of people together who were born in town and country; the concentration of people in every county, and almost in every district, who were born in other counties, as well as in other countries; and the migration that is constantly going on, and was directed in the last ten years, chiefly from the country to the towns, from Ireland to Scotland and to England, and from the United Kingdom to Canada, the United States, and Australia." The advantages or disadvantages of emigration from the mother country, as affecting the interests of the nation at large, must depend upon the character of the emigrants. Labour and industry are capital: in encouraging or forcing its emigration surely we

impoverish the nation. The land, if cultivated to its utmost, would require all these departing hands. Independently of *what* they take out, in going, they remove wealth from the community. This is shown by transfer from one place to another, thus in the statistics: "So that 4521 of the youth of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex leave their native counties every year, to reap elsewhere the fruits of the education, skill, and vigour which they have derived at great expense from their parents at home." To this the following note is appended: "The present value of the future earnings of an agricultural labourer in Norfolk is about £482, at the age of twenty—the present value of his subsistence at that age is £248; leaving £234 as the net value of his services. Consequently, the 4521 emigrants of this class carry away a large amount of capital which they have acquired in their native counties." This view applies also to emigration to other countries.

Is a free circulation of the people, like a free circulation of its coin, an increase of its wealth? It is a question beyond me. The modern facilities of removal from place to place must in many ways affect the population. The Physiognomical character will not remain as now, or formerly rather, fixed in several localities.

Mr De Quincey, who keenly observes and deeply thinks, makes these remarks, —

"The character of face varies essentially in different provinces. Wales has no connection in this respect with Devonshire, nor Kent with Yorkshire, nor either with Westmoreland. England, it is true, tends, beyond all known examples, to a general amalgamation of differences, by means of its unrivalled freedom of intercourse. Yet, even in England, law and necessity have opposed as yet such and so many obstacles to the free diffusion of labour, that every generation occupies, by at least five-sixths of its numbers, the ground of its ancestors.

"The movable part of a population is chiefly the higher part; and it is the lower classes that, in every nation, compose the

fundus, in which lies latent the national face, as well as the national character. Each exists here in racy purity and integrity, not disturbed in the one by alien intermarriages, nor in the other by novelties of opinion, or other casual effects, derived from education and reading. Now, look into this *fundus*, and you will find, in many districts, no such prevalence of the round orbicular face, as some people erroneously suppose: and in Westmoreland, especially, the ancient long face of the Elizabethan period, powerfully resembling in all its lineaments the ancient Roman face, and often (though not so uniformly) the face of northern Italy in modern times."—*Autobiographic Sketches by De Quincey*, p. 245.

Family portraits of past generations,—taken at a time when there was little travelling to and fro, and a "journey to London" was an epoch in a life, and, if the incident in *Tristram Shandy* be borrowed from known facts, was a stipulation inserted in marriage settlements—family portraits, I say, of those days show very remarkable local likenesses. Races were preserved, and county differed from county physiognomically, as in character of soil and climate. Whether the more large intermixture, which modern habits of travel and removal are producing, will be beneficial to the health, strength, and beauty of the race as a whole, or whether for other reasons it be or be not desirable, are questions for philosophy to determine. If we may form an opinion from the physiognomy of the people in the parts in England that receive large supplies to their population from Wales and Ireland, personal appearances are likely to be much improved. It may be asked, also, if a moral improvement is evident. The ties of unchanging families, the attachment to local homes, if they do not sharpen the intellect, greatly cultivate close affections and sympathies, and these home attachments centralise in the human breast that love of country, which is weakened by being dissipated in a larger area. In small circles every individual is known. The consciousness of his responsibility to a neighbourhood is felt, and this is a moral sense. The farther a man goes, and the more frequently,

the sooner he is apt to consider himself a citizen of the world: while trade and merchandise, the occupations of most people, encourage the ubiquitous idea. Ubiquitous persons acquire a sharpness, a cleverness; a "vagabond" is seldom a fool, a "vagrant" is but another name for a knave in our common vocabulary. Of local physiognomy and person, there is an amusing illustration in lithographic print. It is in a very pleasant and useful little book, *The Greatest Plague of Life*, on the relative behaviour to each other of servants and mistresses. The print exhibits a female servant who comes to be hired. No one who knows the peculiar race could doubt for a moment that the woman comes from the county Cork. But, fearing if her native country would be quite acceptable, you see at a glance how her mouth is made up, and a twirl of the brogue is on it to suit what she is made to say, that she comes "from Cor-r-n-wall." The writer of this portion of the Census Report is of opinion, that a great change will take place with regard to the birthplaces of the British population. Sanitary improvements may cause that many cities and towns will keep up their population; but I think that, while writing the following passage, he must have forgotten altogether his statistics regarding the young population of Manchester, and the life-duration of six years: "Hitherto the population has migrated from the high or the comparatively healthy ground of the country to the cities and seaport towns, in which few families have lived for two generations. But it is evident that henceforward the great cities will not be like camps—or the fields on which the people of other places exercise their energies and industry—but the birthplaces of a large part of the British races." The former portion of this passage seems to contradict a common saying in Somersetshire, which you have often heard, Eusebius, that those of the hills who marry into the low vales seldom live long, and *vice versa*, of the natives of the vales, thus migrat-

ing to the hills. There is a universal sense, whether it be prejudice, instinct, or reason, that proclaims the value of "native air." The sick seek it for the restoration of health, even though it be less pure than that they are leaving. A change of air from home is a temporary, not a permanent benefit; the best change after a time is that which takes back the patient. Such removals are more often for change of scene, and home vexations, than for another air than the patient's own native. I remember many years ago an old man in his hundredth year being induced by a daughter, under the notion of change of air, to come from the hills of Monmouthshire, where he was born, and from which he had never migrated, to visit Bristol. I saw him as soon as he arrived; he was hale: certainly, he fixed his abode in not the cleanest or most airy locality. As well as I remember, he did not live a week there. Old people can ill bear changes of localities or habits. It is a well-known story of the very old man who was, out of an ill-timed compassion, taken from breaking stones in the road, and transferred to better living and no work. He died at once. He knew his work was done—his work, such as it was, and such as his mind was, was his mind's vital motion, as it was his bodily habit. The circulation stopped, both in body and mind: it killed him.

There is something very childish in the Table to show the tendency of the inhabitants of every county "to go to London." A mechanician might make a child's toy of it, as a Roundabout, with its horses bridled, and carriages ticketed, "To London," "To York," &c. &c.

I am glad, Eusebius, after this, to come to something really useful, because it is of a benevolent kind; and that will, I am sure, cover some out of the multitude of sins of impertinent statistics. It is, of "the blind and the deaf and dumb." There may be little reason to doubt individual charities—but such statistics may be the means of directing more ear-

nestly the zeal of the Home Department of the Government, to provide ample means for the alleviation of the unhappy condition of the blind and the deaf and dumb. The blind are to the population of Great Britain and the British Islands as 1 in 975. The deaf and dumb are to the same population as 1 in 1670. This is curious. "Looking at the distribution of the deaf and dumb over the face of Great Britain, we find them to be more common in the agricultural and pastoral districts, especially where the country is hilly, than in those containing a large amount of town population." You will observe here that deafness is united with dumbness. The reason is evident; deafness is generally of degree, and so is subject to remedial or alleviating appliances; nor in extreme cases does it cut off communication of the individual with his fellows, and it is not unfrequently only a pretence. But that need have no tendency to stop charity which is best bestowed upon institutions. To be born deaf is to be born dumb. There is a most curious case of partial dumbness, so vouched for by many most respectable witnesses, and beyond suspicion, whom I have myself known, and who have narrated it to me, that, account for it how you may, it must be difficult to doubt the fact. It is told in Phelps's *History of Somersetshire*. The wife of a farmer near Glastonbury having brought him three daughters, in his disappointment at having no son, he vowed that if another daughter should be born, he would never speak to her. A son was born, but in *him* the curse of the vow, as it may be well called, was literally realised by a transfer of partial dumbness. The son up to thirty years of age, the duration of his father's life, never spoke to him—nor could he speak to any male. At his father's death, this curse was loosened from his tongue. To the astonishment of all, he could from that day address males and females, like other people. I believe this anecdote may also be found in the *Lancet* of 1831. Of course it will be accounted for as coming

under the phenomena of nervous affections: some will put another construction upon it.

"Public Institutions — Inmates of workhouses, prisons, lunatic asylums, and hospitals," make up another valuable chapter in the Census. Of prisons, it is said for the honour of the fair sex that they are but a small proportion of the inmates. "The total number of persons in the different prisons, bridewells, convict depôts, and hulks in Great Britain, on the 31st March 1851, was 26,855—22,451 males, and 4,404 females." Before, however, the country can have just cause for congratulation upon this subject, it ought to know how many villains, scoundrels, and thieves are roaming or lurking about the land who *ought* to be in prison. This is a matter worthy the attention of statisticians. But there seems to be a wonderful sparing of roguery. It was but the other day I read of a case at one of our police-offices, which exemplifies this unseemly sparing. A gentleman had complained of the total stripping of the leaves off certain of his trees by juvenile offenders. It turned out that they were employed by adulterators of tea. The magistrate threatened that, upon a repetition of the offence, he would publish the names of the employers—why did he not do it at once?

I wrote to you in my last but slightly of the Malthusian doctrine of the law of population. Its selfishness was shocking—so shocking, indeed, as to lead many minds to doubt the benevolence of the Creator as the Giver of food, and Maker of his creatures. I rejoice to find that the truth which is in Malthus's doctrine has been sifted from the false. The refutation shows how one error in a principle, which comprehends, as in this case of food and population, two elements, destroys its essential character. Malthus left out one element, that which arises out of the nature of man—man's industry—by which omission he rendered his theory a theory of cruelty and selfishness, and unacceptable, nay, odious, to the thinking

and feeling portion of mankind. I quote with pleasure the better exposition of that law by Sir James Steuart, as given in the Census Report, wherein is also a full statement regarding Malthus and his doctrine :—

"All that is peculiar in this doctrine, all that is erroneous, and all that has shocked the public opinion of the country, ever since its enunciation, flows from a flagrant oversight, which might be pardoned in a young, hasty controversialist, but should assuredly have been at once taken into account when it was discovered in the light of Sir James Steuart's original analytical work that had been first published in 1767. Malthusianism had, however, become a sect; had been persecuted, and was modified and softened, but still upheld by its disciples.

"Sir James Steuart, who wrote before Adam Smith, lays down the fundamental principle of Malthus, but limits it by a preceding, overruling proposition. (1.) We find, he says, the *productions of all countries*, generally speaking, *in proportion to the number of their inhabitants;* and (2), on the other hand (as Malthus asserts), *the inhabitants are most commonly* in *proportion* to the *food.* Steuart then shows that the food of the world may be divided into two portions: (A.) the natural produce of the earth ; and (B.) the portion which is created by human industry. (A.) corresponds to the food of animals, and is the limit to the number of savages. (B.) is the product of industry, and *increases* (all other things being equal) in proportion *to the numbers of civilised men.*

"The whole of the chapter on Population in Steuart's work should be consulted. Malthus, it will be observed, loses sight of this analysis, and throughout his work confounds the yield of the untilled earth with the *produce of human industry;* which increases at least as rapidly as the numbers of civilised men, and will increase until the resources of science are exhausted, and the world is peopled."

And now, Eusebius, I bring my long letter to a close. If I have thrown some ridicule upon the Census, and laughed at some of its childish work, and shown myself rather suspicious of a public Busybody, and, like most people, have a general dislike to being too closely questioned, and being made up, as it were, into a parcel or a kind of railway package on its way to London, with a ticket plastered on my back,

while the inside shall contain an inventory of all my goods and chattels, and a narrative of all my minutest concerns, the destination of all which parcel of myself is some pigeon-hole in a metropolitan office—and for what purport, it is past the wit of man to divine, but every man's wit may suspect to be particularly mischievous to him—although I say I have, and think most people have, an antipathy to these doings of a public Busybody, I am not insensible to the utility of a census *properly directed.* Surely the whole people have cause to dread the encroachments of Questioners; and it has been shown how, since 1801, our statisticians have encroached upon the Englishman's home, his "castle"—perhaps, for aught we know, undermining it while he is fast asleep. That Table of Proximity and Density is enough to make a nervous man try hourly the extent of his elbow-room, to dream of a stream of population rushing in upon him, or dropping down upon him to crush him, or like wolves to devour him, in a land where population may be increasing, and food decreasing. We are all, Eusebius, nervous about something or other, and should prefer being let alone; but do not suspect me on account of the last sentence to be a Malthusian. It must be a wholesome maxim for a nation to follow, to obey the command "Increase and multiply," and trust in Him who made us, that He will bountifully supply food for all.

Dear Eusebius,

Vive Valeque.

CIVILISATION.—THE CENSUS.

EDUCATION.

[JANUARY 1855.]

HAVE you duly considered, my dear Eusebius, the impertinence of being alive at your time of life?—an impertinence to those who are to succeed you, and are waiting for you to make room for them (I mean not your successors in blood and affection—they would wish you never to depart—but those who, crowding in upon vitality, as the Census says, rather want your room than your company)—an impertinence, too, flying in the face of Gulliver Census, who has already noted you down as a probable defunct, and will have the vexation of altering his half-cooked next return.

A great man once declared his love of life in these strange words, "I don't care if I am hanged, provided it be a hundred years hence." A friend present, whose love of life was as great, and his hatred of any limitation greater, asked him if he was quite serious, adding: "For my part, then, I wish I may be present, and assist in singing the penitential psalm." Eusebius, consider what daily, hourly provocations to die both these gentlemen must have experienced, in the taunts and insinuations of expectants and census-makers — all plainly saying, you have no business to be alive on the face

of the earth. The very children in the villages will be taught census-reading and life-calculations, in village schools, under Government inspectors; and, as holiday sport, hoot after such superannuates as you, and try to pelt you into the churchyard —alas! not before your time.

Keep up, Eusebius, your pleasant humour to the last! Remember how near the 30th of March is to "All Fools' Day;" and serve the officers and official annual inquisitor, when he next comes, sure of booking you as defunct, as Madam B. did her heir—a sprightly old lass in her hundredth year. She rang her bell violently at one in the morning, and when the nephew came down to receive her last breath and his inheritance, she lifted her jocund face from the bed-clothes, and reminded him it was the 1st of April. But you must be prepared for another examination besides that of your age. I see clearly, by the encroachments already made, what is further threatened. The people's ignorance will be strictly inquired into; and do not flatter yourself that you will escape the scrutiny. You will be surprised, as you are presented by a Government inspector with schedule A, B, or C, at the amount of your own ignorance. Old as you are, you must expect to be registered into an adult school; for it is the impertinent maxim of Quinbus Flestrin that no man is too old to learn. You will be booked in his "Dunciad," wise as you thought yourself, and other folks believed you to be. Then you have to reflect what a bad man you must be; for nowadays all crimes are in the educational alembic resolved into *ignorance*. Even so, Eusebius, however you may raise your venerable eyebrows at the new philosophy,—whatever ill is done in the world, is all through ignorance. It is a great discovery. It is not the heart, but the head, that is in fault. Hitherto it has had the cunning to escape by vicarious punishment far off from itself; but the old whipt parts are emancipated; all the known vices are driven to

the head, in order that they may be thence at once scientifically expelled by invisible evaporation under a high educational pressure. Thus the fox, when troubled with fleas, goes tail foremost into the water, forces his troublesome backbiters upwards upon his head and his tongue, then ducks down, drowns his enemies, and comes out on dry land, ready for any inspectors, with a clean bill of health. And so will the people, however bad, be cured (and certificates given) by this high-headpressure process. But the process will require skill, and therefore none less than Government inspectors, together with Quinbus Flestrin, will be allowed to operate; for some experiments have unfortunately proved that a head unskilfully managed may become a *caput mortuum*, and, in many cases, to use proper scientific phrase, an "exhausted receiver." You cannot conceive the wonders an Act of Parliament can do!—it is already compelling chimneys to consume their own smoke, and it will compel heads (which are alone in fault) to consume their own vices. Thus will both atmospheres, the moral as well as the air we breathe, be purified, and wicked man by this new exhalation and inhalation be within the process of conversion into an angel. You surely will not unadvisedly call in question the intuitive wisdom of our Minister for the Home Department, whose business it is to know with extreme accuracy all that relates to our home civilisation and capabilities of the people, especially when now he has nothing else to do but to cultivate peace and our domesticity in the midst of war; thus sacrificing his natural propensity, advanced by experience, and from a lion abroad becoming a lamb at home, a believer in innocence, the companion and teacher of children. You will not doubt that he has well weighed the matter, seeing with what silent loathing he turns away from the sinners his colleagues, with what affectionate solicitude towards his sinless protegées. We have been all in the wrong, and badly

taught, when we believed that the "heart is deceitful above all things," and that it has by nature any wickedness in it. The Secretary for the Home Department assures the people of England, that, far from being "born in sin," all children are born good—that it is by mixing with evil people only that they become bad. No one has had greater experience of such associates. It is desirable, Eusebius, that he should evolve a little more clearly this new philosophy; for here is a dilemma—if all are born good, so must have been those from whom the wickedness is learnt. How came they by it? How came it into their heads? for in course of his argument their hearts can have nothing to do with it. And if all are thus naturally good, what possible use can there be in all this projected education, which professes to make them good? Yet we must remember that good is only a *positive* good, to be converted by the grammar of our day-schools into its *comparative* better, and, under inspector's teaching, into a *superlative* best.

Take all this, my dear Eusebius, as mere preface or prelude to the solemnity of the Census, to which I must introduce you. Tragedy, tragi-comedy, and even broad farce, are not brought upon the stage without a prelude; and you will think, perhaps, the Census entitled to one, as in some degree partaking of all three.

But I must enter a short prefatory protest against being misunderstood by any to whom you may show this letter, as if I were an enemy to the people's education. You know me better, Eusebius—far from it! I wish that every man, woman, and child within these realms should be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. I wish much more, that every man had daily served up to him, by visible or invisible hands, with his pot of good ale and his hot steak, the *Times* newspaper, for the very purpose of the reading of which, and newspapers in general, the "education of the people" has

been so continually forced upon public consideration. But being no "contributor" *to* the *Times*, I do not want to be a contributor *for* it. Let it go to the Education Committees gratis—well and good—I will extend my wishes to that. The people's ignorance is welcome to my benevolence that way, and I claim no merit upon it, for, as Sydney Smith said, it is a common virtue, this benevolence. "A never sees B in distress but he wishes C to relieve him." I don't wish to be taxed that every man, woman, and child should read the *Times;* and I mistrust any education-tax, not only for its impracticabilities, which are many, but because it is not needed. On the contrary, I feel convinced that it would be impossible to keep back education. The people of all grades are in that state that they will have it. We are not in a dead-alive epoch of the human history. The very fact of a daily press of consummate ability, and of varied and ever-applicable information, has created, and is further creating, a necessity for education. The freer circulation of the business of the world, of markets, and of all trades, imposes such a necessity. A farmer cannot now count his cattle, as Proteus did his sea-calves, by his five fingers. The people, left to themselves, will be sure universally to acquire the three great elements of learning — reading, writing, and arithmetic. They know very well that without these they will be as foreigners in their own land who want a language. But education, in Busybody sense, means a great deal more than that—a portion of certainly useful with a vast quantity of very useless knowledge.

I here *for the present* entirely separate religious education from the schemes (an education the importance of which no man ought to doubt), because, however it is put forth as a motive, it is not the animus of the mass of promoters, and because it really depends, in the first place, upon the basis of the elementary learning. Will not elementary learning

insure every other learning according to capabilities? They who can write and read well have their foot upon the ladder. They who can, and whose benefit it is to climb, will, and surely vast numbers do climb; but shall I be met by the anathema of inquisitors and inspectors if I assert not only the impracticability of some to climb, but that it is best for them that they should not? All-wise Providence, the universal maker of the machinery of Nature, fits individuals for *One* community: Nature therefore gives out—elaborates in the complicated evolutions of her working—more varied capacities than even the best philosophers wot of. Society is made up of classes—it will never do to have too many in one class. Works of different kinds are to be performed, and well performed; therefore, as nature evidently regulates the balance of sexes, so does the same nature economise and distribute capacities. Due proportions are born for head-work and for hand-work, and these in multiplied gradations. This is visible in physical formation. The broad hand and broad foot are for their peculiar labour: they hold firmly and press down strongly the spade in the earth. With handicraft or manufacture springs up another form, of less strength, but more apt agility. And so similar adaptations run through all nature—civilisation, in other words, society, is the collective result. Society wants a certain number gifted with high inventive faculties, others to work out their inventions. One Newton is enough in an age. Had we many Newtons at a time, there would be confusion and comparison in a people's mind, and not the one great result. I doubt not that there must be a certain number of Master Slenders, very many of them for every Newton, and for every—no, for the one—Shakespeare who immortalised them. Gravity must be lightened by merrymaking; society must have its mirth, or it will be a sad world. We must have tragedy to sober down the too abundant comedy of errors of life, and comedy

to cheer, when the fountains of sorrow have poured out all their tears. Be it not said with disrespect to his ermine, the buffoon is necessary as the judge; and *that* poor rank can more easily bear multiplication than the better and wiser. The player, whom the census-maker, in a splenetic mood, classes with vagabonds, acts his due part in the drama of amalgamated society, as on his own histrionic boards. The poor tumbler who uses his head as his heels holds his place properly, and may claim for his art a recognition among the social virtues. Some are gifted with stronger heels than heads, perhaps fewer with heads stronger than their heels. Such are the elements of society all the world over, coming out, like the stars themselves, in the night of the world, to fulfil their several parts, high and low, shining, or more obscure, as they are wanted in civilised and uncivilised society. I fear wisdom would be unheeded if folly did not walk behind and hold up her train. It will be a vain attempt for any model schoolmaster, at home or abroad, to pare or to dilate the heads of all these pupils for the world's school to one measure. You cannot fit the head to the cap; you may fit a cap to a head. Make one for all, and it will be large enough to hide many faces. You will make but a "fool's cap" of it, as some do; and perhaps they are wanted, that there may be a fool's play, and the world have its laugh. If this be so, Eusebius, where is the wonderful education-cap for all scholars? What a conjuror must the master-man be who shall profess truly to fit it on. Oh for the new professorship!

Of necessity how varied must education be. No one centralised manufactured scheme can be suited to all; and here is the mistake that is made. The education for a high class is thrust upon all classes. Hence the many who do not, cannot, and whom nature never intended to come up to it, are put down by statisticians as ignorant; while a still

more miscalculating sect of a new philosophy, taking advantage of this epithet *ignorant*, make it the apology for crime, and deprecate punishments. The people of this country, Eusebius, the great mass of the people, are not ignorant. Few, indeed, are so little informed as the fashion is to make the multitude appear to be.

Great as may have been the progress of education in England and Wales from the commencement of the present century, and wide as may have been the benefit arising from it, surely the Census Report a little exaggerates the old evil to magnify the present good. "The records and the recollections which describe society so recently as fifty years ago, bear testimony to a state of ignorance and immorality so dense and general, that if any member of the present generation could be suddenly transported to that early period, he would probably be scarcely able, notwithstanding many abiding landmarks, to believe himself in England, and would certainly regard the change which half a century has witnessed in the manners of the people as but little short of the miraculous. Comparison is scarcely possible between the groups of gambling, swearing children—no unfavourable example of young England, then—whom Raikes of Gloucester, in 1781, with difficulty collected in the *first Sunday-school*, and any single class of the 2,400,000 scholars, who now gather with alacrity, and even with affection, round their 318,000 teachers." Nor is this view either of manners or affection quite kept up in the account of the difficulties besetting the ragged-school teachers. You will find this note p. lxvi.

"The ordeal through which a ragged-school teacher has to pass is occasionally one of no trifling character. Mr Locke describes himself as having been sometimes obliged, by the attacks of his protegés, to fly from the school, and seek the protection of the police." You remember well—

for you have often repeated the lines—Goldsmith's description of the village school, scholars, and master. Goldsmith painted from nature; there was *some* good bringing-up at any rate in those days. But Goldsmith, it will be said, does not describe children in the towns, but a country village. True, and that village was in Ireland. And that town-population of children, an adventitious population, did not then exist as now; it was the creation of the present century. Before that infantine aggregation in manufacturing towns, education in England, with regard to the class he has introduced into his poem, may be supposed to have been not unfairly described. The great want of education sprang up with the manufacturing system, under which, at an early age, children were removed from their parents, artificially brought up, scarcely knowing a home, and thus excluded from the ameliorating charities of life. And if manners are spoken of, it is not very easy to put a philosophic finger upon the cause. For manners among the best educated have also changed. Intoxication, for instance, how has it departed; and that which was a fashion is now the lowest vulgarity. The improvement is not altogether to be ascribed to any great advancement in those classes in learning. But if under manners—*mores*—morals are to be included, there is not quite so much reason to boast as may be assumed; outward manners may hide very bad morals. A great change has also taken place in our whole trade-system, so as to alter for the worse the character of our trading population. Trade honesty used to be the pride of England. Where is it gone? When it is acknowledged that every article of trade is almost universally adulterated; that it is a delusion to imagine you can obtain anything genuine; and when it is taken into account what a very large proportion of our population are manufacturing traders and shopkeepers, statisticians may have reason somewhat to doubt of our moral improvement. See

how widely these iniquities extend, and to what degree the population must be vitiated. Take the case alluded to in my last letter—the adulteration of tea. They who adulterate it do it not too privately: every tradesman employs many hands—they must be cognisant of the cheat; they are therefore corrupted; if they are fathers, they of course corrupt their children. In the instance quoted children were employed, sent out to strip certain trees of leaves, for the known purpose of adulteration. Surely, Eusebius, it is in these middle classes of great and petty tradesmen that moral education is mostly wanted. While the villanous system of fraud is allowed to exist and to progress as it does, it is very discouraging to scheme for a people's education in mere learning. There is another kind of education going on, which makes the proposed learning a dubious good, and establishes schools to make sharpers. I cannot find space to express adequately the abhorrence, the disgust, and the indignation at the sufferance of these iniquities. They are spreading and corrupting the whole people. Our criminal population is engaging the attention of the Legislature—experiments are tried to convert convicted prisoners into good citizens by education. But the trade criminals, the general adulterators, are not prisoners; theirs is a game of less risk. If they become not prisoners themselves, however, they make prisoners, for by so wide an example of dishonesty they put a mockery on fair dealing, and infect all below them. A wholesome severity upon criminals of this description would be the best preliminary step in the education of the people.

According to the opinion of the Census, what proportion of the population should be under tuition? It is calculated that in England and Wales there ought to be at school 4,908,696 children. And what is the school age? "Some send their children to school as early as from three to four; while others retain them at home till five or six. So some

remove their children from school at the age of ten or twelve, whilst others defer this step till the age of sixteen or seventeen. Nevertheless, sufficient agreement exists to enable us to indicate the earliest age at which instruction from home *in general* commences, and the latest age at which it *generally* terminates; and if we fix upon three as the former period, and fifteen as the latter, these, perhaps, will fairly represent the two extremes, beyond which scarcely any day-scholars, in the ordinary elementary schools, can be reasonably expected to be found. Doubtless some few children go to school *before* three, and some stay later than fifteen." The writer laments the extent to which the demand for juvenile labour interferes with school instruction. If, however, they are to begin at three, I should rather make it a subject of lamentation that they have so little time for the enjoyment of infantine life. It is frightful to think that work, whether at school or in other employment, is to commence so soon, and to last so long. Children are placed out as early as nine in permanent farm situations. It is much worse in manufactories. "Children begin to be employed in manufactories, in needle-making, in button-making, as errand-boys, and in various other capacities, some as early as six, others at any time from six to ten." Poor children! How are they sacrificed by thousands. What is the age of a child at Liverpool and Manchester? We read with horror of the poet's fabulous monster, that once in many years was to be appeased by the sacrifice of one young and beautiful victim. How many must annually die to satisfy our trade monster!

Here is an extract from a recent *Times*,—

"At Liverpool there is a large Irish population, living as they do everywhere. At Manchester and Salford, more than two hundred children have perished from diarrhœa. '*The reason*,' says the Registrar, 'is to be found in the out-door occupation of

the mothers, and consequent neglect of the children, and in the indifference with which the earlier symptoms of disease in the very young are usually regarded.'"

Much has been said in the Census of "the family" as a social institution—of the reform which had taken place with regard to it in the reign of George III. "The family" is the very root of a people's civilisation, for all virtues begin by being home virtues. Has this institution been sufficiently considered in connection with our educational views? I fear not. The temptation of early wages, under which parents of the lower classes have broken up their homes, and dispersed their young children to the towns, has unquestionably damaged this institution of the family. But a farther damage has been inflicted by the educational mania. Kind and most benevolent have been the motives everywhere at work to set up schools; but has there been an equal discretion? As I said before, I repeat that the lower classes of themselves, if left to themselves, in the present day, would have their children educated. Have we been wise in so largely taking it out of their hands? You and I can remember, Eusebius, when it was an object with the poor to give their children a little schooling; when it was an object, and caused frugality and forethought; and forethought of this kind greatly promotes family affections. It was a care which begat love. There was a sense of a want which the parent ought to supply, for the benefit of his child; and it is notorious that the more urgent these wants are, as they become the perpetual thought and care, so does affection increase. It is the sickly child that, most needing and obtaining this continual care and attention, is most loved. Now, have not modern educationists too much disregarded these social ties, these domestic cares? Have they done wisely in relieving parents of their natural cares? Excepting in cases of notoriously bad and profligate fathers and

mothers, I would not have these homes interfered with. It is ultimately injurious to remove from them the cares and responsibilities which nature has wisely imposed. I have always looked with suspicion, especially in country villages, upon infant-schools — have seen the working of them, their effects upon both parents and children. In both, affection is loosened. These schools may be capable of more judicious management; but in general the parents are too much relieved from the necessity of thought about their children. There are plenty of good people to take the care off their hands. These cares are softening cares; remove them, and the heart becomes harder. True is the picture of humanity—of

"Wisdom with her children round her knees."

It is the picture of parental education—the best, the very best, the only best, for the very young. And what did the good mother Wisdom teach her children gathered round her knees? She did not send them to the dull sleep of weariness, with Mrs Barbauld's monotone inanities; she did not disgust them with incomprehensible letter-cards and book-pages. She kept them alive, and set their affections active, through natural curiosity; and thus all the young beauty of their minds was growing up healthy, together with their bodies, under an easy and pleasant exercise. Blessed and blessing were the fire-side or sunny door-side words, "Once upon a time." Horrible is it to take a child at three years of age—the Census age—from this "Once upon a time," and the mother's knee, to put it in education's coop, and have it crammed, like poultry for the market, as a "hand" for a factory. How I have heard you, Eusebius, pity the poor children! I remember your looking at a group of them, and reflecting, "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven;"

and turning away thoughtfully, and saying, "Of such is the kingdom of Trade!" A child of three years of age, with a book in its infant hands, is a fearful sight. It is too often the death-warrant, such as the condemned stupidly looks at—fatal, yet beyond his comprehension. What should a child three years old—nay, five, six years old—be taught? Strong meats for weak digestions make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery rhymes. I would say to every parent, especially every mother, sing to your children, tell them pleasant stories; if in the country, be not too careful lest they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes; earth is very much akin to us all, and, in children's out-of-door-play, soils them not inwardly. There is in it a kind of consanguity between all creatures: by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our first substance, and beget a kindness for our "*poor relations*," the brutes. Let children have a free open-air sport; and fear not though they make acquaintance with the pigs, the donkeys, and the chickens—they may form worse friendships with wiser-looking ones: encourage a familiarity with all creatures that love to court them—dumb animals love children, and children them. There is a language among them which the world's language obliterates in the elder. It is of more importance that you should make your children loving than that you should make them wise—that is, book-wise. Above all things, *make them loving;* then will they be gentle and obedient; and then, also, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children brought up lovingly at your knees, will never shut their doors upon you, and point where they would have you go. Intellect alone, however cultivated, only makes monsters. We hear a great deal of "training-schools," Eusebius, as if children were to lead dogs' lives, and be trained for the pursuit of Trade's game. There should be

some "training-schools," for nurses and mothers, to teach them the *reverence* that is due to children—

"Maxima debetur pueris reverentia."

Reverence is a good word; it means a thorough thoughtfulness and care in all we say and do before them, for all done and said before them is their lesson. They are always learning, indoors or in open air—they are teaching themselves most when they are oftenest reproved as idle, seeking a work suitable, and making for themselves experiences. They build with mud, they arithmetise with stones, they practise their fingers to handicraft, and their curiosity is teaching them a thousand things in the best way. It is a pity to stop the growth, and drive them into a hot school, where, not the mother, but strangers will take them in hand—and the life-blood of home, of the "social family," stagnates. You once said, Eusebius, that you felt sure Shakespeare meant to read a moral lesson to parents in his *King Lear*. That Cordelia had been sung to, and told nursery tales, and played with in sunny hours in green gardens; and that Regan and Goneril had been sent to a model school at the earliest age, never sang to, knew no nursery rhymes, and had been made wise in their generation. All a child sees and hears is a child's natural education; when that education is easy, inartificial, the temper is kept sweet,—and that is much. It is a bad thing when they honour strangers more than their fathers and mothers; and when they are taught to do that, and are packed off to factories, no wonder is it if they soon have not the blessing annexed to the family honouring, and that their lives are not "long in the land."

In looking into this Census, I see but two things noticed to make up a child's life—book-education and work. You may calculate ages, you may count hours—you will find none for amusement. If not at school, they are supposed to be

sick, or employed elsewhere. When their factory-day work is over they are to go to "evening schools:" thus education is to them a poison, and not always a slow poison. They who escape the first dangers are placed in another hot-bed of education, and forced, so that they often make up a fine show for the admirers of useless knowledge. I was quite delighted when I heard of a benevolent scheme to counteract the bad schemes, and to teach "common things."

Let there not be too much parrot education; show-children are made to appear amazingly clever, and, like the conceited birds, proud of their feathers: but they have not a bit the more sense, and are too deficient in the knowledge of the common things they ought to know, and parrot work it is. There is too often acquired a fine language which is not natural to them, and not "understanded" of their fathers and mothers. But the "mother tongue" will not be under perpetual restraint—"Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret"—It must be a strong gag that will ever keep on nature's mouth. A clergyman told me that he felt a trifling gratification, of which it would be considered he ought to be ashamed. Leaving a parochial school where both inspector and scholars had been flourishing, he went his rounds, and came to a cottage where he found a natural language he did not expect to hear from a pet scholar. She was saying to her mother words unfit for educational report. "Thee wousn't if thee cousn't." Well, if that *was* her mother-tongue, I wonder what the amalgamation with other tongues will make it at last. It will be a poor education, indeed, that will not, and that very soon, setting aside the knowledge of common things, insist upon more languages than are yet taught; for educationists are encroaching upon all "languages, peoples, and nations"—their tongues will be to be taught as well as their histories and geographies. I see Latin and Greek have already invaded the Educational Report. Where so much

is taught, how little can be really acquired. It is said of "Hearsay's" scholars that they learned in a trice, and discoursed fluently of things prodigious, the hundredth part of which would take a man's whole life to have well known. What are "common things" but those things which are to be done by men and women? Agesilaus, when asked what was best for boys to learn, wisely replied, "What they ought to do when they shall be men."

Socrates disapproved of the universal teaching of geometrical diagrams, δυσξυνέτων διαγραμμάτων, hard to be understood, enough to occupy a whole life, and take away the scholar "from many matters of useful knowledge." It is better if a ploughman knows the measure of his own field than the acreage of Attica, and the strength of his own team than that of Hannibal's elephants. Individual businesses and professions acquire nothing by leaping over their own walls into the knowledge-preserves that belong to other classes. Geometry will be of little use to him who is 'prenticed to the pestle and mortar. It would be idle to send a tailor's boy to Woolwich to learn gunnery, who is destined "more to be honoured in the *breech*" than in making of breaches. There is, after all, some sense in "Ne sutor ultra crepidam." M. Soyer will not be so foolish as to examine his cooks in mathematics: pies, pattypans, and lollipops are as noble-sounding words for the young confectioner's science as parallelopipedons.

The old sophister's tricks, that were expelled by ridicule, are coming round again. Children, whatever their destinies are to be, will be taught, like the Laputans, to cut their bread into cones, cylinders, and parallelograms. Inspectors not learned in "The Clouds" will again be insisting upon the measurement of the leap of a flea. There is many a young woman who cannot make or mend a gown, and is ignorant of a thousand useful domestic items that contribute to home-comfort, who is to be asked such questions as I see in the

Report-Educational, under heading—"Female Training-Schools." "Explain the origin and formation of the following words: First—neither, if, twain, more, manly, which, wrong, farthing, Wednesday." "What English words are derived from the following—Sto, jungo, Mors, loquor, dens, fluo, mordeo, facio?" Don't think, Eusebius, this jingo-lingo is any fabrication of mine. Look in the Report; you will find the cask according to the sample. A list of inspectors' educational questionings should be headed, "The art of learning everything and knowing nothing;" or, how young ladies and gentlemen of every grade may be taught to converse or lecture fluently for the greatest length of time and yet say nothing—

"E quella soavissima
Arte tanto eloquente
Che sa si lungo spazio,
Parlar, senza dir niente."

"That sweetest art to talk all day;
Be eloquent—and nothing say."

Examiners too busily set themselves to inquire what their scholars know, not what they think. They get from them what is on their tongues, not much that is in their minds. Master and scholar stand on non-conductors—electric sympathy is cut off. They know not each other really, and only fancy they do by the false signs of their learning. The natural curiosity of the scholar, which would impel him to ask and inquire, is driven into a corner, crowded and jostled, and in danger of suffocation from the multitude of dead men's thoughts: it cannot expand to the wholesome air of inquiry, shrinking from the "*density and proximity*" of the uncongenial and oppressive neighbourhood. I should like to see the inspector oftener submit to be questioned, that the scholar's mind may have a little play. Let him be set thinking; this would be good exercise; for lack of habit of this kind, when

taken out of his routine, out of his knowledge-harness, the scholar is apt to be staggered, and can't go a step. But I heard the other day on an inspector's examination of a union of schools, how unexpectedly a boy raised a laugh against his inspector. This examiner had ventured to ask the school for their thoughts, but in the mass they wanted practice, and had none to show. He had been—doubtless very properly, and I dare say with acute good-sense—descanting on the wisdom and benevolence shown in the structure of our organs: the eye was the subject, and he most likely took the hint from the admirable dialogue Socrates held with Aristodemus the atheist. Be that as it may, however, he at last asked his scholars what they thought upon the matter—had they any remarks to make—did anything strike them? No, nothing—they were dumb. Still the question was repeated, had they observed nothing extraordinary in the eye? Then at last one boy, who had just had a thump in the back from a monitor for inattention, said, "I have a thought." "What is it?" said the inspector. "Why," said the scholar, "I am thinking that since, as you say, it is so good that our two eyes be placed in front, that if we had another pair at the back of our heads, we should see who comes a'ter us." "This palpable hit" touched every boy's practical experience. The laugh could not be put down. The inspector's attempt to turn it against the young Four-eyes (a name he has acquired) failed. It was to little purpose he reminded the scholar, that, in such a case, he could not defend himself without turning round, his arms being placed as they are; for the boy's inference was, that four arms would be better than two. The inspector was fairly beaten, and relinquished a scheme he had proposed of lecturing on the ear and other organs. Notwithstanding which you will take it for granted, Eusebius, that the generous inspector joined in the general laugh. There was a double lesson learnt that day; master and

scholar learnt something original. That boy should be encouraged. He is an incipient inspector.

A sympathy between masters and scholars is much wanted; it is the very soul of teaching well—a certain bond that those under instruction should have a share in it. There is something of this in the Bell and Lancaster system; but it had before then been carried into practice in our public schools. Their great advantage over private schools was, that much of the discipline, as well as some of the knowledge-teaching, was left to the youths themselves. Their responsibilities gave them thought, self-reliance, and drew out into action, preparatory for the larger world, their characters. The order of the school was far better than as if a master had done it all. Every one must remember the story of little Cyrus made a judge among his playfellows. To make, in a great measure, the scholar the school's regulator, is an educational maxim not sufficiently understood. Scholars, like men in a free state, love the order they themselves set up, readily obey laws which themselves impose. They thus learn at once two things which most in after life are called upon in some degree or other to do—to command and to obey. Are you acquainted, Eusebius, with the little history of a very great thing—the setting up and continuance of Price's Candle Company's Educational Establishment? If you are not, get, if you can procure, their Reports, or read an account of it in the *Quarterly Review* for April 1852. It is the work of one man. He has done more to show how to set about the education of the people than a century of legislative enactments could effect, and put upon a thousand blue-books. Blessed, indeed, has been the work of that man—Mr Wilson, the manager. His maxim has been from the beginning, Oversight, not interference; so did he wondrously influence both adults and children. The narrative is most touching. Oh, if such philanthropy were but catching! I will not

give you a single quotation; for if you know not this little history, you must. You will love it to your heart's core, and the originator as a prime man in England, which you will love more for having him.

The beauty of such systems of education as Mr Wilson's is, that its tendency is to restore, to a better than its original state, that one good of feudality, too much of which it is the tendency of democracy to destroy—the family institution—the mutual dependence—the virtue there was in later clanship—mutual relationship and dependence without a shadow of absolutism. It is the family institution which civilises. Civilisation has been my theme throughout.

There was something civilising and educationising, too, in those old sports of ours, wherein all joined. They have been too much discouraged; the bringing people together into one enjoyment is a beautiful thing; and I cannot but think that Puritanism has done some damage to this "institution of the family," by making man's own individual state too much his sole concern. There is a selfishness begat in the indulgence of the notion of a solitary passage upwards. I cannot think the angels receive so pleasantly him that would come alone. But I must not leave Census to indulge in imaginations. Census, I cannot say,

> "Cynthius aurem
> Vellit et admonuit."

—"Census, not Cynthius, twitched me by the ear."

There is ground upon which even iron-shod honesty must tread lightly, perhaps hesitatingly; but it is not for Honesty to draw back the foot after the first movement to its position. Honesty has made her stand—I venture to be her interpreter. Sunday schools, are they indubitably good?—are all good? They are so general that it needs a bold face to ask questions. I put the case thus: If there be day-schools; where they

are, may not Sunday be allowed to be in reality what in name it is said to be, a day of rest? I know some very excellent persons do entertain doubts if it should be in any way a day of toil: head-work is work. I should prefer the old practice, happily reviving, of catechising in church, where the clergyman, not the scholar, may make his applications, and take occasion so to do from the services of the day; and after the service let the poor children, at least for one day in the week, have a home and enjoy it. On this day let them "do no manner of work." Harmless recreation is not work; and I am sorry to say I have known some ascetic preachers denounce as sinful a walk for pleasure in the fields on the Lord's Day. You will say these remarks relate only to the Church of England. Be it so. Census is compelled to give the Church of England people the largest area. But if I take into contemplation other Sunday, or, as they are usually called, "Sabbath schools," I have an awful remembrance of what is said of them by their own teachers, and which you will find at large in the Temperance Societies' tracts. Although I utterly disbelieve what is there asserted, that they make drunkards (for so small a thing as small beer with tee-totallers entitles the partaker to the name), yet enough is shown of a teaching of a very intoxicating quality, in striking contrast to the humility-teaching of the Church of England. You will find some account of the matter in "Temperance and Teetotal Societies." I said that if the people were left more to themselves, they would still seek education for their children; on that account, the small contribution from the parents is a wise provision; but the desire may be somewhat weakened by the existence of Sunday schools where there is much teaching. Parents may think that sufficient.

"It is not for the sake of *saving a penny* per week," says the Census, "that the child is transferred from the school to

the factory or the fields, but for the sake of *gaining* a shilling or eighteenpence per week." This may be true in towns, and in some country districts, but in others wages are so low that even a penny for each child may be a consideration. They who employ labourers ought to take it to their shame if they do not mend this. It is, however, of great importance for the preservation of the "Family Institution," that the care and forethought should begin with the parent, however poor. I fear every proffered or promised good, if it relieves the parent from his responsibilities.

"The schools for children who have not attained that age (the sixth year) are mostly infant schools in character, if not by name. It seems to be admitted pretty generally amongst educationists, that unless a good proportion of the schooling which a child receives be given above the age of six, its value is considerably diminished, and cannot be looked upon as adequate. Upon this theory the facts above produced appear to indicate a state of education far from satisfactory; since the average length of schooling received by children of *all classes* between six and fifteen cannot exceed four years, and the average for children of the working classes cannot much exceed three years. So that, while upon an average the children of the labouring classes may perhaps, if all are under education, have $4\frac{2}{3}$ years of schooling, a very considerable part of their instruction is imparted during what may be described as the "infant period."

I may not agree with Census as to the number of years which should be devoted to education—of course meaning book-learning; but that a child should not begin too soon, I am quite convinced by the arguments of an able and philanthropic American physician, Amariah Brigham, M.D., whose little treatise on education I directed your notice to in a letter which you transferred to Maga so long ago as June 1837. He speaks deprecatingly of disease produced by too

early education, asserting that disorders which are supposed to originate in the stomach, very many of them are diseases of the brain, of which the stomach is sympathetic. I inserted in that letter, in a note, the following, to which I again call your attention. It will bear a general circulation, and you will distribute it.

"I have copied from this treatise a table taken from a late work of M. Friedlander, dedicated to M. Guizot. It must be remembered that education has much engaged the attention of the most learned and distinguished men. 'From the highest antiquity we have this rule,' says M. Friedlander, 'that mental instruction ought not to commence before the seventh year.' He gives the following table of rest and labour :—

Age.	Hours of Sleep.	Hours of Exercise.	Hours of Occupation.	Hours of Repose.
7	9 to 10	10	1	4
8	9	9	2	4
9	9	8	3	4
10	8 to 9	8	4	4
11	8	7	5	4
12	8	6	6	4
13	8	5	7	4
14	7	5	8	4
15	7	4	9	4

By this table it would appear that the early stage of life (seven) is only able to receive one hour of occupation, and that the more advanced, though still young (fifteen), of nine times as much. You will observe, also, that repose, which I presume to mean recreation, is taken into consideration, of which I do not remember that much, if anything, is said in

the Census. But if children are sent to factories at six years of age, and are subject to factory-labour and to education, their time for repose or recreation must be very short; and who can wonder if the tables of mortality confirm the view taken by Dr Brigham? But is four years' schooling, or $4\frac{2}{3}$, so very short a period for the general population of children? Under good masters, much reading, writing, and arithmetic may be acquired in that time—at least enough to make adult education for those who, when grown up, desire it, sufficiently easy. The irksomeness of the task has been got over. I say good masters—for there still exist some of the old parish-appointed semi-endowed schools, where the ability of the master is but little considered. One instance I know where the appointment was made purely to save parochial relief. Another case I present you with, Eusebius. You are acquainted with the curate of L——. He told me the other day, that, visiting the parish school, he looked over the master's writing. He found the spelling infamous; he pointed out the errors. The master, nothing abashed, gave the ingenious excuse that it was "getting dusk when he wrote it." If a scholar had given this excuse to a master who could spell even in the dark, he would have been taught that there was something more in fault than his eyes. Masters of a very different calibre come from training-schools nowadays, and happily—though I know your admiration of Goldsmith's schoolmaster in the *Deserted Village* will make you still protest against the innovation, and to think such as he was a model master for the great mass of scholars. Indulge your amiable weakness, Eusebius—you may think so without doing harm to a single school; for though you search the world "from China to Peru," where will you find him? Make up your innocent mind to it—you "ne'er will look upon *his* like again."

It is an old saying, "Two of a trade can never agree."

The trade of education is no exception. Two gentlemen having heard a great deal of the progress of education, set out upon their travel of inquiry. These gentlemen are Mr Kay, brother to Sir P. Kay Shuttleworth, who took so prominent a part as Secretary to the Privy Council Committee of Education; and Mr Laing, author of *Notes of a Traveller*. They went on the same errand. Did they both see alike the nakedness of the land or its fertility? Alas for the spectacles of the learned spies! One brings back monster grapes luxuriously tempting, the other's grapes are withered and sour. What is Kay's account of this "land of promise?" — no, rather land of present perfection — the paradise of knowledge? I take his report as told in the *Critic*. "There are no dirty ragged children, no ignorant young men or women, no drunkenness, no bad manners, no gross poverty or suffering. Everybody is comfortable and happy, well educated and polite; and there is no mention of vice or immorality. As for the *schoolmasters*, they are all *gentlemen*, without ceasing to be peasants." I told you, Eusebius, the tailor, the farmer, and the dustman would be rival candidates for a professor's chair,—you see it has been realised—abroad! But more yet. These peasant teachers are as good in manners and education as Oxford or Cambridge graduates. Ruskin must sink his graduateship—he is beaten out of the field—for they can do what he cannot, or never, that I know of, professed to do, which is generally the same thing as doing it—"they can *fiddle*." Now, don't cry nonsense,—read. "They are not *above their place* (none of these are my italics) and duties as humble village-teachers, although their education and manners would not disgrace the graduate of Cambridge and Oxford. Indeed, every man of them can *fiddle*." They can also "play both the piano and organ, which is more than can be said of one in a thousand of our English graduates. They can also prune trees, and do many

other useful jobs which our B. A's. would make rather poor hands at." So much for the schoolmasters of Prussia, Holland, Switzerland, Bavaria, Saxony, &c. You see, Eusebius, it is the fiddle that has done it. "Fiddler's land" is the only land for a man to live in after all. That is the land of civilisation. Alas for my emblem of civilisation, the Chinese lady!—there is no fiddle in the picture. Henceforth translate the Latin,

> "Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros,"

as it ought to be translated. "To play upon the fiddle is the consummation of education, and the recipe to make a peasant, a schoolmaster, and a gentleman." Don't laugh, Eusebius—I am sure you are going to laugh; so just take a look at the sour grapes. Mr Laing is holding them up, and is going to speak. Listen. At first you will find him a little under the fascination of the Kay-bugle echoing the last faint note of praise. "The educational system of Prussia is no doubt admirable as a machinery; but the same end is to be attained in a more natural and effective way—by raising the moral condition of the parents to free agency in their duties; or if not, if education—that is, reading, writing, and arithmetic—cannot be brought within the acquirements of the common man's children but upon the Prussian semi-coercive principle of the State, through its functionaries, intruding upon the parental duties of each individual, stepping in between the father and his family, and enforcing, by State regulations, fines, and even imprisonment, what should be left to the moral sense of duty and natural affection of every parent who is not in a state of pupilage from mental imbecility,—then is such education not worth the demoralising price paid for it," &c. &c.

Oh, oh! is it so?—the Kay-bugle is now sadly out of tune. "The admirable machinery" then turns out to be the

collar round the dog's neck, which the free dog in the fable asked him how he came by, and politely wished him good morning. To be forced to learn, under penalty, fine, and imprisonment—perhaps old and young under educationary compulsion—a pretty to-do this, indeed. Good morning, and good evening too, to all such Government education as this. Should you and I escape? I can imagine some impertinent inspector, having *crammed* the children, in the spite of weariness, to put some of us old people out to show our grammatical paces: the very children would be taught to convert their old song into one of a hoot and contempt after us—or you at all events.

> Old Father Long-legs couldn't say his grammar;
> Put him to the treadmill—put him to the treadmill—
> Put him to the treadmill, and then to the crammer.

But there are discrepancies in the accounts more serious. "No drunkenness—no bad manners—no poverty or suffering." The "facts" man says: "In Germany, within half a mile of the University of Bonn, on a Sunday evening, when all the town was abroad walking, I have seen a student in tolerably good clothes, his tobacco-pipe in his mouth, begging with his hat off on the public road, running after passengers and carriages, soliciting charity, and looking very sulky when refused; and the young man in full health, and with clothes on his back that would sell for enough to keep him for a week. This is no uncommon occurrence on the German roads. Every traveller on the roads round Heidelberg, Bonn, and the other university towns in Germany, must have frequently and daily witnessed this debasement of mind amongst the youth. This want of sensibility to shame or public opinion, or to personal moral dignity, is a defect of character produced entirely by the system of government interference in all education, and in all human action. It is

an example of its moral working on society." Of course, it must be so. What else can they do than become beggars—the unsuccessful competitors for professors' chairs—these tailors, hedgers, and dustmen—all now gentlemen-teachers without paying scholars, and with little liking to their abandoned employments. But the coercion—the collar round the man-dog's neck! We must watch our educationists, before Parliament is filled with members crazy upon natural philosophy.

It must be a happy thing that these peasant gentlemen-teachers are able to play upon the fiddle, and in that respect are superior to our Bachelors of Arts at Cambridge and Oxford. The Lydians invented games to stay the outcries of the fiddle-strings of their stomachs in a time of famine. The addition of music must be very soothing. Music, I find, is to be one of the accomplishments proposed for general education. It is better than most. But what is to be done by the fiddlers when less agreeable work is standing still for them? I will tell you an anecdote thereupon. When I was young, I was in the habit of visiting the kindest, most benevolent old lady in the world—very old in years, but a child in tenderness and goodness. We were rather a large company in the old country-house. Well—one evening, the tea not coming at the usual hour, we rang the bell. It was not answered. I should tell you the butler always brought in the urn, and the footman the tea-tray. Rang again. Bell not answered; but to our amazement we heard Benjamin's (the footman's) fiddle going all the while. We rang again; fiddle symphonising. After repeated ringings, in burst Benjamin, actually crying with vexation at being interrupted, saying, both indignantly and piteously, "I should like to know how I be to bring the tea by myself. Ain't Thomas (the butler) gone to town to post?"

I am thinking, Eusebius, of our Benjamins and Thomases,

and Bettys, and Susans, who usually attend to family arrangement. When we ring for Benjamin, and education is perfected, will he not think he has a prior right to fiddle? Will Betty remonstrate that she could not come before, and ought not to have been disturbed, for she was solving a problem? Is it to be an excuse for Thomas's neglect, that he was, at the moment when wanted, "Thomas the Rhymer?" The amiable educationist Dr Daubeny, in his lecture, says that chemistry is to teach "patience and tenacity of purpose." I fear the patience must be taught to one party, and the tenacity of purpose to another. The latter goes to the musical Benjamins, the former to their masters and mistresses. Not but that the gentlemen peasant-teachers must have hard work to keep up their patience, and their tempers sweet as that of the "gentleman pagan," in his uncivilised island, so praised by Drake's biographer. It has been shown that one of the praiseworthy teachers in a ragged school was obliged to call in the police. One of the old school of masters said strongly, that he would have changed places with Job, and thanked him too. It will be hard work for some of them, if, when the government system of coercion is established, the master shall be made responsible for scholars' deficiencies, and master and scholar be fined together. It must be a wonderful pump that will pump sense either in or out of a pumpkin. But let the masters think of it; we are becoming a very jealous people—exacting full work for however little pay, and will admit of no shams.

Now, while all this is going on, are we quite sure of the moral teaching? After all, that is the great thing. Many educationists think a great deal about this, and do a great deal, and do good; and think not for a moment, Eusebius, that I appreciate not their labours. But there are too many who believe that the mere acquiring of knowledge will work

more wonders than it can ever accomplish. Many years ago, in every court of justice, pains were taken to ascertain if the culprits could read and write; and note was taken (and much fuss made about ignorance in these matters) of those who could not. Somehow or other these inquiries, or the talk about them, seem suddenly to have stopped. A little learning, and especially more than a little, may make very accomplished sharpers, as well as virtuous citizens. It is a great mistake, indeed, to take cleverness for goodness, and to imagine that the cultivating the intellect up to the clever point has overmuch to do with morality. There was something notable in the answer of the celebrated master of one of our greatest schools: when recommended to take a sharp boy, he replied, "I will have none of him—send me a good boy. If I want a sharp one, I should go to Newgate." I fear, Eusebius, a system that shall make more sharp boys than good boys. Better it were that men were made after Paracelsus' fashion, of equivocal generation (of which he says, "immo autem possibile est"), for men made according to Paracelsus' recipe "need learn nothing; for that, as they are made by art, they know everything—an advantage which the naturally born never enjoy." True, indeed, the "knowing everything" may be the aim of dreamers, but the privilege of none of woman born. Nature never meant the many to be too knowing. The ear, small as it is, is a funnel too large for narrow minds; so that much going in stagnates, and evaporates outwardly, lacking a ready passage of reception. And it is as well, for a great part had better go no further.

"Επαριστερ' εμαθες ὡ πονηρε γραμματα."

"You have learnt enough of the wrong sort, you rogue."

And how from books it is added—

"Αντιστροφέν σον τον βιον τα βιβλια."*

"The reading of books has corrupted your life."

The Greeks put the knowledge of "common things" even before the learning the letters. They marked him as grossly ignorant, first, who hadn't learnt to swim, then hadn't learnt his letters, "Μητε νεῖν μητε γραμματα επισταται." The old Persian educational principle, at least in one particular, might advantageously be engrafted into the system of some adult schools.

"Ἱππευειν τοξευειν καὶ αληθευειν."

"To ride, shoot with the bow, and to speak truth."

I would have left out the second were it not guarded by the third accomplishment; it is not, therefore, "shooting with the long bow." And this reminds me, Eusebius, of what is said of the Turks, that they are given to truth and honesty. For all we are doing for them, would it not be worth while to beg to have a few trade missionaries sent from them to us? Which is easiest to make, a rogue or an honest man?

To return to this notion of Gulliver Census, of the marvellous change for the better in the people's manners and morals, I for one will not be gulled by it, and laugh at the gullibility of the recipients of this tale of his. I am utterly incredulous; and I call you to witness, Eusebius, as being equally privileged as myself to be a "laudator temporis acti," if there is not as much gross villany—nay, more general dishonesty—in this little world of ours, or, to magnify it, call it "Great Britain," now than in former days. Take a better authority,—

"One of the greatest curses and disgraces is the fact that our country swarms with ruffians, the outlaws and enemies of society, who spread terror wherever they appear; who, though they constantly elude detection, are yet known to live by crime."

* Theognotus Comicus.

Again—

"For the question is forced upon us, and no ingenuity, no indolence, no pusillanimity, can now evade or postpone it. Not only does the number of our criminals contrast strangely with our high pretensions as a civilised and virtuous people; not only does crime multiply under our eyes, in spite of our vast means of prevention and penal repression," &c.*

I must also take an extract from the same Review, a part of a charge of the Recorder of Birmingham to the grand jury, 1850-51 :—

"We often read of attacks in streets and other frequented thoroughfares by ruffians, who seem to have taken as their model the Indian Thug; and their feats prove them as dexterous as their master, while in audacity they leave him far behind. Such outrages as these, gentlemen, are not the acts of *tyros* in villany. They imply the skill, the contempt of danger, and the indifference to the sufferings of their victims, which training, and training alone, can give."

Notwithstanding, however, his praise of the change of manners, our statistician of the Census elsewhere says,—

"Neither does the table include a class, unfortunately too considerable, whose chief or only means of living are the depredations they can make upon society; and yet the frauds and thefts of the criminal population are in many cases as much their ordinary and settled '*occupations*,' as the duties of the factory or the farm are the 'occupations' of the operative or agricultural labourer."

Thus it appears that we, as a people, so jealous of our liberties as not to allow a *regular* standing army to any decently protective amount, endure an *irregular* standing army of 100,000, and probably more, daily and nightly to make inroads upon our liberties—nay, our properties and our lives.

"The total number of offenders sentenced to imprisonment (at assizes and by summary conviction) is about 100,000 annually,

* *Edinburgh Review*, "Criminal Population," 1854.

and the average term of their imprisonment is about six weeks. Hence the number liberated from prison, usually to recommence a criminal career, may be easily estimated. In the year 1848, of 104,485 offenders imprisoned, 86,318 were imprisoned under three months, and 18,167 above three months. Of these, only 2585 were sentenced for a year and upwards."*

This awful number of criminals, doubtless far short of the truth—for there is no calculation of the many who escape, and no note taken of the equally criminal fraudulent adulterators of goods of all kinds, who bring disgrace upon the name of trade—shows that there is something very wrong in the moral training of the people. May it not be a question, if we have not given more importance to the acquirement of knowledge in arts, sciences, and book-learning, than to a sound moral and religious education—to that education which teaches contentment? The writer of the Census Report complains of the working classes "having for some generations past been tutored not to look *beyond their station.*" There is no fear of any lack of proper ambition where adaptive abilities show themselves; but it is strange to hear that sound teaching impugned. But where, it may be asked, is this tutoring, so objected to, to be found? Where—but in the very best educational page that ever was published—the very best, not for knowledge, but for moral training? It is the too frequent rejection of this admirable, beautiful, simple, easy page of education, that should be the subject of lamentation. It is the rejection of the most precious portion of the Church of England's authorised training—the *Church Catechism.* It is there, indeed, this wholesome maxim of content, which so offends the statistician, is to be found: it is that which has been universally inculcated most happily in "generations past." It is so admirable, it cannot be repeated too often. In the duty to one's neighbour is implied one's duty to oneself. "My

* *Edinburgh Review*, October 1854.

duty towards my neighbour is to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me : to love, honour, and succour my father and mother; to honour and obey the King (Queen), and all that are put in authority under him (her); to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters : to hurt nobody by word nor deed; to be true and just in all my dealings; to bear no malice nor hatred in my heart; to keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering; to keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity; not to covet nor desire other men's goods, but to learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and *to do my duty in that state of life* unto which it shall please God to call me." There is no universal "vaulting ambition" inculcated here, no envy of stations above, no antic upward leapings of discontent. The aids afforded to what, in spite of the statistician's lamentation, I would still call this souring vice, are so many in the industriously circulated "literature of the poor," of which there is in one of the Quarterlies a frightful account, that it almost makes one doubt even the elementary learning, unless the humbler classes can be protected from an atrociously licentious or irreligious literature. Moral and religious training is of the first importance; other knowledge will take care of itself, and be more duly sought after for its own sake when the other and better discipline has taken root. I am happy to say that training-schools of the best character are settling themselves in the land. The Church of England is doing her duty. It is the merely secular education which is to be feared—the false importance which is ascribed to mere secular knowledge; as if the lock of truth had never been hampered with the false key of knowledge. Have all the *knowing* men in the world been good men, or wise men? The arro-

gance and pride of learning have ever been notorious. The varieties of discordances, falsities, subtleties, ingenuities, discrepancies—the very madnesses, the puerilities of the learned, prove that studies take leaps beyond reason's fence, and there, as by a fatal recompense, they find themselves in controversy's land of labyrinths, from which there is no escape, no getting back again into common-sense ground. If learning with its millions of volumes could make men of one mind, it would be something. But the great business of learning seems to be to set men by the ears, and make them contradict each other. If any science could be secure, you would say it is mathematics, which Plato styles the road to instruction, κατα παιδειαν οδον. Yet Hobbes wrote against the pride of geometricians, affirming that Euclid is full of errors. Take a whole university of scholars dismissed upon the world's stage to speak and to act. They who had learned at the same desk, had gathered of the same tree of knowledge, what are they but opponents to each other —disputants upon the very principles of all things concerning religion and politics, moral sentiments, and even the very sciences called exact? The most *knowing* become makers of crotchets, wherewith, when they have forced themselves into "commissions," they pelt the whole people.

There is not a commission set up that does not justly cause a jealousy—a suspicion of the setting up a whim to overrule common sense. Even in the consultations about this very thing (education), what disagreements are there, not only as to religion or no religion, but as to the materials of which the forced-meat balls wherewith the people shall be crammed shall be made? This one is for thrusting the classical languages into our vernacular, for feeding the infantine population on Greek roots till they can stammer out the compounds and derivations; another strenuously opposes this, and is for cutting out (eliminating) the tongue of Pericles.

Poor young England, stuffed and crammed, his eyes starting out of his head, and in perpetual danger of intellectual apoplexy!

It may be all very well for the very extraordinarily gifted, who can walk across the common of Ignorance into knowledge Paradise with the march-of-intellect pace; all able, like the Prussian students admired by Mr Kay, to turn their hands to any odd "jobs;" but the dull—the destined to act quite another part in life—they will become fatuous under this high brain-pressure. They will be left behind, and piteously resemble the geese on the common, with their heads in the rank grass, only raised to hiss at a stranger—slow goers and quick gabblers. Besides, Eusebius, I fear in modern, overstrained education, the dead-weight of "facts" will overwhelm incipient imaginations. Facts cannot civilise; but imagination, which sets all the generous feelings of the young into motion, and which commences its work at the mother's knee, is the first humaniser. Heroism of the best kind has grown out of children's old tales, such as, in the earliest stage, *Jack the Giant-Killer* and the *Seven Champions of Christendom*. I can believe that those fabulous heroes have been fighting our glorious battles;—I entertain a temporary Pythagorean creed. Cinderella and the Damsels rescued by the Champions have tamed many a young savage. The boy who, in his dreams, has never fought a giant, nor saved a lovely maiden from a dragon, never will make a true man. The well-developed man has borrowed from the tenderness of a motherly-instructed childhood. The chivalric spirit is the worker-out of civilisation. Let facts sink into the earth, or die upon its surface like rotten leaves, if they are to be accumulated and forced into young minds, to the exclusion of generous fictions, that, promoting love and valour, become by them noble truths. No, Eusebius. "Once upon a time," at a mother's knee, and afterwards under the

flickering light and shade of a secret place in a greenwood, is the real talisman, the "Open Sesame" by which excellent virtues enter young minds;—the rock of the heart opens to the words. Let not facts smother the age of heroism. That great civiliser is not yet gone, but it is threatened. Have I the garrulity of age? You will call me to facts, for you will send me back to Census. It is no great matter if I have deserted him a little while—or a long while; you will receive it as one or the other, as you are pleased or not, and agree with me or differ. But I am not afraid that you will differ. I have turned over the pages of this great Gulliver again, and find so many points of this subject of education left untouched, that were I now to enter upon them, I should weary you with too long a letter. There are questions of scientific institutions and religious difficulties, which I have purposely omitted, as requiring separate consideration. Education will necessarily be a portion of the subject of religion. You will therefore probably hear from me shortly again.

In the meanwhile, Eusebius, let the agreeable intelligence which statisticians have prepared for you pass through that funnel to your understanding, your ear, without resistance. Show no impatience when they tell you how very ignorant you are—how much you have to learn—and how very short a time to learn it in. There are multitudes of things, facts, which you must yet know—and religions very gravely put before you, and indulgently left to your choice, no undue preference being given. For the benefit of your studies, know that, to say nothing of books, there are three thousand and sixty-four languages, including the Chinese and Hungarian, and that other odd one with which your education is to commence; that there are a thousand different religions, although not all as yet enumerated among Census's *Churches*, which it will be required of you to inquire into; and that

you may not despair of the accomplishment of all this, your work, know what time is before you. Malicious Census has calculated your life to a nicety, and is now, I daresay, penning his fiat for you to be posted in the "Dead-letter Office." Know then by these presents, as life and death's statisticians would say, that ninety-one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four people die every day—three thousand seven hundred and thirty every hour—sixty every minute—one every second.

Are these the slanders of a "satirical rogue?" Alas, no! True it is, "old men have grey beards" and worse maladies, yet you may be of Hamlet's opinion: "All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward." It has been said, "every man believes every man mortal but himself." That belief is every man's instinct; and as he sometimes means to sojourn in pleasant places, and thinks mirth no sin, he does not see the necessity of taking as his companion a disagreeable monitor. Acting upon this principle, Eusebius, and not liking to be the slave of a thing I carry in my pocket, and tremble at the holding up of its fingers, with an intimation to be off as the fated one, I have taken the precaution to remove the seconds hand from my watch. In spite of Census, Eusebius, live cheerfully.

VIVE VALEQUE.

CIVILISATION.—THE CENSUS.

[MARCH 1855.]

I THINK it has been made out, Eusebius, at least inferentially, that civilisation is a condition of social health; that its opposite is a degraded state of disease. And may we not add that this disease is epidemic and contagious? Barbarism begets barbarism, till it ends in savagery, cannibalism, and annihilation of a race. I suppose the Canaanites were, before the curse came upon them, a civilised people. Their degeneration brought on them their punishment. How ignorantly we hear people talk of savages as in a state of nature. It is not true; history denies it, sacred and profane. Races of mankind pass from the higher to the lower state. Seldom, indeed, have they been known, when they have reached the lowest state, to revive; perhaps never of themselves, but by being mixed, blended, and, as it were, lost in amalgamation with a better stock.

Can we for a moment think that man came fresh from his Maker's hand a savage? What he was, the most civilised among us is possibly too much deteriorated in intellectual and moral perception to conceive. Whence, then, come these "children of nature," so strangely called, but from vices propagating vices,—

"——— mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem?"

I do not see how this former civilisation of mankind can be denied. Take it for granted, Eusebius, and it follows as the head and front of the argument, that civilisation is a thing lost, or at least deteriorated, to be regained—and, if it did not savour of the modern philosophers' notion of perfectibility, I should say to be perfected. I can fancy a pert arguer asking how our first parents, and their immediate descendants, can be said to have been civilised, before there was a *civitas* (civil society) from which civilisation takes its name—a bond of the many before there were the many? And why not? The whole human race was in our forefather. His, though injured, perfecter mind than ours, comprehended in a high degree all the capabilities of all his posterity—was endowed with perceptions of the beautiful in all things, in the external and the internal world, himself. If he had few to commune with comparatively, even as he advanced in years, there could be no lack of thought, for there was yet with him that creative faculty complete, which passed on to his descendants in inferior power, and has gifted, and still gifts, the chosen of mankind with genius. What if the brightness, the great conceptions, the super-excellence of beauty of the best literature was in him, not latent but alive, and germinated, and bore visible fruit in his descendants? Are we to suppose, because it was not contained in bound volumes, it could not have been contained in his intellectual soul? Trace such a narrow thought to its legitimate source, positive atheism, and who would not be shocked at the conclusion? What are books?—the best of them—but the regathering up the intellectual and moral treasures, dissipated and smothered among the heaps of ill-doings of a degenerate posterity, who, if they had not degenerated, would not have needed them now, but known all, seen all, and enjoyed all, by an intuition, which we can never recover thoroughly as a possession in this world? Yes, Eusebius,

what are books? The registers of high and pure thoughts for us on earth, which, for aught we know to the contrary, are duplicated, registered, photographed, as it were, in and by a brighter atmosphere, thoughts rising, self-buoyant, out of the world's corruptions, which are not allowed to hold them. All that is good in all books that ever have been written, is good without books, and elsewhere, and was a portion of the great universal intelligence as soon as thought and conceived, and perhaps before—given and kindly dealt out to us (who knows), at any rate needing not a visible utterance in printed volumes. But what gifts are there that have not ever been and are still perverted? Here comes in the old story, the tares among the wheat. There are the "devil's books," and plenty of them; evil thoughts are there as well as good thoughts, and all are registered. If time was when Reason was morally clear, it is not so now. It is clouded; there is a thick fog before it; and however fancy may wreathe the vapour-falsity in fascinating shape and colour, it still more or less shuts out the brightness of Truth; or, where that partially breaks through, converts it into an unreal distorted imagery. Were it not so, would not all men see alike? Should we have the diversities of opinions we have; disputing as we do even about the most common right and wrong; one by one ignoring all virtues; or, quite as bad, stripping them of their divine simplicity, and tricking them up in fantastic dressing, to please the eye of the mind, no longer single enough for truth? Who can deny that, were not the implanted moral sense depraved, and hence the Reason, we should be now here, on this earth, the "just men made perfect" which we are only capable of being made hereafter? We greatly boast of human reason, but where is it as a one recognised or recognisable entity? We are all flattered as *rational* beings, whereas we should be rather called capable of receiving reason, and that each of us

perhaps in small portions. Reason as an absolute whole is with no one. It has its thousand problems, some of which we work out for ourselves with painful labour, and by experience, for our limited individual use. It is a bewildered fancy that conjectures beyond a narrow sphere, and dreams of a perfectibility in wisdom. Knowledge — knowledge! It is a cant and conceited cry. The Tree of Knowledge bears two kinds of fruit, good and evil; both are plucked and eaten, poison and strengthen. There is no stronger mark of our innate imperfection than that we are all claiming reason as our rightful infallibility, while at the same time we have its manifold misshapen and discoloured phantasmagoria playing trickeries before our very eyes. "Eyes have they, and see not." Is not that passage of truth exemplified everywhere? How came human reason to be a divided thing? Doubtless it was once one. When was its moral sense disrupted from its intellectual? Intellect must have been once truth-seeing, and must therefore have been itself a moral knowing and feeling power. We know where the history of its declension is told. That same history tells the hopeful future, that the moral and intellectual are to be reunited; and it shows in some degree the mysterious how, before mankind can be perfected in reason. What inference, you may ask, Eusebius, would I draw from this argument? Simply this, that knowledge, mere knowledge, as it is not an unmixed thing, is a doubtful good—good only as we carefully, cautiously use it. It requires much sifting. If the sulphur get into the otherwise innocent ingredients, it becomes a dangerous compound, that, coming in contact with fiery natures, may blow all the laboured works of civilisation to atoms.

I have no patience, Eusebius, to hear this perpetual cant of educationists, that knowledge is everything—this perpetual cramming fact upon fact, and nothing but fact, into the

brain of man, woman, and child—fact good and fact bad, without discrimination, so that it be fact, and too often surmises and fallacies mistaken for facts. There is an art of false reasoning easier taught than that of true reasoning. Knowledge, in the sense in which knowledge is usually taken, is no panacea for the ills that are in the world. There is but one cure for them—one, though two in name—moral and religious training—the training which tends to make, not knowing, but wise. What a pity it is that our beautiful Church Catechism, that pure moral training, is set aside so widely! There is a knowledge that keeps up bad pride—this keeps it down; elevating through humility; teaching to be just, kind, contented—in fact, good. I cannot repeat this lamentation on the neglect of this best teaching too often; mere secular knowledge, either for high or low, is, as a teaching, in nine cases out of ten, worthless. Even common useful knowledge is less taught than the showy and useless. I find even a government inspector complaining of the "high-flown school" system; and, as a result, of a neglect of the useful and practical. Speaking of an examination, he says: "Not one of the boys could tell, if wheat was 7s. 6d. a bushel, what seven quarters would cost? But they readily answered such questions as, What is the specific gravity of the planets Saturn and Jupiter?" Happily there are judicious inspectors who effectually and beneficially perform their duties, and are sensible of the ambitious mistakes made by some of their brethren.

It was no bad expression of the poet Afranius, that "knowledge is the daughter of use (experience) and memory." The commentary on which passage, in Aulus Gellius, is quite to the point, as to the need of exercise in "common things," in preference to the "inanitates verborum." Our educational systems are propagating the pedantry of knowledge; and this pedantry, in all variety of

prescriptions, is trumpeted about, like other deleterious medicines, as the cure for every moral malady under the sun. It is a common observation that mere book-men and fact-men have the narrowest minds. They want the daily intercourse with their fellow-creatures, and the common sympathies of life. Yes, Eusebius, the cultivation of human sympathies, how little is that regarded! There is no provision for the amusement of the people in common, from which both knowledge is to be acquired and sympathies begot. Popular amusement, by the very congregating people together in enjoyment, wears away that crust of selfishness, which, in a stagnating state of universal dulness, settles round every individual heart. Bigotry of a new kind—puritanism—struck out too many holidays from the calendar; games and sports, and days of general cheerfulness, were not looked upon, as they should have been, as educational. Would, Eusebius, we had more of them now. The public mind wants to be stirred, not by its interests only, but away from those engrossing interests, by enjoyments that are in common. I look upon it, that war is at this moment giving not unimportant education. It is stirring the general heart—making it sensitive to every touch of generosity—awakening what has been too long dormant; and, through the best feelings, quickening the understanding. Events that reach everybody make a present portion of everybody's education. When the heart, as the saying is, comes up into the throat and chokes utterance, which every man has recently witnessed when he participated with his neighbours in the admiration of the heroic deeds of his countrymen in the Crimea, there is an ennobling spirit that will neither soon nor easily be suppressed; and more is done for the national character than knowledge schools can ever effect. The many become one in honest pride, the whole moral of a man is raised, and that lifting up pervades the land; it reaches the remotest corners,

and brings all, however distant, together, in one absorbing interest and general sense of fellowship. There is one common participation in glory, one common sympathy for the suffering. The better life is thriving, the general heart and understanding are quickened together. War and danger sharpen the wits; both move and direct the passions, and leave no stagnant pools for the understanding to be smothered in. Thus, war civilises. It is in its own nature generous; for the true soldier is ever gentle — pities and succours his wounded foe; and when, after warfare done, such soldiers return to their native land, and town, or country homes, they are schoolmasters in their way, and no bad ones: they have acquired two great human virtues—fortitude to endure, and a gentle pity; and these they impart to a population about them.* I call this education; for there has been experience; and so large, that some judgment can scarcely be wanting. "Learning is folly," says the proverb, "unless judgment have the use of it." And how is judgment acquired? It is mother-wit sharpened, and able to decide by intercourse with the bigger world. This is training; it is showing a man what he is, by enabling him to compare himself with many others; and it teaches him the general human nature, by seeing infinite varieties of characters; and not only by seeing, but by mingling with them, and finding their agreements and disagreements; and thus the world's scholar learns to think, which is far better than to know, at least such things as are very often taught, and which never can be turned to any use. It was a happy thought to set up schools to teach "common

* "With some experience of the world in this matter, I have found myself a child. *I never till now knew what a soldier really was.* I never could have dreamt that the serious business of a soldier's life and death could develop such true nobility of character as I have lately witnessed. I have myself learnt the lesson letter by letter. Would that I possessed the power to impart it to others! It is one that forbids vicarious teaching, &c. &c.—S. G. Osborne."—*Times*, January 2, 1855.

things." Let us hope they will flourish, for they are sadly wanted. Therein is the foundation of a good social education. And what is social education? will be asked by some crotchety educationists. It begins with home, and widens in the circle of life. It is the teaching the well-doing *the duties* that properly belong to home and to society. Very many are there who think that modern teaching has taken quite another and a worse direction, and that the mass of the people have deteriorated in the knowing and the doing these duties. The emulation encouraged in national schools has too much of the anti-national in it. And this has had a very mischievous influence among young women of the lower classes. They marry, and know not how to keep their homes—how to cater in home-comforts. The husband comes to an unclean house, a bad fire, an ill-dressed dinner—the wife has never learnt that first, most necessary business, how to cook. What is the consequence? The unsatisfied husband is put out of humour; he quits the house which has ceased to look like a home—and where does he go? Not far off is a public-house. A clean room, a sanded floor, and a bright fire, are irresistible temptations. He meets others there, like himself, driven out and tempted in, and the very first day makes him an incipient sot. Consider his case. Where else can he go? Is there any very cheap amusement wisely provided for him out of a public-house? None, in country or in town. If he loves a freer range, and the fields, he is suspected as a poacher; and perhaps from the exuberance of animal spirits, and the love of danger natural to all (and long may it be so), and from the excitement of the public-house talk and drink, a poacher he becomes. If means of innocent amusement are not found for him, he will find amusement of another kind for himself. Who can reasonably wonder if moral evils spring up and grow to magnitude among us? And it is thought that this moral evil is to be

cured by books and lectures; and cramming unwilling and disobedient heads, "*crassâ invitâque Minerva*," with the fopperies, puerilities, and crudities of learning, called knowledge. They who think so, know not human nature. Taste for book-learning never can be a *general* taste. How hard is it to give it any animation even in the higher classes—how difficult to set a youth of any class to book-work. I suppose nature intends it should be irksome work, and that only a few should be gifted with studious desires; for it is surprising how few, of all who go through a public school, or even a university, become readers in after-life, or have acquired anything like a stock of knowledge according to the educationist's interpretation of knowledge. But it does not follow that they have not acquired other knowledge. They assuredly have, and become their stations. If this be so with the higher classes, how are we to expect better—if they be better things—from the humbler classes, whom, in the first place, nature has endowed with other gifts, to fit them for their work? And even though they should be gifted with literary capacities—as now and then is unquestionably the case, for nature is above working by too exact a rule—what difficulties must they encounter; and come to the task with weary bodies and minds; and how few can persevere, with health to their bodies and satisfied minds. These few will find their own way,—will, as they have always done—and there are eminent examples — educate themselves. Such will learn little from schools, and can furnish no argument for a system. Under, then, the discomforts of home — from the lack of teaching the young women of the lower classes the common things needful — if we would have their homes really homes, what is to be done to check the moral evils that are so damaging to our whole social system? First, then, teach *common things*. But that is not all. Find amusements for the people, and room for

amusements. Circumscribe them not too much, that they cannot move without a trespass. The teetotaller will say, put down the public-houses; and he may be partly right, inasmuch as he means, put down drunkenness. I would rather say, instead of putting them down, convert them into something better; remove from them the power of intoxicating. But this putting down the public-houses is not the next step to be taken, nor a practicable one; for until you can find the people means of other amusements, you cannot put them down. Then it will be said, let them have amusements; but of what kind would you propose? In towns particularly, but elsewhere also, have they not Reading Societies, Book-lending Societies, and Athenæums, and all those sorts of things?—and do we not mean to provide them more? And is there not a bill now in Parliament for library rates? O yes! All mere folly. Who has not seen the statistics of these reading societies and lecture societies, with fine names? And what are the books mostly read? The history of *Jack Sheppard*, and such nice educational works. Nay, we know one grand Athenæum where some members, disgusted with very blasphemous passages in a certain magazine, with great difficulty obtained a vote for its rejection; but a violent opposition was formed, and the mischievous work was voted in again. And as to the library scheme by a rate—in the first place, while books are so cheap, it is not wanted; and if it were, it is of impracticable working. Who are they, after this Athenæum specimen of catering, who are to select the works? Or, if every donation be to be accepted, what a pretty library would be put before the public, of sedition, immorality, and irreligion. It would be impossible to provide against these evils. Not that reading-rooms should be considered in themselves objectionable, if established by societies not too large—so that they may be regulated under unity, or something like unity, of opinion and principle.

When too large, the mischievous (who are generally the more active) are sure to govern. Make not such societies like drag-nets, that take in fish of every kind, without power to cast back the worse, and which only serve in the keeping to taint the others. No, Eusebius, the people want far other provision—amusements of a less dubious, and more certainly improving kind.

You see how I am beating about the bush;—how I seem to shirk saying what should be done;—with what care I mask my battery, as if afraid of an enemy, and desirous of having him within range of the shot. Of course it is something very awful. Be it so.

"'Tis dangerous to disturb a hornet's nest." That which I would propose has obtained the advocacy of the wise in all times, but has encountered the wrath of bigots; and the bigots have been too many; and what then?—they have made for us "a sad world, my masters." The bolder way is the best; so, in a few words, Eusebius, will I out with the worst at once. Thus—I would that every village in England had a church at one end of it, and a theatre at the other. A theatre at the other!! How many hands and eyes, Protestant and protesting, are upraised against this simple word—a theatre. But be so good as to sit down, ladies and gentlemen, and have a little patience while I explain myself. You are not really so averse to the thing as you imagine; you have it, but you have not the name. Needs it not to say where, but you really have theatres, not so designated, with stages and platforms, and very practised actors too. *Verbum sat.* There is more acting in the world than takes its name professional. Volumes have been written, more than enough, against plays and theatres, whereas the subject should have been the abuse of them. If suppression of the thing is to follow an argument upon its abuse, what will be safe? Religion itself would have to be suppressed

by acclamation. Such extravagance as this is like the folly of the teetotallers, who have ruined their own good intentions and a better cause by their total-suppression views. Common sense has kicked their theory out of doors, when they chalked the back of him who took a pint of small beer or a glass of wine as a drunkard. So, in persecuting plays, instead of rectifying them, the puritans did their best to put down what was essentially good. Its evil was its accident. The very origin of the drama was religious; and when it first wandered from distinct religious teaching, it still attached itself to the virtues. They were then the old "moralities." The drama, progressing and accommodating itself to wants or desires of the people, assumed a more varied form, and took upon itself to exhibit manners—to portray life as it is, in all its circumstances and accidents; and by so doing, it brought the world at large, as it were, home to every man's door, and provided thus a substitute for the means of acquiring knowledge by ubiquity—by that travel into the wider sphere denied to the masses of the people. The drama became a remedy against the narrowness and ignorance of circumscribed localities; and they to whom occasionally good plays were brought home, knew something more of mankind and of themselves, and had both their hearts and understandings enlarged. In this way the drama was, as it ever might be if properly cared for and directed, in the best sense educational. People were brought together for general amusement. There is much in that; their delights were in common. They felt in common—they distinguished in common—the good from the bad. They learned at what to laugh and at what to weep. They conceived the greater antipathy to vice and crime, by seeing how universally odious these were to all around them; and, by well-timed ridicule and gentle satire, corrected the minor vices of their own manners. Now, Eusebius, if this ever was true, or if it be in the nature

of things possible, tell me if here are not means of education, even of acquiring knowledge, too much neglected, worse than neglected—cast aside, with an ill name, as an "unholy thing." I would go further and say, that a *natural* want is suppressed, and that never can be done with impunity. A natural want—yes, Eusebius,—in its strictest sense. The curiosity to know all about mankind, of which we form a part, is an instinct. The veriest infant loves the little story, and to have dramatised to him the ways, the habits, of all creatures around him, and always with a certain application to himself; hence the child's delight in fables. As the child grows, he gathers his little experiences into stories of his own making. Groups of young ones meet in byways of lanes and hedges, and, for lack of larger dramas put before them, act their own. Every village and town has multitudes of these unrecognised, unobserved "*minor* theatres." Is not, then, the theatre an instinctive want! We are imitative for its purpose. Nature impels us to the drama as a means of acquiring knowledge, and something better than knowledge, as knowledge is understood. It is an ally and adjunct to religion. Has there ever been known a people among whom, in some form or other, the drama was not? The more civilised nations become, the stronger is its necessity. The Germans have a saying—"Bread and the theatre." They make it the second necessity of life. The French carry it still higher—they make it the first, for they say—"The theatre and bread." The wisest statesmen have encouraged it. The Romans won the world by amusing it, as well as by arms. Cæsar loved the comic, and encouraged the "mimes" of Laberius and Publius Syrus. He would have the broad farce, thinking that people could not laugh too much—complaining that Terence wanted somewhat more of the *vis comica*. To the Greeks the drama was the all-in-all of life. It was their

refining process of education—their school of virtues. Tragedy first, for its heroic action, to raise the whole man—and comedy, as a corrective of social vices. It is true the latter was sometimes abused; but what of that? With us the drama reached at one time its acme of abomination. It was persecuted, and out of spite to its persecutors changed its true nature and purpose. It would not be difficult to correct the drama and make it a most useful teacher; and this has been the opinion of very wise and good men. I will quote an applicable passage from a sermon of Archbishop Tillotson:—

"To speak against them (viz. plays) in general, may be thought too severe, and that which the present age cannot too well brook, and would not, perhaps, be so just and reasonable, because it is very possible they might be so framed, and governed by such rules, as not only to be innocently diverting, but instructing and useful; to put some vices and follies out of countenance, which cannot perhaps be so decently reproved, nor so effectually exposed and corrected any other way."

This sound judgment was given when theatres were perhaps in their worst state. The last paragraph of the quotation is of great weight, for it shows the link wanting in the sermon to connect the lesson of morality with real life. The sermon may not descend to ridicule—the drama may. The *action* in the sermon is confined and weak in description. The *dramatis personæ* are no mere pictures; they show visibly, and to the life, what is good or what is odious.

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus; et quæ
> Ipse sibi tradit spectator."

"Show me your company and I will tell you what you are," is a truth. The play has its good companionships. Down went the play and down went king and bishops, and they

were all restored together. Even John Milton,* who was never quite comfortable and at home in his puritanism, loved the drama, and wrote plays, both in his youth and in his mature and declining years; and thought it no profanation to take his subject from the Bible. Hear with what respect he speaks of the drama:—

> "Then to the well-trod stage anon,
> If Jonson's learned sock be on;
> Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
> Warble his native wood-notes wild."

Again—

> "Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
> In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
> Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
> Or the tale of Troy divine;
> Or what (though rare) of later age
> Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage."

That is well said—"ennobled." Even in Puritan Milton's view, then (if Puritan he was), the stage was noble. And why may it not be noble again? Subject as we are to all the joys and sorrows of life, it cannot be amiss to have an initiatory discipline,—an imaginary and vicarious experience of situations in which we may in reality one day find ourselves, a fore-trial of the virtue that is in us. It is well to know the stuff we are made of, and pass judgment on our powers, through fictions true to life, before the day of the demand for action. It is surely beneficial to have our natures stirred to sympathies—for these natural instincts lack use; to take home to ourselves the luxury of our feelings, without their real pain. Years ago, Eusebius, when we (that is, you and I) were both of us not past the moulding days of our

* This is noticed in very pleasant irony by that amusing critic Dennis, in his reply to Collier, who wrote fiercely against the stage. The reply of Dennis is admirable for its spirit. The reader will find it a very good defence of the stage.

moral life, we were not only readers of plays, but frequenters of theatres; and often have we since then looked back, and studied our educational process, through a public school and the university; and agreed in this, that we owe much, perhaps the best portion of our moral culture, to *The Play*. The strength and tenderness of true manhood are growing together during the action of a *good* play. Every play-goer must have noticed how a generous sentiment has found an electric passage to the hearts of the spectators,—how noble action or pity has in an instant made all classes akin. How often, beyond the power of all other persuasion, has low vice been at a moment convicted of its odiousness. Here is an instance. Our friend S. told me the other day that, being at a theatre (I think at Brighton) when *Othello* was acted, he noticed, with much satisfaction, the unanimous burst of approval from the audience to Cassio's repentant condemnation of drunkenness: "O that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause transform ourselves into beasts." You told me, Eusebius, of a temperance society travelling the country with two *dramatis personæ*, a confirmed and a reclaimed drunkard—example and warning. If a fact, it is an incident of a dramatic kind, but wanting in the circumstance of a plot. I expect this will be called the fair side of the subject,—the best aspect. The question should be, is it a true one? Has not the theatre this fair side? Let this then be considered its legitimate, its uncorrupted beauty. Candour must admit the other view. But if it be an educational means, as I believe it to be, I would have it purified, cared for, guarded. No sensible man would let loose the ribaldry of a degenerate stage, to invade any educational system. There should be a real effectual censorship. I know very well difficulties that seem insuperable present themselves. But what good is not beset with difficulties? The best

theatres may be purified with real advantage to themselves. It would be Quixotic indeed to expect any government, in the present state of things, of adverse opinions and prejudices, to set up throughout the land theatrical amusements, though they might do much less rational things. Yet, Eusebius, I firmly believe that all the public grants for educational purposes, beyond what would be needful for the teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic, would be far better bestowed in some such scheme than for the absurd, high-flown, useless education which the ingenuity of emulous Government inspectors unhappily invents. A few good travelling-companies of actors would very profitably displace the whole roving company of inspectors. Actors have their dignity of title—"Her Majesty's servants." Give them a due repute, and they will learn to keep it. There is, however, another quarter to which it may not be so unreasonable to look: the country gentry. It would be admirable if, by themselves or professional actors, they would, in their little villages and towns, set up, with care and forethought as to moral tendencies, theatrical amusements—at least occasionally during their visits to their estates. Plans also of small subscriptions might be devised in places less under the other influence, so that very cheap admissions might be adopted. That was a right pleasant scheme set on foot by some of our best literary men, when they visited our towns, and acted so admirably, "*Not so bad as we seem.*" I should like to see these amateur performances extended to our villages. Would not this general communion, this mutuality in amusement, tend greatly to endear class to class? The aristocracy are lecturing—that is well and praiseworthy, and will have good effect; but the theatrical scheme would be far better teaching, and give infinitely more pleasure. Besides, they confine their lectures to town Athenæums, where teaching and amusements are far less wanted. Let joy be diffused over the

population, rural as well as town; it has worn a sad discontented aspect long enough. There should not be a nook in England where something of Shakespeare should not be known, through his plays. If there were little theatres, under regulation, with attached tea-and-coffee houses, all intoxicating drink prohibited, our beer-shops and disgraceful spirit pot-houses would find daily decreasing custom, and ultimately suppress themselves; for the lack of amusement is their encouragement—nay, their very life.

Let any one, who has not much encountered dramatic reading, enter upon a regular course of study of our best old dramatists, and he will be surprised to find what noble treasures have been within his reach, and hidden from him. And if he be pure himself, he will receive no hurt from the dross. The good will remain and germinate. He will be convinced that there is an education of the people too much neglected.

It is not a bad time, Eusebius, to recommend that theatrical amusements should be engrafted upon educational schemes; for although many causes, and chiefly a change in the hours of domestic appointments, have damaged the fashion of the theatre, yet the old prejudices are wearing away; and a little purification in the management would easily remove the more substantial and real objections. There is not, nowadays, the affectation of ignorance of and contempt for the drama which was very common when we were younger. We shall not now have such an instance of this affectation of ignorance as the following, told me a few days since by a friend. He said he remembered a wealthy Quaker, of mercantile consequence, a utilitarian contemner of unrealities, coming to his father and saying, "Friend, thee knowest something of play-wright, and hast heard of one William Shakespeare and David Garrick. These men having a dispute as to what part of England produced the greater

number of fools, laid a wager upon it; and it was determined that it should be a foolish exhibition at Stratford-on-Avon, to which all the world should be invited. This was done, and it was found that the greater number of visitors came from London." I remember a story of an elderly Quaker being seen at a play, with the ready excuse that he only went to see if any of their young folks were there. A few years after this the young folks emancipated themselves from such prohibitory discipline; for more than twenty years since a youth of the Society, with whom I had a day's travel on the top of a coach, asked me, when we arrived at a large city, if I would accompany him to the play. I expressed surprise. He assured me they were no longer under that restraint.

This may be thought a long digression concerning theatres, having little to do with Census and Civilisation. But consider what education really is, and all the various modes by which people may be taught: how few are there more effectual, if properly applied, than the drama? I will end the discussion, as I began it, with a wish that every village had a church at one end of it, and a theatre at the other; and I will add, a good parsonage-house in the centre, and a well-educated rector or vicar within, gladdening his flock by sympathising with them in their enjoyments as well as their cares and duties. Little need would there be of absurd high-flown teachings, and such vanities as are some Government inspectors.—And now, Eusebius,

"E diverticulo in viam."

When I branched off to this by-play, I had been speaking of public libraries and Athenæums. Educationists are urging scholarship by compulsion and penalty, and means of after-study by a compulsory penny rate for libraries. All vanity, vanity, vanity! The difficulty of getting books has been

discussed—that is, a selection; for it is possible that if a push is made for the management, there may be very infamous libraries indeed. I will not give them credit for having many readers after the first novelty of the privilege has worn off, unless the reading be of a mischievously exciting character, in which case they who have *with design* pushed themselves into the management, will push in readers also. The press teems with publications whose object is to subvert all our institutions, and the monarchy itself. Public libraries might in too many cases become clubs, religious, or rather irreligious, and political; and what necessity can be urged? Books are so cheap that the poorest may buy all he would read. At the window of the largest bookseller in a large city were the following temptations for any aspirants for knowledge: "Hurd's Horace, 4 vols.; Harwood's Classics, 2 volumes; Shenstone's Poems, 2 vols. These books will be given away to any who will undertake to read them." "Godwin's St Leon, and two others," on the same terms; and "Eight vols. of Spectator" followed—terms, ditto. I was conversing lately with an active member of a magnificent Athenæum. He lamented that, though they had a library, no one ever read there.

If it be asked, what are the objects to be obtained by all this parade of educational machinery? and the answer be given, to promote the happiness of the people and suppress crimes, it is time to inquire what has been the result. There is a universal complaint of the frightful increase of crime. Government has, for some years past, expended large annual sums for schools: these sums have been at the disposal of the Committee of Privy Council. "The Committee of Privy Council has been gradually developed from a rather humble origin to its present large dimensions, mainly by fortuitous events, and principally by the legislative failures which demonstrated the inability of Government to carry any large

and comprehensive measure. It was then perceived that if the State was to act at once and efficiently in promoting education, it was only through the medium of this Committee that its operations could be carried on. Accordingly, the plans of the Committee were elaborated, and the funds at its command progressively augmented, till they reached in 1853 the annual amount of £260,000. That this amount will be increased still farther, seems to be inevitable, unless speedily some *national* measure be adopted." Large sums, then, have been expended, and larger contemplated—*cui bono?* What has been done for the happiness or correction of the people, that could not have been done by the people themselves? If the people were encouraged practically, by showing them the good that a rational, sensible education might offer, to set up schools of their own; if rewards were held out, by promoting to offices and employments of all grades, good, industrious, and moral and religious scholars, parents would not be negligent to provide the means, and they would be themselves morally better for this care and responsibility. They frequently become vicious by the indulgence of a family neglect forced upon them. This State interference has also sown jealousies, envies, discontents, among all classes, and given mischievous life and activity to sectarian disagreements which were before dormant or quiescent. These things promote neither happiness nor virtue. That education promotes both, no man of sense doubts; but what the word signifies should be first known. Let there be education which shall put all in a condition to make fair way in a world full of business transactions—that is, elementary teaching—and that elementary is the starting-post from which those who are properly gifted and disposed to advance, shall begin their farther education. As to happiness, is not the elementary as likely to make people happy as the more advanced, if it best fits their capacities—makes

them fully know and practise the businesses which belong to their stations? To create a general craving for the grapes out of reach will never make people happy. To warn them to be content will. But this, as I have shown, is not the view of happiness taken by theoretic educationists and this monitory Governor Census. Neither does forced hot-bed education promote virtue. Morality does not grow out of mere *knowing much;* it may grow out of *feeling much*—out of a sensitive tenderness, which merely intellectual knowledge is apt to choke. Be it admitted that this brain-forcing process may, where the natural fibre is strong enough to bear it, make many clever who never would otherwise have been clever. Then comes the question, if they are made happier by being thrust into a class already stocked as full as nature ever meant it should be, for the general provision of a civilised country. The educationists, in that case, have made up a battalion of clever men for whom there is no work, but to turn rogues or mischief-makers for their very bread. There is nothing in this high-flown cleverness that savours of honesty. Wits that are sharpened for speculation are apt to spurn the humility of contented virtue. Look into the doings of this our world, Eusebius. Who are the great mischief-makers, and ever have been so? Clever men. Nature supplies enough of them, gently to irritate the world that it go not to sleep. But industriously to set about making more of this necessary evil, should be looked upon as a very unnecessary folly. A clever portion of a population may become far too many for the honest portion; for wise indeed in their generation, when they would do extraordinary mischief, they set about it with the aid of the blockheads—

"—— that tool
"That wise men work with, called a Fool."

It is a very great mistake of this boasted "nineteenth

century" that conceits a clever man to be a good man; and therefore hath it set about manufacturing the intractable article. As I have said before, it has foolishly resolved crime into ignorance, and goes on with this notion, infecting legislature, and unfortunately jurymen, with this madly floundering and blundering philosophy. It thinks to cure vigorous adult vice by lecture, admonition, and books, and sciences; and, when it has made the wicked still more wicked, by every temptation to become hypocrites, presents them, in the maudlin-pathetic vein, with a ticket of leave, absolution from punishment, to trace out and practise against the injured innocent portion of society the schemes they have had both time and inclination to devise during their temporary seclusion. You cannot take up a paper without reading notices of crimes committed, and atrocious ones, by returned convicts and these licensed villains. It has come to such a pass that a general alarm is spreading. Were it not that the war is absorbing all thought and all action, the question, "What is to be done with our criminal population?" would be demanded of Parliament by the thoroughly alarmed nation. There are some very sensible suggestions on this subject in the *Edinburgh Review*. The writer would deal with certain offenders, not according to the immediate offences for which they are convicted, but as belonging to a "criminal class." "It becomes, therefore, our clear duty to the community, as well as an act of justice and mercy to the offender himself, to take him in hand as soon as a second conviction has shown that he belongs to the 'criminal class,' and protect society against him in the only way in which, as all experience has proved, it can be protected—by reforming him, and incapacitating him till he is reformed. It is of no use to urge that his offence is so small, his theft so trifling, that a sentence of long duration would be disproportionately severe. That consideration is wholly beside the question; he has forfeited

his citizenship by abusing it; he has made war against society, and it is for society thenceforward to decide his fate; he has given society a right to protect itself against him in the manner it deems most effectual." If further protection, by severity apparently beyond the measure of immediate offence, be needed in case of thefts, what shall be said of that ultra-criminal class—the utterly brutalised, the ferocious ruffians, in whose hardened hearts every spark of living humanity has been long quenched? One of these let loose upon the world, after conviction, is sure to make many as bad as himself, as the loosened devils are said to take to themselves seven others; and their deeds are frightful to think of. I some years ago read the almost boasting confession of one of this class, made after a last conviction, that, within a short period of escape from a former conviction, he had been principal or accessary in thirteen murders. I verily believe that if the history of ruffianism were paged, this would be found to be no extraordinary case. Ruffians of this description should be treated as the incurable insane, with the difference only of guilt and of punishment, which should be such as would afford a warning, by the mystery of their being shut out from the very cognisance of a world in which they could only act the part of brutes. Ragged schools are a charity which, by their industrial provisions, may do much with juvenile offenders. But what man of fair understanding and common experience can entertain a hope, by any kind of adult schooling, to convert into good and safe citizens the elder street-Thugs, ferocious beaters of women, and wife-murderers? They have rushed headlong out of reach of the mercy of all humane jurisdiction, and must be left by man to the judgment of a higher tribunal. There is a silly notion of philanthropy, neither justified by policy nor religion, yet widely disseminated, and hurtful to social health, and even safety. It is asserted by teachers of this school, that offenders deserve,

and should receive, only pity; that punishment is of the nature of crime. Every man's instinct proclaims it to be false. Patria, one's country, implies a Pater—paternity in king or governor—a watchful eye over all "the children" of the State, to punish the evil, as to protect and encourage the good—otherwise vice and virtue are but idle words, and distinguish nothing. That government which is all lenient, knows but half its duty. Misplaced indulgence, either in a family or a kingdom, is a weakness. It obtains no respect, and never wins the quiet it aims at. Thus it was not without reason that Chiron, the Centaur, the half man and half beast, was made the tutor of Achilles, to show that a prince should be taught to rule the reasonable by gentleness and law, and the unreasonable and refractory by coercion and punishment. Continue awhile, Eusebius, this parental idea, and see if it will not carry into the very substance of the text, that portion of my letter which I feared you would consider a digression—that I would have a theatre in moral alliance with a doctrinal church. As prevention is better than cure, the father of the State, whether king or government, as the father of the family, should, even above all things, provide amusement for the many under the paternal care; and remembering the common saying, that "all work and no play makes but a dull scholar," should in every possible way promote home cheerfulness, and see that there be little sadness. An overmorbid, a sad unamused people, turn religion itself into gloom, and morality into moroseness;* and that portion of a population whose livelier natures revolt from both, rush in

* His desire to establish sports and games throughout the kingdom caused very much of the bitter enmity against Laud. Then did the Directory, in the opposite extreme, vote the Common Prayer, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, useless, and issued an ordinance for turning Christmas-day into a fast. Had Charles I. had in him a little of the fierce, not to say brutal nature, of the Chiron tuition, which was in the masculine Elizabeth and her unyielding father, he would never have been hurried into

disgust into vice, which offers ever too ready a temptation and refuge in pot-houses and beer-shops; and there drunkenness commences its career, which seldom ends but in crime. There never was a bad people without a bad or careless government. I am persuaded, Eusebius, that these pest-houses of intoxication might be made self-suppressing for lack of custom, without any other precise legislation, if places of rational amusement and jocund sport were set up, and encouraged by judicious license, providing tea and coffee and harmless refreshments at the cheapest rate, to the entire prohibition, in such places, of spirituous and fermented liquors. Where plays would be the adopted amusement, there should be much liberty allowed, with some unfelt restriction. For instance, novelties, beyond those licensed by a censorship, might be submitted, before performance, to two or more magistrates and the incumbent of the place. You will see that I am rather thinking of the country than the town population. There may be prudent adaptations of rules and arrangements for each. And thus, Eusebius, you perceive how cunning a game I play, returning to the charge—amusement—ever amusement for the people, as a means to make them more social, more moral, and, in despite of what crotchety educationists may say, more *knowing* also.

Although I have repeatedly deprecated compulsory education, there may, perhaps, be an exceptional case: since, to supply the continual immolation to the factory Moloch, that murderer of innocents, children must be removed from their parents at a very early age, the act, which subtracts three

weaknesses, ever fatal to princes. Laud and Strafford had not been sacrificed —and he might have saved his own head. The sour bigotry which perpetrated these crimes, even in its downfall, bequeathed two legacies, the effects of which, though quite opposite to each other, have scarcely left us—religious gloom, and the irreligion and profligacy of the stage, kept alive by mutual spite and hostility.

hours a-day for five days every week, at the ages between eight and thirteen, from factory work, must be considered humane, if at the same time the hours of work are not excessive, nor without pleasurable relief; but I see not the required information in the Census. It would, however, be more humane still, if there could be another compulsion upon parents and factory masters, not to offer nor to receive children at a very early age. There is no occasion, Eusebius, to say now more upon that fearful subject; what has been said in my former letters may suffice.

I must now revert to the Committee of Privy Council and the Government Grant. The report of Census justifies the remark, that jealousy and discontent have been the result. Dissenters are dissatisfied, because they think the Church of England comes in for the larger share of the grant; whereas some sects, Congregationalists and Baptists, "almost universally decline to receive the public money;" while the Church of England complains that "the management clauses are stringent upon their schools, and relaxed in favour of dissenting bodies." Upon the other hand, an influential portion of the Church of England—represented in this matter by the National Society—complains of the conditions by which grants to church schools are restricted; just and reasonable liberty to local founders and supporters being, it is urged, denied them. It is the fate of meddlers, where there is no need of interference, to please nobody. The fable of the Old Man and his Son, who could not be allowed to ride, lead, nor carry their donkey, might have been a warning. Such interferences generally end in doing a little wrong to every party, that impartiality may be at least affected; while the little-wrong doers seem to adopt the excuse of the bankrupt debtor to his numerous creditors, that they have little need to complain, as they all have neighbour's fare. Census makes a statement at some length, of the objections on all sides, and leaves the matter

pretty much as if he had not touched it at all. In like manner, also, he treats the Voluntary and Compulsory principles of education; from all which, little new or interesting is to be gathered; and the surest conclusion to be drawn is, that all is a "*muddle.*"

There are schools which are doing much good throughout the country — schools of practical art. These are rather encouraged than set up and interfered with by the State. At first they failed, simply because there was an interference; they are now left to the people to set up and to manage, and are showing signs, not only of life, but vigour. They are most important to us as a manufacturing nation. If the Anglo-Saxon race have not strongly developed the instinct of taste, a knowledge of its principles as to form and colour may certainly be acquired; for these are principles of taste. Our instincts may be dormant, overwhelmed with thought and action of more pressing moment. I hope the instincts are within, and that good sense, applied to the principles of taste, will bring them to the surface, and make them visible in works. I have seen much, Eusebius, of the teaching process of these schools, and the result. The masters are excellent, and in this we have to thank the Government. The eye and the head are made to work together; accuracy is of the first importance. Advancing the scholar's mind, as well as hand and eye, is exercised; and a knowledge of perspective—a branch of the art too much neglected by drawing-masters—thoroughly acquired. I have been surprised to see what pains, and at the same time what interest, the scholars take in the work. All classes attend these schools; and doubtless they are extending a love of art throughout the country, and will give to future amateurs and artists that accuracy in drawing in which we have been said to be defective. The mechanic classes in our towns, at first led to these schools by a desire to improve in their art, will find

gradually developed to them beauties in art they dreamed not of. Their minds will thus become occupied to make further discoveries; they will have acquired a new sense—a δευτερον ομμα—a second eye, as it has been called, and while they advance their profits, they will advance their pleasures also; and what is the end but a better civilisation? These are not schools of idle speculation, where inspectors come to puzzle pupils with learning riddles, and exercise a foolish ingenuity, but here people may learn what they have *to do;* and for the doing which, benefit will accrue to themselves and the world. All articles of manufacture, all our furniture, all of decoration, which is of great importance to everyday life, will be improved. The comforts and elegancies of life will grow together. Beauty is a synonym for civilisation; it touches with its magic our five senses. The eye and the ear are the agents through which the mind expands to receive its perfect influence.

I shall weary you, Eusebius, with this education affair, although I have not let out the whole string of the argument upon you at once, but made a few episodical knots, and digressed a little, and then I took up the thread again warily. I am pretty well come to the end of it. You may have discovered one thing, that whether the subject be general statistics, education, or what else, we have no original genius for systematising. All our officials are plagiarists; they are all Gullivers; not one can stay at home, and settle anything of home, and for home. Very Gullivers they are—ever at some Laputa or Brobdignag. They wait not to see what is wanted here, so much as to see what is done elsewhere; they must be ever for Germanising or Americanising. They must system-build from a model from New York, or Berlin, or anywhere. Nay, if there were a university at Timbuctoo, they would try to remodel our Oxford and Cambridge after its fashion. They have at home the "raw material," know-

ledge; for what is knowledge but a raw material? But they must go and see what articles are made of it—how finely spun it is in Prussia, Holland, Switzerland, Bavaria, and Saxony.

You remember what I told you of Messrs Kay and Laing, how they set out upon their travels, not in search of the picturesque, nor of health, nor of sausages, as some do, nor to learn languages, nor improve themselves, but to bring home an educational exquisite. Mr Kay's knowledge-manufactured article is in all respects a perfect model; showing what *can* be done by the favourite process, for his specimen was of the lowest, most unpromising class—the peasant—who, having been dropt into the educational mill, is turned out perfected in the student's ultimate accomplishment—the fiddle. "He can fiddle;" Cantabs and Oxonians cannot; neither "little go" round nor "great go" round of either of our University wheels will do that for them. O! Mr Kay, Mr Kay, how longing you are to try your experiments upon our very raw peasant materials; but when you take up the instrument, have a care not to strain the pegs too high, for our clumsy-limbed peasants will cut such a high figure in the dancing to it as will make all the German gravity you have acquired explode in laughter. The ragged school—our lowest for your experiment—if you exhibit before one of them, will be in a tumultuous uproar. Mr Laing's model-man, introduced by a musical instrument lowered a peg or two, might even be played with effect at a "Beggars' Opera." The model is exactly of the same class and species, but the romantic airs are quite taken out of him; and we see the nature of the many "useful jobs" the accomplished students can turn both their hands and legs to—such as running after coaches, sturdy, surly, importunate beggars by the road-side: such, at least, is the account Mr Laing gives of them. In these accomplishments, together with that of

the fiddle, they very far outdo any of our university students; who are so ill educated, that as yet (what the Germanising late commission will produce remains to be seen)—as yet they can do nothing *infra dig.;* "dig they cannot—to beg they are ashamed." And long may they continue so, Eusebius. This "ultima ratio," the fiddle, is so unexpected and amusing, that I wish you in imagination awhile to play upon it yourself. There have been great men in the world, who even boasted that they could not play upon it. I think Dr Johnson wished it impossible. You remember what the Athenian Themistocles said. He could not fiddle, but he could make a small town a great city. Nero, who *could* play upon the fiddle, did so when Rome was burning, and so reduced a great city to a heap of ruins. Do you not think these sayings and doings of Themistocles and Nero might furnish good matter for the roving Government inspectors to exercise their ingenuity upon?—for novelty is pleasing; they seem to rack their brains to find it. If their experienced wits can supply answers, so much the better for them; if not, they may be sure none of their scholars can, so they may have it all their own way, either by explanation or silence. Questions may be put thus: "State in particulars what more Themistocles would have done had he been able to play, like Paganini, on a single string?" Question 2d, "State what must have been the tune which Nero played, and write it in score."

Mr Laing's student-picture is not quite so charming as Mr Kay's, but it has the look of "after nature." He was a more acute observer than the enthusiast Kay, and had a glimpse of the dog's collar through the long hairs at the nape of the neck. You will say of this traveller, Mr Laing, what Goldsmith put into the mouth of Lofty in the *Good-natured Man:* "I now begin to find that the man who first

invented the art of speaking truth was a much more cunning fellow than I thought him."

O! Eusebius, Eusebius—the bewilderment of learning, the confusion of knowledges too many, building themselves up a Babel in the mind, leaving no room for a man's own proper and individual thought to move in! You may see it in his distracted eyes, which bespeak one who had lost himself, and was looking for him. He is the man of better sense who forgets half, than he who remembers all he has known. An overburthened understanding is like an overburthened vessel—to sail safely in the stormy sea of life, half the cargo must be thrown overboard. It were well to have a lumber or refuse-basket for the understanding; and to write on the frontisterium of one's study—"Remember to forget." Better that half mankind, nay the greater part, should preserve their mother-wit uncontaminated, and in humble literary innocence. Literature has its crimes, and the Evil Eye of mischief looks over its perpetrations. Truly is it said, "Wisdom entereth not into the malicious mind, and science without conscience is the ruin of the soul." You and I have been acquainted with both learned and knowing, whom we have been glad to cut. In the vexation of already knowing too much, and being required to know how much more, could you not, Eusebius, willingly strip yourself knowledge-bare, and take up contentedly with *Poor Richard's Almanac*, or the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and become, as the clown says in *As You Like It*, "a natural philosopher," satisfied to know, "the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn. That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is the lack of the sun. That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or

comes of a very dull kindred." For my own part, Eusebius, to lighten my head of one item of learning's lumber, and too many are pressing into it, I throw off, as a sacrifice to the simplicity recommended, what Sallust has said in better Latin than I wish to remember: "Parum mihi placeant eæ literæ quæ ad virtutem doctoribus nihil profuerant;" which, if you will let me presume to be a better translator than yourself, means, that if Virtue had the picking up of Learning's books, she would throw the greater part into the fire as useless lumber.

The legs of the table at which I am writing creak. It cannot be with the weight of any sense I have written this last half-hour — Creaking still. Is it mesmerism?—spirit-rapping? Which leg are you in, Eusebius? Oh, yes, I understand you—I can interpret. What a wonderful age is this nineteenth century; that you whom I left, or knew to be a few minutes ago in the far-off forest philosophising with the clown, should now be rapping me over the knuckles for making fool's play of arguments. O yes, I understand what you are saying. You remind me that, having personified civilisation in my first letter—a Chinese lady, with a porcelain complexion, and adorned with millinery, such as could only come from a "Celestial Empire"—I abandon my own most delicate emblem, and am off to a wild forest to philosophise with a clown and a fool; and giving up the feminine influence, find Civilisation in "shepherd weeds." Get into the other leg awhile, Eusebius; you are creaking and croaking a little too near; and listen awhile—you are mistaken, my worthy friend. I have not abandoned the principle of feminine influence; for, while you were talking your simplicities to Corin and the clown, I was holding delicious and most sensible banter with Rosalind and Celia in a pleasant forest glade, far out of your sight; and the while I heard a voice behind a tree, which I verily believe to have been Shakespeare's,

whispering thus—"I do admire your Celestial Beauty above all things, and have put her into a play I am writing—that is, rapping out, across the Atlantic; which, if I can at all trust the amanuensis and advertiser, will appear as soon as the other world electro-magnetic printing-press shall be completed; in the meanwhile, take my Rosalind and Celia, who, in conjunction with your Porcelain Beauty, will be Three Graces, and you will make your argument perfect—feminine influence—civilisation." If you mean to say, Eusebius, that you never would have believed Shakespeare could have spoken such ill language, put that down as the fault of the interpreter, who, knowing more perhaps of other people's languages, especially dead ones, than Shakespeare, to his honour, fame, and happiness ever knew, is no longer master of that pure uncontaminated mother-tongue. You are silent. It was but a short dream, Eusebius. I am awake. If I have had a little too much fooling, it was by way of recreation, for I have now very serious matter to attend to.

Notice of the Report of the Census on "religious worship" may not be omitted. It is the most blamable portion of the whole laborious work; for no dependence whatever can be placed upon it. It is so inaccurate as to incur a charge of not being impartial. Who is in fault? Not the census-maker alone, but the Government. A religious Census is a serious affair, and should be restricted, with much previous forethought. The Government are not qualified to issue *Divinity* lectures, nor complete histories of creeds. But if they will assume the unnecessary duty, it would at least be decent to know something of the qualifications of their compiler—his knowledge, judgment, and experience with regard to these important subjects. The work should be done deliberately, carefully; but what says the writer? "I am conscious that, although in illustration of the Tables I have been compelled, in order to secure an early publication, to shorten

my remarks, they have, upon the whole, been too extended; and I cannot expect that, *in the unavoidable haste with which they have been written*, by one *previously unacquainted with the subject*, they are free from error. But I do indulge a hope that they are free from bias." I give the writer credit for believing this freedom from bias, but an ignorance is shown in his belief; for no man can be free from a religious bias; and if there be, that man is not fit to write upon religion. But it appears that the Government had selected one *previously unacquainted with* the subject; and that what should have required much time and deliberation was accomplished *in haste*. The subject taken in hand was quite beyond the purpose of a Census. It is the old fault, the Trojan war *ab ovo* —commencing from the egg, a work which, if carried out at length in the spirit of its beginning, would make of itself a very large library. That being impossible, the heterogeneous result is an indigestible digest of religions and creeds, which the Government, for all purposes of a Census, had no business to require, and which no one man could be qualified to make. Parliament has thought it worth while to employ a great part of a session upon Assumption of Title Bills. The labour could only be justified by a previous assumption, an acknowledgment of the Church of England as the Established Church, of which the Queen and her Government are supposed to be members, and preservers, by oath, of her rights and dignities. The Church of England, and the Constitution of England, however tolerant both happily are — and may they ever be so—acknowledge but one Church — *the* Holy Catholic or Universal Church. This acknowledgment is embodied in the authorised formularies of the Church. The Constitution does not declare that there shall be no other religions, tolerating dissent to the utmost. A form of religion differing from her own is also established in one portion of the dominions; but not so as in any degree to nullify

the title of the Church of England as a branch of the Church Catholic in England. Our Queen Anne was so sensitive upon this subject, that she spoke of dissenters as that portion of her subjects who had "the *misfortune* not to be members of the Church of England." In our day no such expression would be used. I only mean to show, by what I have said, that in making a Report to be laid before the Queen, the Government, and the People, legitimate titles and distinctions should be preserved; and I should draw this inference, that a writer of a Census who errs in this respect is not a member of the Church of England; or, if he thinks himself one, must be mistaken. The report before me is not for all the Queen's dominions, but for "England and Wales," within which limits one would suppose a member of the Church of England would not enumerate "Protestant *Churches*." But the classifier, to act up to his profession of freedom from "*bias*," treats all opinions and sects with equal indifference, or, it may rather be said, with equal respect, and lifts up and dignifies the disgusting subscribers to the blasphemy of Joe Smith, the Mormonite, with a place among "other Christian Churches." Taking the *very respectable* accounts of the multitudes of creeds, with the equally respectable classification, it would not be very unfair to imagine them to have been made purposely for a people in *search of a religion;* and that the compiler, as a general agent for all bodies, would show the honesty and impartiality of his agency by an equal and fair display of all their commodities, without presuming to indicate a preference or *bias*. More than this, the pedlar's pack is ready to exhibit the quilts and cradle of the mad Johanna, and advertise that there are yet four insane congregations of Southcottians, into any of which the looker-out for a faith may enroll himself or herself. I cannot believe, Eusebius, that he would willingly, knowingly, omit any sect; that he has not noticed, therefore, the Princeites and the Agapemone,

I put down, not as of any evil intention, or of disrespect to them, but merely to that carelessness and negligence which have caused so many omissions and inaccuracies. And this is the more surprising, as his very lengthy and flattering account of the Mormonites would have led him, one would have supposed, to as full a narrative of so congenial a sect. For it does not appear that any degree of insanity, or worse, is to annul the title of faithful believers to be a "Christian Church!" I would not wish to speak too lightly; but, in truth, in this report the area of religion seems to be treated as that of a fair, in which any set of actors may set up a booth, and claim from the Queen's printer the advantage of advertising bills for general distribution. You remember, Eusebius, Sir Godfrey Kneller's dream; being, as he professed, of no particular religion, he was desired to make a free choice.

But why was this enumeration and this history of and inquiry into creeds made at all? Why proceeded in, when, as I before stated with regard to school inquiry, it was ascertained there could be no legal demand for truthful replies? If the Church of England is made to appear to an untruthful disadvantage, it is hard to withhold a suspicion that there has been a bias somewhere or other. Places of worship, of due solemnity, and so-called places of worship, where congregations keep on their hats and smoke; and places fraudulently self-styled places of worship, whose object is to put down all worship—are jumbled together as "Christian Churches," and so make a numerical array against the Church of England. No matter what they are, their ticket-titles, with pretty nearly the same "probatum est" of Census, are tossed into his authority bag, well shaken, to be thrown out for the people to pick up as a boon and privilege of equal value, and of equal Government sanction.

It having been shown that the religious returns depended only upon "an intimation" of voluntary liability — that replies were not compulsory—it may easily be imagined that those sects which mostly desired to magnify their numerical importance, would take advantage of this and other *intimations* which the circular agency of dissenting officials might industriously distribute. It would appear that there were actually, on the given day, circulating congregations. The registered numbers must be fallacious. But our ingenious Census has not exhausted his contrivances. He has invented another test. Forgetting the little approbation of those who "make long prayers," he has set up a religious hour-glass as a surer test than numbers, and by this little simple engine converts the religious zeal of the Church of England, which stood as the major, into the minor, in comparison with the Dissenting bodies, page clvi. "Thus, while the table just presented shows that the Church of England has attending its three services more *persons* than all other bodies put together (3,733,474 against 3,487,558), it appears from the table on page clxxxii., that the number of *attendances* performed by the 3,733,474 is actually less than the number performed by the 3,487,558; the former having attended 5,292,551 times, while the latter attended 5,603,515 times. Or if we assume that a service on an average occupies *an hour and three quarters*, it would seem that the 3,773,474 Churchmen devoted 9,261,962 hours to religious worship (or two hours and a half each), while the 3,487,558 Dissenters devoted 9,806,151 hours to a similar duty (or two hours and three quarters each)." A very ridiculously amusing idea this—a newly-invented religious clock, set up by a Government Census in a conspicuous situation, warranted accurately to strike the quarters; or an improvement, perhaps, having a double-striking action, with the two figures on each side, like St Dunstan's—one to

represent the Church-of-England man, the other the Dissenter, striking their variances, and looking so savage at each other that it is lucky the clock's orbit is betwixt 'em. But I have a notion, Eusebius, that our amusing census-mechanician is a bit of a plagiarist in this; for I remember reading something like it of a Praying machine in common use somewhere in Tartary, into which certain written prayers are put. It is then turned round, like a grinding organ, at a trifling cost, by the hand of the officiating priest—the supposed praying person or penitent receiving perfect satisfaction without giving himself the least trouble in the world. This is a hint in somebody's travels, it may be, from which Gulliver may greatly improve his religious timepiece.

But as Homer nods occasionally, without loss of dignity, so does our Gulliver; and when he wakes, he finds his watch has run down, and, like other common folk, he sets it by conjecture, or by the sun. The sun! By what sun? That which hardly glimmers a light through murky fog, seen from metropolitan official window? or by church clock or tabernacle clock; or by an average of time, extracted from ingenious tabular calculations, of which the minute-hands are impatient? It is by conjecture. Thus we find, page cli.: "An estimate for defective returns"—"also including estimates for omissions." What have statistics to do with defectives, and estimates for omissions? Whose privilege are they? By whom bequeathed? And who is the residuary legatee, with the right to do what he pleases with his own?

These "defective returns," these omissions, very fatal as they are to census matters, have an ugly look, from this strange circumstance, that there is a secret to be kept, under promise offered by, or required from, the Secretary of State concerning all particulars regarding these Returns. This is very strange indeed. First, the investigation is not founded

on Act of Parliament, but the personal requisition of the Secretary of State; secondly, the Secretary of State, thus going far beyond the Parliamentary liberty, is under promise of secresy to the census makers and enumerators. If required of him, did he not wonder what could be the why or wherefore? The secrets, whatever they were, are kept. And what is the result? A very strange one: an admission, on the part of Government, that the Returns are not fair and just—an admission made in the House of Lords.

You may think, Eusebius, that this statement requires graver authority than this assertion of mine. I will give you the gravest, beyond the gravity of a judge,—the gravity of a bishop. Here is an extract from the charge of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, delivered in August and September last,—

"My attention has been drawn to an enumeration of churches and places of dissenting worship, and to the alleged attendance at each respective place, as taken on the 30th March 1851, called the Census Sunday. A digested summary of that religious census has been put forth in the present year, in a cheap and popular form, with a great apparatus of tables, accompanied by an historical and statistical discussion. This publication, which has been widely circulated, is probably known to most of my reverend brethren. It comprises a great store of interesting and curious matter, illustrated by ingenious calculations, and is well adapted to amuse and inform (query misinform) the reader. But, in the main purport for which the enumeration was intended, a representation of the relative numbers of Churchmen and Dissenters, it must be regarded as a failure, and as leading only to erroneous conclusions. The investigation itself not having been founded on the Act of Parliament for taking the census, but upon the personal requisition of a Secretary of State, many clergymen declined to answer the questions or assist such an inquiry respecting their congregations, deeming it useless and unauthorised curiosity; while, among the sectarians, there appears to have been excitement and activity to procure the largest possible confluence of persons in the meeting-houses on that day. From these and other causes a return was procured highly favourable to the dis-

senting numbers as compared with those of the Church. Such flagrant instances were found of the erroneous deductions drawn from this exposition, that the subject was brought before the House of Lords, in the late session, by two of my right reverend brethren, and the authorities were moved for upon which the report had been grounded. Hereupon it was admitted, on the part of the Government, that a strong case for complaint had been made out, and that the numbers of the Church had been understated; but they declined producing the grounds of the statement on the score of good faith; a promise having, it seems, been given by the Secretary of State, that all the particulars of the returns should not be published—a promise which naturally led to carelessness, and, perhaps in some cases, fiction. Here the matter must rest. Henceforward nobody can appeal to the Religious Census of 1851 as a document of authority."

You see, Eusebius, there is a new working-day, a "Census Sunday," taken out of the fifty-two on which shops are closed and business stayed, as days (transferred from the Jewish Sabbath) on which "Thou shalt do no manner of work"—set up by authority of the Secretary of State; made not only a day of business for an army of spies and enumerators, but a day of general jealousy and temptation to fraud. Highly beneficial this to Christian communities! You have read the declaration of a political party-maxim—that it should be the Whig policy to court the Dissenters—and here you see it secretly put in practice under a public pretence.

In the House of Lords the Bishop of Oxford had made the same complaint as to the unauthorised character of the Census. "It was beyond the power vested in the Secretary of State to send out these papers." I make some extracts from his speech:—

"For this reason, the numbers given in the official documents, as purporting to belong to the Church of England, were oftentimes very loosely put together, and considerably less than such numbers really were. In his own diocese, for instance, where he had caused careful inquiries to be made, the numbers who attended one service on Sunday, were found, upon calculation, to be about 117,421,

while, in the official returns of the Registrar-General, they were stated only at 98,410. But the greatest misstatements in the reports occurred, not from our own numbers being lessened, but from the number of the Dissenters, of nearly all denominations, being greatly exaggerated and set forth."

Again :—

"He would read to the House a brief statement upon the subject, which he had taken the trouble to procure, which was authenticated, and could be depended upon in every way, and which comprised, in fact, short extracts from various written reports forwarded to him. From these reports it appeared that, at the times when the numbers were being taken, the Dissenters filled their places of worship on purpose to swell the return of their numbers ; that many persons attended in these Dissenting chapels in the evening who attended Church in the morning and afternoon ; that most, if not all, the Dissenters of the neighbouring parishes always attended the particular parish where the Census was being taken, so that they were in reality counted two or three times over ; that special sermons were preached in the Dissenting chapels to induce larger congregations to assemble ; that the same persons often attended places of worship belonging to different Dissenting denominations ; that the unfavourable state of the weather during the time the Census was being taken kept many people from Church ; that many of the chapels mentioned in the report could not hold the number of the persons returned as going to them, unless such persons were very small children ; that all the children were taken from the charity schools, and made to count in the returns ; that the Dissenters, from the first, entertained an opinion that the returns were to be looked upon as a struggle between the Churchmen and Dissenters ; that our own clergy, for various reasons, were careless about the matter, and conscientiously objected to the returns being taken in the manner proposed, and so did not assist in taking them ; that many of the most important returns were in reality taken by persons hostile to the Church, and desirous rather to depreciate its importance than exemplify the real amount of its influence." . . . . "He would refer, as an instance of misstatement, to the return of the Registrar-General as to the Roman Catholics of Liverpool, from which it appeared that the numbers attending Catholic chapels were 27,660, whereas it was a well-known fact that all the sittings in their places of worship in this town did not amount to more than 8006. Another instance might also be mentioned in reference to

the parish of St Giles, where the sittings for Roman Catholics were only 460, and yet the number attending them was inserted in the Census as 3000. He had heard, also, of a case in which the number of persons attending divine service during the day at one of our churches was inserted as 236, whereas, at one service alone, the clergyman of the place knew that 550 had attended; and, upon his remonstrating on the subject, the numbers were re-examined, and found to amount, including both morning and afternoon services, to upwards of 800."

I must give you, Eusebius, the authority of another Bishop,—

"The Bishop of St David's concurred in most of the observations of the right reverend prelate who had just sat down, and from the instances which had come under his notice, believed it would have been better if the clergy of the Church of England had refused to give the returns in the manner they were required todo; because, by giving them, they were in fact countenancing and encouraging the improper returns that had been made. He knew the feeling of the great body of the clergy was, that the "Religious Census," as it was called, was a mere farce, and could not be said, by any means, to represent a fair estimate of what really was the number of the different denominations. He held in his hand letters from several persons, corroborative of much that the right reverend prelate had stated; and in one of these letters it was said, that a dissenting chapel was returned in the report as having in it, on the day of the return, 2000 persons; whereas, according to the Dissenters' own statement, the largest number it could hold was 1200 persons. From the various facts which had been laid before him, and in which he had every reason to place confidence, there were many cases in which the return of the Dissenters exceeded the number of the population of the place they were supposed to be living in; and, in other cases, there was no doubt that the Dissenters had been counted over and over again. It was also known that the Dissenting Sunday Schools had clubbed together to take it in turn to attend each others' places of worship at different times of the day." . . . . .
"We ought not to have trusted these matters to the persons that we did, many of whom were interested in putting forward exaggerated reports of the particular sects to which they belonged, and he firmly believed that no future returns would accomplish the object which their lordships had in view—namely, that of getting

a true report of the number of all religious denominations, unless they were made upon a very different principle from the present returns."

A pretty exposure is this, Eusebius. The Census, then, is not only an impertinence, but a mischief. I have given you very grave authorities — they settle the case. The Census is condemned. It is nailed down to the counter of fair dealing, like a false coin, bearing the sovereign image, which never came from the sovereign mint—no, nor the Parliamentary.

I must stay my hand. It will never do to tack on, as a supplement, the worsted fringe of my poor style to the rich texture of Episcopal orations. I know you laugh at my hypocrisy. You are right. I don't believe a word about the poverty of style. Mother-wit can swagger when it will: nor will I be thankless of its gift, to disparage its power of rising. Do you not know it is occasionally light for a purpose? Bishops may not deal with ridicule; but it is a legitimate weapon for such as we are, who may wear a comic mask, and yet tell grave truths—

> "Interdum tamen et vocem comœdia tollit,
> Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore."

You and I are old enough to be privileged, when provoked, to put on the angry Chremes. But I will not swell out just now after these Episcopal and Parliamentary orations, remembering the fable—The Frogs and the Ox. The motley style, neither all too serious nor too gay, does its work. The clown and the judge are characters in the same play, and needful to the plot—often the first the most amusing. A light manner may hold severe matter. It is a world of light readers; you are one, and will not object to this letter on that account. The famous Dr Prideaux, when he took a copy of his *Connexion of the Old and New Testament* to the pub-

lisher, had it returned to him with the remark, that it was a dry subject, and he (the publisher) could not venture on it unless it could be enlivened with a little humour. Let this be an excuse for mine, and no damage will be done to the sobriety of the sense that is under it.

VIVE VALEQUE.

THE BEGGAR'S LEGACY.

[MARCH 1855.]

What will the reader expect from such a title as this? The Beggar's Legacy! What can a beggar have to leave? It is a subject for a novel, or a play. Tragedy, or comedy! It may convey a grave moral—a beggar's curse, or a beggar's blessing. A reader who thus speculates, is admitting all I require for the matter of my subject—that a beggar is an awful personage. In spite of his position, in the world and not of it, he is more than an arbiter, if he deals out his benisons or maledictions as he wills, and they are regarded or feared. There is a superstition in his favour, and he knows it. The unbelieving authorities have tried to put him down, but they cannot; he is more potent than the Pope, for he maintains his title, and his ground—and none laugh at his anathema. Is not a beggar awful? Is there not a mystery in him, that he should be above the world or below it; and above it by being below it? He is on firm ground who can fall no lower; the low becomes his height—he takes it as his own, his choice, more fixed than a king's throne. He is neither the Stoic nor the Cynic, a little more of the Epicurean; but he is an epitome, a personification of every philosophy. He, and he alone, can perfectly endure, despise, and enjoy. It is all very well for you, reader, to complain

that the beggar molests you in the street or at your door—but, notwithstanding, you fear to give him an ill word. Think not of any individual wretched figure that may have crossed your sight in the day—but think of the beggar in the abstract. With all the rest of the world you have something in common; you have ties with them, in affection, or in business—the beggar alone stands out of the circle of your experiences—you have nothing, and no one to whom, or with whom, to compare him—and this your ignorance respecting him makes a kind of reverence for him. He is not one to know, but to speculate upon; and therefore, as I said, a mystery, a myth to you. And what is he with regard to yourself? If you are superstitious, you can have his benediction for a farthing; you can therefore separate yourself from the fear of him. He will not go to law with you, you are sure of it. Though twenty attorneys pass between you and him, he will not engage one against you; he will not even give you in false charge to a policeman. From whom on earth can you expect such privilege of exemption? You see in him a great Innocent—you begin to respect him. His very rags assume a dignity—they also demand your wonder. Where does he get them? are they hand-worked; or is he clad as are the lilies of the field? And think not the beggar's garb without its glory. Go to a painter's studio, and see how they who have acquired taste, and know what beauty is, in all its shapes and colours, appreciate the many-patched, picturesque drapery. And think you there is no meaning in those patches? they are the hieroglyphic language of the profession. Knowing this, they will be in your sight venerable as the untranslatable arrow-headed characters. Imagine that they contain records of the race from the beginning—that they show the pedigrees of dynasties and beggar kings. A true beggar looks antiquity. In his own person, he holds the past and present.

Did you ever know one who looked like a fool? It is said that "Wisdom crieth in the streets, and no man regardeth," —so busy are the emmet-population, all going their own care-making ways; the beggar alone has time at his command, and leisure, and he hath shaken hands with Wisdom in the streets. Knowledge is in his look, with a consciousness of a mastery over it, and a contempt of it. Wise, and above the wise, he is unmoved by hopes and fears. He is ever cap in hand, with a sublime humility and independence, not like the courtier, who, bareheaded, makes a leg for favours in expectation, and is bound to present slavery. He promotes a tone of charity, by seeking charity—and thus improves the benevolence of mankind. He is ever open-handed; but with a modesty, leaves the greater part of the blessing to his betters, and accepts the inferior of receiving. Remembering that it is more blessed to give than to receive, he yields with a submission that ennobles him. Yet will he raise himself in honour of his profession. In that, he would style himself the Solicitor-General, nor would a Prohibition-of-Title-bill disturb him; no one doubts his claim, and least of all himself. His revenue comes to him without trouble; all the world are his tenants, as it were, and make no deductions for repairs. He never hears complaints of failing crops, and a murrain among the cattle. Every man is his contributor; thus is he the universal creditor, and no man's debtor. He is not obliged to keep books. He disdains the intricacies of arithmetic; delivers in no accounts in a bankruptcy court. He troubles not himself to inquire the price of stocks—the only *stocks* that could mar his fortune have fallen never to rise again. His merchandise is all profit, and no loss. Thieves affect him not; he may sing an he like in robbers' presence—"Cantabit vacuus coram latrone Viator." He is a philanthropist from experience, for he sees the best part of society—those who

give. His mind and temper are kept sweet, feeding on charitable and kind looks. He is not disgusted with hope deferred—the law's delays. He is out of the reach of dishonesty, subject to no petty frauds. Innumerable are his privileges; he may be at a feast, a merry-making, a wedding—and is not obliged to put on black at a funeral. Where is most joy, there is his rent-day. He glories in his own supremacy, and is never called upon to subscribe to any other. He may hold all heresies with impunity; no archbishop will put him into his Court of Arches. His opinions never will be questioned by privy-council; magistrates will not fine him; and as to imprisonment—what is it to him but a temporary retirement to a boarding-house, after the fatigue of ubiquitous travel? When he quits it, he need not pay for his board. He leads a merry life among his chosen friends, and does not always wear his professional gravity. He disappears, nobody knows how or where, with the mystery of Œdipus. No undertaker ever looks him in the face, as calculating his exit and custom. He is above the vanity of tombstone, and carved angels' heads. His memory will never be disgraced by mutilated monument. No politic zeal will ever collect his dust to scatter it to the four winds in contempt; for he never will lose his kingdom, which is in his own mind. He saith with the old song—

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

No disparaging biographies will be written of him. Doctors' Commons have no eye upon him for probate to his will. He is in the "Long Annuities," for his annuities are as long as he lives—with this difference, that they dwindle not, but rise in value, as he wanes. He makes food, and healthy subsistence, out of complaints and infirmities; and yet need not of necessity have them. He may put them on and off,

when he pleases: thus he lives merrily upon sorrows which he does not feel. He gratifies the world by his little deceptions; for the world loves to be deceived, and he loves to be accommodating to it. But that he despises the vanity of a Herald's College, he might take out beggars' arms, and choose as his motto, "Qui vult decepi decipiatur." He is ubiquitous, yet at home everywhere; yet has he his own peculiar haunts, which no labyrinthine thread can discover. Thither, if he meet Misfortune in the streets, will he take her, and make her cheerful. He frequents not low pot-houses, but his own clubs—every one of which is "Merrymen's Hall." Nor does he lack befitting fare; and is an honest customer, a prompt payer, caring not to have his name in other men's books. He even has his luxuries, will have a squeeze of lemon to his veal and lamb. Yet is he no profligate to waste his substance in riotous living, and then, when he cannot dig, profess to be ashamed to beg. Him he despises, as throwing disparagement on the honourable profession of beggary.

The beggar's half-hour's boast over an after-supper fire and a cordial, may put his pride in better humour with itself, as having historic foundation of longer date, and of continuance too, than that of kings, emperors, or the Pope himself. It should seem that real dignity rises not up, but descends—kings have held the stirrup of the Pope, but the Pope hath washed the beggar's feet—cardinals too. Thus are all the cardinal virtues poured out in a flood at his feet. The grandest and most beautiful ladies doing that same service to this day, pay homage to the beggar. Thus, He who would make himself the greatest on earth, hath for his greater title still, that He is "Servus Servorum." Lazarus has more friends than Dives, and happier in having none to envy him, and contrive his ruin. He who would strip a beggar, shall come in for more fleas than halfpence. His person is as sacred as the king's from touch. If there be a

kind of divinity that "hedgeth," as Shakespeare says, the royal person—the beggar is as well hedged—for none like to come too near his person. Royal robes are not more exempted from contact than beggars' rags; they float in the air about his person, *his castle*, as significantly as the regal standard about the unapproachable tower. He has his *body*-guard. Kings have made themselves beggars, beggars have never been so unwise as to make themselves kings. It was a royal humour which said

> "Sometimes I am a king,
> Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar."

High-flown thoughts are these, it will be said: truly so; but nevertheless not too high for the ingenuity of pride to entertain: and it is natural and befitting that every mind should nourish itself into some sleekness, with the costless food of self-exaltation. The beggar has best leisure for it; pleasant visions bubble in his nightly cap, and exhilarate his brain to exuberant fancies, the more welcome for their rollicking comedy, their apparent absurdity. The laugh that is in them outmocks their unreality; they are indulgences that beget their like, and crowd the beggar's mind, as a theatre for right pleasant vagaries to play in—the higher to the lower, and lower to the higher;—thought naturally rushes rather to the antipodes, plunges perpendicularly, and embraces its opposite; and so dreams and realities shift their places and names, and for their special hour, kings are beggars, and beggars kings. Am I lifting the beggar too high? No—he is one of degree; many bear the name, of too low a character to be worthy of it: such bring it into disrepute, and, in opinion, rob the profession of its dignity. There be who talk of Robin Hood, who never shot from his bow. Let me be supposed to speak of the higher beggar—the man who by natural disposition is born to it, or by misfortunes has his whole mind overthrown into it, and takes

up vitally his second nature. There is the poetical beggar, the imaginative idle—idle as to all the irksome businesses of life, as impossible to him, as would be his idle vagrancy to the gifted with handicraft. He cannot go in the tramroad of life; speculative and erratic, he has wandering feet, and—there lies the secret—a wandering brain. The real original beggar, the beggar of dignity, the poetical beggar, poetry in himself and making poetical, is, and ever was, a trifle crazy. This craziness is his charm, his *abandon*, his license, of which none can rob him; it exaggerates his wit, enlivens his humanities, begets his independence, and makes his humility his greatness. These are seldom seen nowadays—a strange civilisation has made inroads upon the race. Edie Ochiltree was one of them; and he perhaps whom Goldsmith speaks of as the "long-remember'd" — whom the good parson did not disdain to receive as his guest—

> "The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
> Whose beard descending swept his aged breast,"

and he sure to be initiated into the fraternity—

> "The ruin'd spendthrift, now, no longer proud,
> Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd."

A little insanity is like the investiture of an unknown, and therefore awful wisdom; nothing of the outward can make it ridiculous. It ever claims a respect. The barber's basin for Mambrino's helmet raised no laugh on the countenance of Don Quixote; nor did the most extravagant incidents damage the gentleman within him. It was so; the old wandering beggar was of a wandering mind, and it was he that had the virtues of his profession, and a right to its privileges.

I have one at this moment in my recollection, who took it upon him, as a second nature, from a mind unhinged by

misfortune. He had been once a man of some substance; farmed his own little estate and rented other lands. He might have been a churchwarden or overseer of the parish, before I knew it. It needs not to say by what circumstances troubles came upon him; some were hard to bear—too hard for the mind, though not for the bodily constitution. In his distresses, his wife died; his two daughters turned out ill. He was an old man when I knew him; he had been utterly ruined. His home gone—his very recollection of a home, a madness to be avoided. He paid his parish a visit in his wanderings, every two or three years; and, as suddenly as he came, departed. What was singular in him, was his intellectual superiority (notwithstanding this touch of insanity which kindly obliterated or blunted the sense of his miseries) over those of his former grade. He was well-informed upon most subjects, could converse in good language; his very flightiness clothed itself in ingenious argument. He would have been the amusing guest of Goldsmith's good Vicar. It was probable that misery had made him put up with Misery's acquaintances. Barring a slight suspicion of this, he was to be preferred to many a sounder man, for a talk with in a green lane. If it be true that all crazed people have a monomania, I never could discover his. He seemed to be under a general unsettlement of mind. The mirror was jarred, multiplied images, and reflected them awry; the rapidity of his ideas, and the odd turns they would take, were surprising. No idea was of permanence. Now, stand apart, and look at the man as a picture—contemplate him in his capabilities. What could you do with him, or for him—what could he do for himself? There was no possibility of any fixedness in him. Employment he could have none, he was too restless for any. I doubt if he could know anything continuously for a quarter of an hour. He would have ignored the work which but a few minutes

before he had begun, not from any wilfulness, but a perpetual wandering in his fevered brain. Can he be imagined to be anything but a beggar? Such wandering minds, I said, make wandering feet. They must be erratic. Confine such persons in a Union-house — they would become raving maniacs; any one home would revivify the idea of *the* home lost. Their only self-security is in ubiquity. The beggar of this true original caste confines himself not to one town. Wander — wander ever, that he must do. Some have a wider, some a narrower range; but it is of perpetual change. To send him back to his parish as a vagrant, considering his case, what his parish has been to him, and he to his parish, is the worst cruelty. It is chaining him to his many miseries, from which his instinct to wander is his only escape. Here I must leave my old acquaintance, as he has long since left the world, and all its and his own miseries; but, in reasoning upon his and similar cases, the thought occurs, whether the wandering disposition that so many people possess, having at the same time no particular object in pursuit — whether this disposition to be off from place to place, be not in itself, however slight, something akin to insanity. In all professed travellers, I have always fancied something strange — an *unsettled* manner. I mean travellers for the mere love of travel, and not in a pursuit. They appear to be persons whose social instincts are damaged, set out of their course, eccentric. Every one must have in his eye examples of this erratic turn. Their very look bespeaks distracted, not abstracted ideas — as of men in whose brains there is a whirl. I have just met with an amusing account of one of these, of a time long gone by.* Coryat, the author of *Crudities*, called the English Fakir, was a wanderer of this description. He made the tour of Europe, it would appear,

* Vide *Athenæum*, Jan. 1855 — Review of ANDERSON'S *English in Western India*.

with no other object than to boast that he had walked 1975 miles in one pair of shoes; which he caused to be hung up in the church of his native village of Odcomb in Somersetshire, an offering and memorial. Craziness ever exaggerates, magnifying short truths with long impossibilities. Thus this wonderful pair of shoes, which could only be legitimately hung up beside Cinderella's slipper, was an evident delusion. It was a silly fancy that formed itself into an adage—the "waiting for dead men's shoes." Dead men and their shoes nowadays, at least as modern trade goes, drop off together, and have but one *wear and tear* (or the cordwainers have sadly degenerated.) A whole "month's wear" is much to boast of.

"A little *month* ere yet these shoes were old."

Upper leather and under leather crack together like the crazy one's wits. So was it, perhaps, with poor Tom Coryat and his shoes—both were wearing out fast, when he fancied them everlasting. "Tom desired to know and be known, so as to obtain contemporary and posthumous fame. Unrestrained by poverty, he again started with a determination of traversing Asia, limiting his expenses to twopence a-day, which he expected to procure by begging. His designs were vaster than his actual labours; for he planned not only a journey through Tartary and China, but also a visit to the court of Prester John, in Ethiopia." Poor Tom Coryat went twisting and whirling round the world like a top whipped by Vanity and Poverty; and, excepting the impulse, as insensible as a top to the whipping—which he must oftentimes have well deserved. On one occasion, hearing from a mosque the Moolah's usual cry, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet," he ascended a high building, and began shouting in the same tongue that Mahomet was an impostor. The leniency shown to lunatics saved him from the

punishment due to his impertinence. His vanity was once sorely mortified; for, being told that King James had inquired about him, he eagerly asked what his majesty had said. He was answered that, "after hearing that Tom was well, all that the monarch said was, 'Is that fool yet living?'"

Even these half-crazed travellers are not, however, all Tom Coryats. But it may be questioned if the irresistible wandering propensity does not originate in an extravagant whim, indicating something unsound.

But, to return to my beggars. They are wanderers to be placed in quite another category. The true beggar is never a subject for ridicule. He who is above fortune, against whom she hath run her tilt in vain, and still found heart-whole,—"in quem manca ruit semper Fortuna," is not one to be put aside by the world's laugh. In all ages hath he been excepted from contempt. However unlikely he may seem, he has the benefit of the thought that "men have entertained angels unawares." Great saints, say their legends, have appeared in beggar's garb. Even in our days, our children are taught to revere them; awful is the warning, given for the purpose, in homely rhyme by Doctor Watts:—

> "When children in their wanton play,
> Served old Elisha so;
> And bid the prophet go his way,
> Go up, thou bald-head, go."

The Godlike Ulysses disguises as a beggar. Penelope rebukes Telemachus that the beggar is not duly received as a guest. And who is it who dresses this favoured of the gods, Ulysses, as a beggar?—the Goddess of Wisdom herself. Homer shows how ancient is beggars' pedigree; and how the exact features of the race have been handed down to this our day:—

"So saying, the Goddess touch'd him with a wand.
At once o'er all his agile limbs she parch'd
The polish'd skin; she wither'd to the root
His wavy locks, and clothed him with the hide
Deform'd of wrinkled age; she charged with rheums
His eyes, before so vivid, and a cloak
And kirtle gave him, tatter'd both and foul,
And smutch'd with smoke; then casting over all
A huge old hairless deer-skin, with a staff
She fill'd his shrivell'd hand, and gave him, last,
A wallet patch'd all over, and that, strung
With twisted tackle, dangled at his side."

COWPER'S *Hom. Od.* xiii.

Homer, however, who is ever true to nature, notices a fact notorious to this day, that, though beggars are revered by men, dogs have an antipathy to them. Ulysses, arrived at the Swineherd's, would have been torn to pieces by the dogs, had not he known the beggar's trick,—

"He, well advised,
Shrank to his hams, and cast his staff afar."

On which incident Plutarch remarks, that the generosity of the mastiff will not allow him to seize a person who by his posture and manner makes it plain that he has no design to resist. But Eumæus also comes to his aid, and calls off the dogs. This antipathy of the dogs to the beggars is a curious instinct. Is it indicative of that early social state when dogs and beggars were alike admitted at feasts, and began the quarrel for that which was thrown to them, and which has been handed down in their generations? It is plain from this passage in Homer, that the disguise cast no disgrace on the person, no ridicule, for wisdom directed it. The license allowed to the profession in those days, is shown in the less respectable Irus, who, out of envy of a rival, picks a quarrel with Ulysses, and is well served out for it.

One character of the tribe is seen in the description—

"Now came a public mendicant, a man
Accustom'd seeking alms, to roam the streets
Of Ithaca; one never sated yet
With food or drink; yet muscle had he none,
Or force, though tall, and of gigantic size."

Who ever saw beggar fight with beggar! It is remarkable that they never quarrel, at least to the world's observation. Why is this? Without doubt they have their own courts—their own laws — their own "King of the Beggars." But in this instance from Homer, Irus begins his ferocious attack of words at once against Ulysses. This does not argue ignorance of the laws of the tribe in Homer; on the contrary, it shows he knew them well. Ulysses was *disguised* in the garb of the fraternity, but was not one of their guild. He could not give the free-masonry sign, and was at once considered by Irus as an unlicensed interloper. If critics ask, how came it that Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, did not inform him of the sign, the answer is plain—she represents wisdom as prudent conduct, not as knowledge; it was no part of her deified dignity to know beggars' laws and symbols. As to the respect paid to beggars, Telemachus meets his father, then disguised, at the cottage of Eumæus, and though knowing him not, enjoins hospitality. And it is to mark the extreme insolence of the suitors, that from them, and them alone, is violence offered to the beggar-guest; and be it observed that this violence was not at the commencement, but after a hospitable reception, and certainly not without much provocation from Ulysses himself. And this washing the beggars' feet—where did it originate? It was an old custom, it should seem—for Penelope commands not one of the meanest of her slaves to perform that office, but her favourite Euryclea, the honoured nurse of her husband. Ulysses, in his rebuke to Melantho, the paramour of Eurymachus, who had thrown the stool at him, confirms what I have before said as to how beggars are made—

"Why these invectives, mistress—and thy wrath,
Why thus pursues it me? For that my face
Shines not with oil? For that my garb is mean?
For that I beg? To my distress impute
These crimes; all mendicants commit the same.
I also lived a rich possessor once
Of such a stately mansion, and have given
To numerous wanderers, whencesoe'er they came,
All that they needed; I was also served
By many, and enjoy'd whate'er denotes
The envied owner opulent and blest.
But Jove (for such his pleasure was) reduced
My much to nought."

It should seem to be here recognised, that the beggar is one who had seen better days; and who being thus reduced, either from the incapacity of a somewhat wandering brain to work, or from its being the less degradation, takes to the wandering profession—seeks hospitality at every home, having none,

"Claims kindred there, and has his claims allow'd."

Far back in antiquity is the beggars' pedigree—if it hath a poor emblazonment, it is because it borroweth not of that pride which came after, to enrich that which was before it. Even in such guise did Elijah appear to the widow of Zarephath; and as a blessing upon her entertainment of him with all her poor means, "the barrel of meal wasted not, nor did the cruse of oil fail."

The fraternity, as if conscious of some antique prerogative and power, if poor in substance (at least professedly so) are rich in blessings. They pour them out as from an inexhaustible stock—like Charity, returning far more than she receives, and with an earnestness that speaks honesty and faith that their words are cheques upon the eternal Bank of Charity, that will never break when all things else are broken—even broken promises, broken hearts, and a broken-up world. The politeness of nations has invented compliments for each; but

how jejune are they, and how few—"May you live a thousand years," "May your shadow never grow less;"—the shadow wants the body of individual life—the thousand years, a corruptible impossibility, and ludicrous; but the beggar's blessing is of spontaneous application to the person addressed. It has no set form. The lineaments of every man's face are to the experienced of the fraternity a history of every one's wants and inmost desires. There is a prayer poured out for you, that touches the marrow of your instant thoughts,—and if the deliverer of it chance to be blind, you are lost in wonder at his strange insight and knowledge—you are ashamed of your small payment for so large a good, and often come to repeat your offering. Many thus are daily, weekly, and monthly contributors. Such donations come to be considered as rents, for payment of which the beggar thinks he has a right to distrain, in a way of his own. I know an instance. There is a misshapen, bandy-legged, ill-tempered, and worse-natured-looking beggar, blind, and led by a dog; an elderly gentleman of my acquaintance had been in the habit of bestowing charity upon him until it reached the periodical payment of sixpence a-week. It so happened that the gentleman went away for a few weeks. On his return he met his pensioner, and gave him sixpence; it was unthankfully received, with a muttering of extreme displeasure—"Oh, you *owe* me three-and-sixpence besides." The best commonwealths have some bad members, yet have they strict laws to keep them in order. The reader may find in that curious book, *The Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, a pretty full statement of "*The Laws and Ordinances that are inviolably to be observed amongst Beggars.*" That they have their points of honour the following will show: "Item, We will and command, that no man dare to play the impostor, or commit any grosse villanie, as to steale household stuffe, or help to convey it away, or exchange it for other, or to untyle houses, or strip children of their cloathes,

or to commit any the like base action, upon paine of being excluded from our brotherhood, and put out of our incorporation, and to be remitted over to the secular power." In what sense the word "impostor" is used, may be a question of as difficult solution as the "Four Points" that have been puzzling the statesmen of Europe. But, as in the same page with the above passage may be found a "Licence and Permit" for any beggar to rent certain children to the amount of four, it is evident that such impostures are not prohibited; and it may be presumed all of a like degree of falsehood are within the privileges of the profession.

Perhaps the law is, that so great a part of mankind having a natural or acquired habit and willingness to be deceived, the limited impostor is but doing by them as they would wish to be done by. And it may have been observed, that beggars' lies are so even, or, as Fuller says, "no one swelling improbability being above the rest, that one might fairly conclude that they are framed after some rule, within which any extravagant genius for lying must be restrained, which might otherwise bring an evil reputation upon the profession." Fuller, in using the word *improbability*, took its measure by the rule of his own common sense and understanding. The beggar's improbabilities were regulated by the law of credulity, which would admit such dimensions as would make it difficult for any to exceed the standard measure of the brotherhood. The real difficulty in that case would be to come up to it; so that the very evenness hath the dignity of magnitude. The fact is, a very probable tale would be passed by as commonplace, and the credulous by nature, ever looking out for the improbable, would rather hold it to be a poor insignificant invention. The brotherhood have a better knowledge of mankind. Who ever heard that those who invented the "swelling improbabilities" which Fuller reprehended, were ashamed of them? Though they knew that

sensible people must be as well aware of the falsities as themselves who made them—what cared they? Sensible people were not those whom they wanted to catch. And is it not just so now? even worse. For people's credulity reaches to the absurdity of belief, that they receive letters from the "Dead-letter Office" of the other world—an extravagance of folly on the one hand, and imposture on the other, that never was, and scarcely can be exceeded. If people have been found in numbers, within this last year, to believe that a leg of a table moved prophetically, will such persons be curious to untie the bandages which concealed a leg which pretends to be non-existent? The fraternity have great confidence, and think they may innocently deceive those who love to be deceived; they are seldom mistaken. But I remember once an impostor of this kind being taken by surprise. I had the account from the gentleman who will shortly appear to have been the recipient of the "Beggar's Legacy," which the reader is perhaps impatient to know something about. At the corner of a street not far from his own door, he saw a wretched man upon whose breast was pinned a paper, "Deaf and Dumb." This excited his compassion, and he was about to drop his charity into the provided receptacle, when a friend happened to come up. "Here is a poor man deaf and dumb," said the first. The newly-arrived said, addressing the beggar, "Deaf and dumb! I don't believe a word of it—show me your tongue." The impostor was taken off his guard, and instantly put out his tongue. Such cases are, however, very rare. I recollect the woman who acted so well the part of Caraboo, who pretended she had leaped into the sea from an unknown ship, on board which those who professed to understand her ready gibberish asserted she had been decoyed and captured from some unknown shores. This woman was a petted wonder: and another impostor, who was not taken in, as some of the learned and wealthy were, seeing

something was to be made out of the common credulity, pretended he knew the language, and fabricated a story of this queen of some unknown island. The two lived in clover some months. I saw the woman in the midst of her credulous patrons and patronesses, and said before her that I never saw a more English countenance, and that I conjectured her to have come from Devonshire. I well remember she looked confused; but all voices were against me at once, as if I had committed an offence and insult. How do we know that the brotherhood are not moved by a moral sense, in preferring their professional deceptions, which hurt no one, to the impostures of any "grosse villanie." They have therefore enacted:—

"Item, We will and command that no beggar give consent, or suffer his children to serve, to be bound prentice to any trade, or to waite upon any man, whom he shall acknowledge as his master. For their gains will be little and their labour much; and therein they shall greatly offend, by not following the steps of their forefathers, and running a course quite contrary to that good way wherein they have been borne and bred."

Nor let it be supposed that they bring up their children in idleness. There is many a laborious profession which bears unjustly an idle and vagrant name. It is said of the elder Vestris that, when he took leave of the stage, he brought in his son before the spectators, and, having recommended him to the honour of public patronage, thus addressed him: "Preserve the dignity of your profession;" and, having made such a bow as no other could make, he retired amidst an uproar of applause. Throughout all their rules the brotherhood, as exhibited in the *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, have constantly in view this their dignity. When they enact, according to the wise law, to "bring up a child in the way he should go," they thus express their sense of their professional importance,—

"Item, Our will and pleasure is, that every beggar when he shall be of full age (three years after twelve being fully complete and ended), having legally and worthily laboured in that course of life, and attained to the true arte of this our free and noble profession, he be held, taken, knowne, and understood (be it any such manner of person or persons) to have fulfilled the law, and comply'd with the statute: notwithstanding that two other yeeres, to gaine experience and to learne how to drive the fish into the net, have alwaies to this very day and present hour beene thought very necessarie and expedient; and ever after to be held as a graduate that hath performed his exercise and taken degree amongst us. And having thus profest himself, and made proofe of his learning and manners, we farther will and command, that he have, hold, and enjoy all the liberties, priviledges, and exemptions granted by us under our great seale; but with this condition, that he neither may, nor at any time doe forsake our service, and that hee show his obedience unto us by observing our lawes and statutes, and by submitting himself to our censure, in case he shall offend them."

Henceforth let no Cantab nor Oxonian affect the Dictatorship of Literature as "a graduate," seeing that a beggar's *effigies* may look as bold in the frontispiece of such a title. One might be led to suppose by Mr Kay's flattering account of foreign education, which has been formerly noticed, that the universities of Prussia and some other places had borrowed their laws and principles from the beggars' brotherhood, for he also gives "proofe of their learning and manners." And by the further account given by another traveller in search after educational knowledge and accomplishments, these German graduates, having, as Mr Kay says, "no bad manners, no gross poverty or suffering," but every one being "comfortable and happy, well educated, and polite," do, nevertheless, appear to emulate the beggar brotherhood in learning, manners, and practices of "driving fish into the net;" for, equally scorning work of trade, they are soon very sturdy beggars, and take to the road. So that, after all, this high education is not quite so new, an account thereof being

so largely given in this *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, the translation of which is now before me, published so long ago as 1623, for Edward Blount, London.

It should seem also that this beggars' commonwealth had attained some of the protective principles of civilisation, for there is a special enactment of patents to inventors, from the knowing of which, governments may yet benefit the subjects of the realm. There is such dignified sovereign authority in the style of the enactment, and such forethought and careful provision for the public good, that I am tempted to make the further quotation,—

"Item, We will and command that no man discover the secrets and mysteries of our trade, nor divulge and publish them abroad, save only to those that are professors of the said arte. And he that shall invent or find out any new tricke or cunning device for the common good shall be bound to manifest the same to the incorporation of beggars, to the end that it may be understood and known of all, for as much as such good things as these are to be accounted as common, there being no prohibition to the contrarie; and more especially not to be concealed from those that are our country-men and naturals of the same kingdome; but for the better incouraging of others, and that notice may be taken of our good government, we give priviledge and plenary power to the first inventor and author thereof, that for the space of one whole and complete yeere, he make his best benefit of the first impression, not suffering or permitting any, without his especial and particular licence, to use or exercise the same, upon paine of our heavy displeasure."

There are excellent maxims and advices for behaviour among them, showing a thorough knowledge of human nature,—

"When thou shalt find thyself well used, see thou repair thither dayly; for as devotion shall abound, so shall thy stocke increase; but see that thou never depart from his doore till thou hast prayed for his friends that are deceased, and to intreat of God that he will be pleased to blesse and prosper him in all his actions."

Again—

"Answere evil language with milde words, and to rough speech apply soft tearmes." . . . . "And he that will draw money out of another man's purse must rather begge than brawle, crave than curse, pray than blaspheme; for a gentle calfe sucks milk from a strange teat as well as from his damm's."

Really, more may be said in favour of these poor beggars than people in an ill-judged contempt credit. If they follow these maxims, their laws and ordinances, they are the true "Peace Societies," and perhaps far more honest; and far wiser, for they meddle not in other people's affairs, and pretend not to a kind of patriotism which, carried out, tends only to benefit their private affairs.

I have often noticed the addresses of beggars. How well they know with what flattery to bait the hook: "Good sir," or "kind sir," is the utmost for a man; but no woman of decent appearance was ever addressed otherwise than as "My lady."

I was accosted once oddly, with an indignant repudiation of his profession, by one who thought from my manner and wave of the hand that I held it in no repute. "Sir," said he, "I hope you do not think I am going to beg"—drawing himself quite up—then making, in a gentlemanly smiling manner, a singular request, "will you be so good as to *lend* me a shilling?" What observation and acute reason is shown in the following: My old friend C., the most kind-hearted of men, was in the habit for some years of passing over Westminster Bridge most days in the week. The same old beggar begged of him every day, but he never gave. At length my good old friend, weary of the importunity, stopped, and said to the man, "Why do you always beg of me?—you know I pass you every day and never give you anything." "That's very true," replied the old beggar;

"but you will at last." He was right—he was instantly fee'd, and, I suspect, more, became an annuitant.

There is a story of a beggar's legacy (not mine, I come not to that yet), which is amusing, and shows great shrewdness. The first part of it is, however, cruel enough. A Genoese beggar married in Florence; his wife brought him a son. This son he maimed in his tender age when the joints are pliable, and distorted him to such a degree that he grew up to be the most deformed of men.* "Happy is the son," saith the proverb, "whose father goeth to the devil." But it was a strange mode of making happy, which only qualified him for the wealth to be obtained by beggary. Be that, however, as it may, the poor cripple grew rich; and on his deathbed sent for a confessor and a notary. Believing that the ugly casket, his body, yet contained a precious jewel, his soul, he was most desirous to provide for its future and eternal welfare, by the satisfaction of certain masses. He knew not whom to trust, for he durst not declare the amount of his worldly substance. At length he devised thus:—that the poor ass on which he had ridden should be sold to pay for his burial, but he bequeathed the pack-saddle to the Grand Duke (of Florence), as his lord and master. Upon the beggar's death, the Grand Duke, knowing that the old cripple had the reputation of a discreet and shrewd person, thought there must be something mysterious in such a strange legacy —had the pack-saddle sent to him, which, on being ripped open, disclosed a vast quantity of gold coins, to the astonishment of all present. The Duke, as a good and wise man, and not wishing to enjoy the dubious and undignified advantage of being a beggar's beneficial heir, caused the will to be regularly confirmed, and the sums employed for the good of

* I have been shocked to learn that this practice of maiming children is by no means uncommon at the present day. What punishment can be too severe upon proof of such atrocity?

the poor beggar's soul's health. And this was probably what the mendicant foresaw, and thus cunningly provided for.

Living or dying, nobody grudges the beggar's earnings. Let him leave what he will behind him, it was not wrung out of necessities, and paid him with tears. There are none to demand it back in justice, with execrations on his memory. It came from no exactions, but from willing hands, that felt pleasant and comfortable after the giving. He took as one might take water out of the large sea, and know that not a vessel would be wrecked on any shore for the lack of it. The beggar's little deceptions have been no man's ruin, but many a one's pleasure. There is, at the last hour, not the bitterness of remorse on account of them. Weigh them, they are not very heavy. Take promiscuously from the deceptions of society—weigh them one after another with the poor beggar's little impostures, and make a juster estimate, you proud politician, you hypocrite, calling yourself honest and highly respectable. No, none of you may hold the scales, but let other hands put in your frauds, deceptions, your excuses, your palliations, your misrepresentations, your suppressions of truths, your plottings, your promises, and you, demagogues, your patriotism—in with them, one after the other, weigh against the poor beggar—soon your consciences will be chop-fallen.

Cleanest are the consciences of those in this world who never buy nor sell for any gain—their weight will sink no ship—any captain may take them aboard as a safe freight. The true, the honest beggar, who wanders because he cannot help it, from an innocent helpless insanity, is light-hearted. If his conscience takes up a burr here, or a burr there, the burrs are but light things, and only stick when you try to tear them away; but, as a wind brings them, a wind takes them off, and many are the gales of good and ill fortune in a long journey that carry them to and fro. What the beggar's

poor conscience may catch in one place, it drops in another, and becomes purified through the large atmosphere of much travel. It lacks the weight and body of any wickedness. Nor is it of a murky volume; it becomes fine and attenuated, and mixes kindly and comfortably with the smoke of his every-night's pipe. The poor harmless beggar, why should he be persecuted in his calling? Give not an ill meaning to the word vagrant. Punish the thief, but see him not in every beggar; for many a beggar has been made one in the desperation of a hard fortune, whose crime is nothing more than a wandering brain. He may be like a goodly tree, sound at heart, but stricken at the top, and that by Heaven's lightning. Read the "Excellent balade of Charity," and care not who wrote it, whether a poor boy or a poor priest. I will only quote the last passage—a poor beggar in a storm and a good "Limitoure."

"Once more the skie was blacke, the thunder rolde;
Faste reynayinge o'er the plaine, a prieste was seene,
Ne dight full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene:
A Limitoure he was of order seene;
And from the pathway side, then turned hee,
Where the pore almer lay binethe the holmen tree.

"An almes, Sir Priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
For sweet Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,
And did thereoute a groate of silver take,
The mister pilgrim dyd for halline shake,
Here take this silver, it maie eathe thy care;
We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

"But ah! unhaillie pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to theer Lorde.
Here take my semecope, thou art bare, I see;
'Tis thyne: The Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde,
Virgynne and hallie Seynete, who sitte yn gloare,
Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man power."

Kings and heroes have not monopolised song. Poets, and good poets too, have lifted the beggar out of the mire. And there have been times when civil misfortune has sent many a one wandering, not undeserving the poet's celebration. If he has not been renowned in epic, he hath taken inheritance of the ballad, which will be longer in remembrance, and shorter in the reading. Often king and beggar meet in pleasant company. There is the song of "King Cophetua and the beggar-maid," quoted in *Romeo and Juliet*. Mercutio says—

> "Her (Venus's) purblind son and heir,
> Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so true
> When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid."

James V. of Scotland, it is said, wrote the ballad "The Gaberlunzie Man," as an adventure of his own, so disguised—

> "The pauky aulde Carle cam ovir the lee,
> Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee," &c.

Right pleasant is the romantic ballad—"The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green," who married a knight, when the blind old beggar dropped angell for angell as her dowry, and soon beggared the knight's means—

> "With that an angell he cast on the ground,
> And dropped in angells full three thousand pound;
> And oftentimes it was proved most plaine,
> For the gentlemen's one the beggar dropt twaine.
>
> "So that the place wherein they did sitt
> With gold was covered every whitt.
> The gentlemen, then, having dropt all their store,
> Say'd, Beggar, hold, for wee have no more.
>
> "Thou has fulfilled thy promise aright;
> Then, marry my girl, quoth he to the knight;
> And here, added hee, I will throw you downe
> A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne."

The blind beggar turns out in the sequel to be one of the De Montforts, whose family were dispersed and ruined after the

battle of Evesham.* He was found by a baron's daughter wounded on the field; married her, and "pretty Bessie" is the daughter, now the bride of the ballad.

* The battle of Evesham has been celebrated for making many of high degree low enough—beggars. But beggars in days of civil trouble are apt to become something more. If Robin Hood and his men, those "bold outlaws," were of any such age of civil turbulence, they had the laws and ordinances among themselves, perhaps of a more gentle endurance than the larger authority of the realm; and by practices thereto according, did they become favourites with the people, as are their memories still in song,—

> "The songs to savage virtue dear
> That won of yore the public ear,
> Ere polity sedate and sage
> Had quench'd the fire of feudal age."—WARTON.

Those laws and ordinances, so civil were they, might well have been borrowed from those long established of the elder brotherhood of beggars. They may be seen in the ballad—

> "Robin he loved our dear Ladye,
> For dread of deadly sin,
> For her sake would he no company harm
> That any woman was in.
>
> . . . . .
>
> "Well shall we do, quoth Robin Hood,
> Little care for that take thou—
> But look that ye harm no husbandman
> That tilleth with his plough.
>
> Nor shall ye any good yeoman harm
> That cometh by greenwood tree;
> Nor any good knight, nor any good squire,
> That would a good fellow be."

But as to proud and lazy abbots, archbishops, and bishops, the free band constituted themselves "Ecclesiastical Commissioners," and treated them as sternly, if not with so legitimate a title, and perhaps as much against right, as do our present Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

> "But bishops and proud archbishops,
> Them ye shall beat and bind;
> And for the high-sheriff of Nottingham,
> Ye shall ever hold him in mind."

The history of Robin Hood is more curious than is generally supposed. It has been traced out with patience, ingenuity, research, and much accuracy, by Mr Gutch, whose *Robin Hood* is a valuable addition to our literature.

"Se non e vero e ben trovato," say the Italians; it is "as good as true," say the English; why not improve our idiom to, it is both true and better than true—as is all poetry; for it is truth of outward fact and inward feeling combined. And there is some such nature also in the incidents of the ballad. There is the outer fortune that brings down the great to the dust of beggary, making the mighty lowly; and there is the inner fortune that the unsubdued mind keeps ever working out its nobility, and bringing it forth again to the blaze of the world, and made poetically shining in beauty and happiness.

Why should I be ashamed in these my old years to make a confession? It is not unwisely said—

> "Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
> The power of beauty I remember yet."

When but a stripling, shooting up to the height of incipient manhood, and in a fancied exuberance of heart and freedom, like a presumptuous cauliflower, overtopping the common greenness in the garden of youth, ready to encounter any dragon of romance, and then fall lowly at the foot of any beauty—just at the short, happy, and happily short period, when angels feminine, thick as sunbeams, cross the vision of slender young men, though no "Master Slender," in that serious passion—even then did I once behold a "pretty Bessie," a blind beggar's daughter. Reader, let me raise no idle expectation—you will neither have tale nor novel. Vanity and falsehood may combine to tempt me—but in vain. I answer with the prosaic Knife-grinder—

> "Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,"

yet shall you have the whole truth. I never spoke to her; but there was this permanence in the vision, that, whenever I read the ballad of the "Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednall

Green "—that beggar-maid was the ideal of "Pretty Bessie." And now at these years,

"Fuge suspicari,
Cujus . . . trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum."

No need is there to court the *lustra* at this old time of day. I have a perfect recollection of person and feature of that beggar's daughter. They were a pair that might have been historical. Venerable was the father—

"His revorend lockes
In comelye curls did wave;
And on his aged temples grewe
The blossoms of the grave."

Neither of them were in tatters and unclean. The daughter, perhaps between sixteen and seventeen—of a remarkably modest countenance, sufficiently well-looking, but her beauty was in her gentle, quiet, modest, thoughtful expression. She looked a history of a young life. Her dress was always simple, and always clean, so becoming, that none other would have so well suited her repose of character. She never begged by word. There was a repelling dignity about her that was her defence. The brute would have stood arrested by an awe like Cymon and the Clown, who never dreamed of love, ere he could have uttered words unseemly to her. Her purity was greatest in its lowliness. I saw her in the streets by the side of her blind father, for about half a year—and always with interest—and many others expressed equal admiration at her visible innocence and gentility. I say visible, for I never saw any one speak to her. She was a novelty then, and is so still to the imagination. She is best described by Horace, when he commends the passion of his friend for the lowly handmaiden—

"Nescias an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes.
Regium certi genus: et Penates
Mœret iniquos.

"Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
Plebe delectam: neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci.
Matre pudendâ."

In remembrance of the long-lost, may I not somewhat freely translate, with adaptation to this early vision—

Take to thy arms thy beggar bride,
Nor seek her parentage to hide,
That known, would never stain thy pride.
Her gentle birth

Serenely shines in all her face;
Her look bespeaks a princely race—
Such oft do fortunes stern abase
Down to the earth.

She never came, so pure a child—
That filial heart, that aspect mild—
From parents mean, and low, and wild.
Her queenly charms

Some queenly mother's nursing gave.
She is so loving, and so grave,
In want and woe so sweetly brave.
Spread wide thine arms.

Poetry, twin-sister of charity, loves to take the beggar by the hand; leads him into a quiet place, hears his tale, and reiterates it in immortal verse. Hence is he made the hero of many an old ballad. And the poetry of painting glorifies equally the royal robes and beggars' rags. Old blind Belisarius is twice a conqueror, by the painter's art. Great as Victor, and greater in the absolutism of his poverty. See him as Vandyke has painted him—his dignity receiving reverence with his pence. The "Date obolum Belisario" has immortalised him, equally with the historic page of his battle-glories.

Look at that group of mendicants, painted by Il Beato Angelico da Fiesole, and published in a print by the Arundel Society. The subject is "St Laurence distributing Alms."

The saint stands in the centre—the mendicants in various attitudes, expressive of their cases, on each side. He is giving to one, at his feet, whose back is turned to the spectator,—the poor wretch has lost his lower limbs. There are two figures among them of remarkable beauty; the one is lame, the other blind; both are most graceful, and yet most natural. Their faces beam with a spiritual *gentilezza*, the individualised grace of a religious thankfulness. Lame and blind though they are, their very imperfections seem undergoing a transition to the sanctity of the "just made perfect." The lame mendicant holds out his hand to receive. The blind (and so blind in his whole person) holds his hand only as to give thanks and bless, with a countenance all purity and faith. Reader, study this print. True lovers of art have been ready of late to quarrel with the Arundel Society on account of some of the childishnesses of art which they have brought out. This one print helps greatly to redeem their character.

Having thus reached the very saintliness, and well-nigh apotheosis of beggary, I have brought my narrative to the danger of a descent from such height to the common level of the profession, that it may be hard to rise from it to any decent pleasuring of the reader; who hath yet to learn, and is perhaps somewhat impatient, the more homely account of the Beggar's Legacy, which I purposed at the commencement to tell. Yet herein I do but in a manner figure the beggar's fortune (a little lower indeed); for many a one is first lifted to the summit of wealth and honour, only to be cast down to the dust of poverty, like poor Belisarius. And it has answered the purpose, if therein has been seen that in the very abjectness of the lowest fortune there may be an indwelling dignity of patience, of devotion, and the grace of many virtues, which rags may not defile. Was it not in the

utter abjectness of his fortune—in his ruin, his poverty, his exile, a wanderer to strangers' homes for support and rest to his weary body—that the great spirit of Dante even then raised itself upon its inner throne, and in the majesty and authority of his sublime and melancholy virtue, passed awful sentences that peopled his Inferno?—and then, awhile, his severity passing away, dissolved in a dream of love and beauty, did he refresh the wounded gentleness of his nature, and poured forth strains of tenderness; and the gates of his Paradiso flew open to him, that the blessed, and more loved than all, his own Beatrice, might come—and he saw that they came to hear. The beggared Dante thus speaks of his condition: "Wandering over every part to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant, showing, against my will, the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving on whom it is inflicted. I have, indeed, been a vessel without sail, and without steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty, and have appeared before the eyes of many, who, perhaps, from some report that had reached them, had imagined me of a different form; in whose sight not only my person was disparaged, but every action of mine became of less value, as well already performed, as those which yet remained for me to attempt."*

Poor Dante, or rich Dante, which shall be his title? The wealth of Florence could not have purchased his genius; but its spite could beggar his fortunes. The Florentines, his countrymen, who beggared him, and exiled him, became themselves continual and unavailing beggars for his bones and dust. And what pride on earth was there so great that would not have thought itself glorified by being inscribed in

* CARY'S *Life of Dante.*

the most insignificant corner of his monument ? * I wonder if there be not somewhere a larger and fuller Saint's Calendar than that which hath here on earth been published and proclaimed. It is hoped some poor beggars may not have been forgotten in it, who have had very poor funerals, and scarcely a beggarly procession.

"It seems, if I had lived to make a will, and bequeathed so much legacy as would purchase some preacher a neat cassock, I should have died in as good estate and assurance for my soul as the best gentleman in the parish, had my monument in a conspicuous place of the church, where I should have been cut in the form of prayer, as if I had been called away at my devotion, and so, for haste to be in heaven, went thither with my book and spectacles."†

There is a great deal of real poetry in the world—I mean not the world of versifiers,—but the poetry of life, poetry in existences recorded and unrecorded, of those who have been recognised, and those who die "unnoticed and unknown;" —poetry that is not a whit less real because it escapes the skill of the delineators of human character. How often is it buried under apparently trivial daily employments and doings, that are at discord with the heroic, or patient and suffering sentiment—shrinking within, from the touch and the thoughts that promise no sympathy, and hidden perhaps still further into its own soul-retreat by an outward ridicule

* Two costly monuments were erected to the memory of Dante—one in 1483, by Bernardo Bembo, father of the cardinal; and a still more magnificent one in 1780, by the Cardinal Gonzaga. The former had an effigy of the poet in bas-relief, and the following Latin inscription,—

"Exiguâ tumuli, Danthes, hic sorte jacebas,
Squalenti nulli cognite pene situ.
At nunc marmoreo subnixus conderis arcu,
Omnibus et cultu splendidiore nites.
Nemirum Bembus Musis incensus Etruscis,
Hoc tibi, quem imprimis tu coluere, dedit."

† SHIRLEY, *The Witty Fair One.*

or contempt cast upon its outward garment. Such is peculiarly the case in the life of him to whom is applicable the line—

"And Melancholy marked him for her own."

Tragedy on the stage is not more tragic than in the actual lives of men. Both can have but their one and alike sad finale; the one called out from extraneous incidents, by the electric sympathy of the playwright's genius, and made by his art visible to all—the other known and felt but by few, and yet in every circle, and for the day. The world is not all prosaic, as some say, and never will be. But it has acquired a trick of hiding and almost denying what it daily feels and knows. The conventionalities of society are the refuge which each individual takes too willingly into ostensible commonplace—a dulness that is but a put-on deadness to the more private tragedy and comedy, that every one is sensible of being in himself and in all around him.

It is, however, time to bring this prelude to an end, lest it become tedious, and, by becoming irrelevant also, be thought impertinent to the simple narrative which at the commencement I purposed to give. I have been as one in an orchestra playing an overture, not sufficiently considering the greatness or the meanness, as it may be, of the piece to which it should be an introduction; and who, not having any great skill to manage the stops of his instrument, and to reduce them agreeably and insensibly to the proper key-note, has been playing a voluntary of vagaries, both to hide the defects of his art, and impelled to go on, from the difficulty of escaping from the labyrinth of his concords and discords. In this manner I may have pitched my notes alternately too high and too low, and led to an expectation that my poor story is better and worse than it is. Yet it is in fact both high and low—inasmuch as it is a tale of a poor beggar, it is low—inasmuch as it is a tale of gratitude, it is

high; for gratitude is a high virtue, and, like every other virtue, assuming the nobler height from being measured from the lowness of the ground from which it ascends. And let me say, that in telling this simple tale of a Beggar's Legacy, I am sensible of a gratitude due from me, who have been ultimately the recipient of this legacy. But as I have just now elevated gratitude, I had best say nothing of my own debt, lest I seem rather to magnify my performance as an over-payment, than as an honest discharge of a common duty. Payment, indeed!—payment in a little ink and a few words, that, like counters, are but things to play with, and pay nothing, and cost nothing—self-flattery of the would-be payer. Praise to a dead ear, that, rake up all its dust as compact as you will, never will hear. It may be so — yet who pretends to know that? Then, let living humanity give receipt for it, as not worthless. For humanity that dies not has its accounts — its history to make up, and deliver in— and might well thankfully receive every, however trifling, anecdote of virtue, and of duty performed, to embellish pages that might otherwise be blank, or perhaps dark.

Towards the end of the last century, a gentleman was walking homewards, in the city of Bristol, when he was accosted by a beggar in the street, in these words: "Sir, I have been looking about for a gentleman to whom I might with confidence address myself, and tell my wants. I think I have found him in you." Here, the reader will be at once ready to say—"What an accomplished beggar! this flattery was not learnt in a day."—Reader, if such be your thought, you are mistaken. I verily believe that this was the first day in his life that this poor old man, for old he was, begged, but you shall hear further the nature of his "beggar's petition." It is, however, needful that you know something of him to whom the petition was made. That person was in appearance, what he was thoroughly in character, a *gentleman;*

never had any one a kinder, a more generous heart. He was acquainted with the world through intercourse with society, and through extensive literature. He was a ripe scholar, and a man of refined taste. He has been dead more than forty years, yet has the writer of this narrative a remembrance of him never to be erased, for it is made perfect and sanctified by filial veneration, founded upon a rare excellence. Further description would be painful, it would be like the breaking into a sanctuary, and exposing sacred things. If I have given the beggar's words, it is because the whole scene was vividly detailed to me by so truthful an authority. The beggar paused. After a while he continued, "I am alone in the world, have lost wife and children, my two sons were killed at Bunker's Hill. I have nothing to live for. I want a place to die in. I ask for a pass to St Peter's Hospital. I think you can obtain it for me." He did not ask for money, but for a place to die in. Such an address as this was sure to move the person to whom it was made. He replied—that the hospital which the man desired was a wretched place, a receptacle for the lowest paupers. "You seem to have seen better days. You would be miserable there. I should be loth to obtain for you that which you desire. You have certainly seen better days." "I have," replied the beggar, for such I shall continue to call him. "I have been a painter—but am now old and alone, and only want where to end my life." "I must have a further talk with you. Call at my house at——. In the meanwhile take wherewith to supply your immediate wants, and don't forget to call upon me." And the time was fixed. The man received with hesitation the gift, and they separated. The beggar called at the appointed time, and often repeated his visits. More and more the gentleman became interested in him—was pleased with his conversation—desired him to wait till he could do something better for him—begged him to accept

a weekly sum for his maintenance, until he could be better provided for. How long this weekly eleemosynary support continued I am not able to say, whether months, a year, or even years. The result was a comfortable location in the "Merchants' Alms-House," where, with, I have no doubt, some other monthly aids delicately given, the old man enjoyed some years of tranquillity. He said he had been a painter. It was a happy coincidence in this his latter fortune, that he addressed himself to one to whom a scarcely better recommendation could have been offered; for he was passionately fond of the arts, and was himself practically an amateur. The old man must have had an eventful life, for at one time he had been a mariner. There was a book of many events, many cares, many thoughts, and much gathered observation, visibly written in his countenance. I will describe his portrait as it is now before me—painted by himself, and very well painted too, in his Alms-House dress.

THE BEGGAR'S PORTRAIT.

First, as to his dress. On his head is a faded red velvet cap, much like that seen in the portraits of authors in Queen Anne's time; a gown of green cloth, somewhat coarse, hangs in loose folds round his person; round the neck a plain white cravat, tied rather loosely. As to features, the shape of the face is square, but within that squareness is a rounded fulness; the features might somewhat resemble those of Hogarth, but the eyes are not so large, the nose not quite so curt, the mouth more compressed, and there is more of decision in the length and firmness of the jaw than in Hogarth. The forehead is broad and open, and more prominent than in the satiric painter, the brow less arched, the eyes remarkably keen and observant. In character, excepting in the point of observation, the resemblance to Hogarth is lost, for there is

no expression of combativeness. It is mild, inquiring, experienced, and meditative upon experiences. You would pronounce him a naturalist, as I believe he was. This experienced look is very striking—visible in his eyes and mouth; you might apply to him what was said of Ulysses—take the Latin version of Horace:—

"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."

Men, their manners, and their cities, he had seen; but what men and manners? There is nothing of the Grecian hero in his countenance. There is the impression of the world he had seen—not in its best phase of manners, but in its coarser nature; and though there is gentleness, kindness, in the aspect, it is without its polish—its varnish. It pictures much that he had felt as well as much that he had seen. It is no ideal, but a commonplace portrait of one whom, at first, most people would call a commonplace man, for it would be difficult to class him of a high grade. But I doubt, if it were in a gallery, and seen a second time, if it would not arrest attention, and something singular be seen in it. There is certainly an indication of that wandering disposition I have before spoken of, as of a gentle, scarcely perceptible unsoundness; but much of this was lost in the look of keen observation which the whole countenance had acquired. I have looked at the portrait so often that I find it one of the most interesting I have ever seen. I see a strangeness written in many lineaments—the exact character of which I cannot describe; and it is the more strange on that account: sensible, shrewd, inquisitive, patient, unimpassioned—as one cognisant of other men's doings and thoughts—uncommunicative of his own. In age he looks not so old in the picture as I remember him. Do I then remember him? it may be asked. Perfectly—and why not? Often, when a boy, have I seen this beggar at his benefactor-friend's table—at the table of a man of polished manners, a scholar, and of refined

taste—where he was ever welcomed, unexceptionable as was his whole demeanour, unembarrassed, entertaining, quiet, modest, not from any imposed restraint, but from the sterling, true, simple manliness of his nature. I have described him as I remember him, and as I see him now in his portrait, painted by his own hand, the size of life.

I have mentioned the pleasant, and I may say, friendly intercourse between him and his benefactor (*which* deserves best the name of benefactor may yet be seen). It happened that some weeks passed without his making his appearance as was his wont. This created uneasiness—a confidential servant was sent to the alms-house to inquire the cause of our old guest absenting himself. This servant found him ill in his bed, and in a dying state, and one of those human fiends one sometimes reads of, an unfeeling old nurse-tender, was stealing the sheets from under him. The old man was able to express great satisfaction at the arrival of good Benjamin—such was the servant's name. He was glad he had come, for he was desirous to make his will. To make his will!—what could such a one have to bequeath? However, he did make his will, in a few words bequeathing to his patron-friend whatever he might die possessed of. That was his death-bed.

Before this event he had one day asked his friend if he had ever seen his journal — he would bring it to him. It may have been opened, or not, I cannot say; it may have been considered a mere sailor's journal, and not read. At the old man's death what was the property? I think I have heard not less than a couple of hundred volumes of books. The MS. "Penrose's Journal," a MS. volume of Lives of Painters, collected by the deceased; some volumes of transcribed poetry; portraits of his two wives, and of himself — that which is now before me, and which I have described. Wherein lay the value of such a legacy? It will be presently seen.

The affectionate interest in the old man's memory naturally led to a remembrance of his journal—the MS. entitled "Journal of Llewellin Penrose, a Seaman." * I have not before advertised the reader that the old man's name was not Penrose, but Williams. I pass on to the narrative. The journal was read, and I well remember with what delight, by every member of the family; and such was its deep interest that I am able to tell an anecdote not very much to my own credit, however it may speak well for the tale of the journal. I was then a boy; I had not finished the manuscript when the last day of my holidays arrived. It is too true, but I must confess it, I *contrived* the next morning to be too late for the coach which was to have conveyed me many miles from home. I was thus able to finish the story. And what is this story? it may be asked. That is a question I doubt if I should answer. Is it true or a fiction? I can no more tell than any one else who may read it. I can only say, if not true, it is a most ingenious invention, and I should add, that many dates and events spoken of incidentally in the journal have been inquired into and examined and found correct. But it will be seen, ere I close this account, that one person, who had previously known this "beggar," did believe the story, and asserted that he knew some of the circumstances to have been in the old man's former life. His former life! Then who was he? whence did he come? what had been his life? What was known about him before he came to Bristol, for the strange purpose of dying in the hospital of paupers? The man who could paint such portraits as his own, and of his deceased wives, it might be

* *The Journal of Llewellin Penrose, a Seaman.* Four volumes, 8vo. London: Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street; and William Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1815.

The Same. One volume. With a Print, and Vignette in the Title-page. A New Edition, London: Printed for Taylor and Hessey, 93 Fleet Street, and 13 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. 1825.

thought, might have gained his living. And then his books —where were they when he thus sought this miserable refuge, and place of death? Natural questions. No doubt he might have maintained himself. Perhaps there was a delusion in his mind that he could not—perhaps he really could not—from that strange cause that I have attributed to that little wandering which becomes the characteristic of some minds, in which misfortune and remembrances that must be shunned have unsettled everything, excepting that root of sanity from which common thoughts and common reasonings and usages of life daily and mechanically proceed.

Certainly no one, in any conversation with him, would for a moment have doubted his perfect sanity; never did he show any tangible symptom—never, that I have ever heard of, any delusion. If there was one, it was deeply imbedded and out of sight, and no outward spring was visible, or ever touched, that caused a vibration. Perhaps I am wrong in this slightest intimation of a suspicion. But he had been a wanderer; and I have shown my theory, which must be accepted as a general theory. I leave the reader to apply it or reject it, and in any degree, to the individual subject of this memoir.

His patron, whom I should now rather name the legatee, was so much interested in the narrative of Penrose's Journal, that he copied in his own handwriting the whole of it, and had it well bound with blank leaves for illustration of some of its incidents. His friend Nicholas Pocock, the celebrated marine painter, and Edward Bird (subsequently R.A.), made drawings for the book. I was present whenever the latter was at work. The book is now in my sight, with others that belonged to the old man, on my book-shelves. But now, to answer the question as to some further accounts of him. As yet no trace of him had been discovered previous to his coming to Bristol. But though unknown at the time,

there was one man, and probably one man only, who could give any information respecting him. And here I cannot but remark how very curious are coincidences. It was a fortunate coincidence that, on his coming to Bristol, he addressed that particular person, most likely to rescue him from the miserable situation he sought — most likely to appreciate his character, to have a sympathy in his tastes and pursuits—most likely to preserve even the little library he had collected, and to value his manuscripts. Without this coincidence everything would, in all probability, have been scattered, utterly lost, and he might have died miserably. There would have been no legacy, and "Penrose's Journal" would never have seen the light. And here it occurs to mention another coincidence — one out of the many that make truth appear more strange than fiction; and which might well cause a suspicion, now and hereafter, to be thrown upon this simple statement I am making. Indeed I know that, though I have so distinctly asserted, and now most distinctly assert the contrary, this work, "Penrose's Journal," has been given to me as its author; and that which I am about to narrate has been treated as a fiction, allowable in novel-making, and as patent an invention as a preface to the *Travels of Lemuel Gulliver*, or any of the numerous literary impositions which usually amuse the world.

Having so copied out fairly and illustrated this journal of "Penrose, a Seaman," years after the old man's death the copier and legatee, being at his lodgings in London, had taken the manuscript with him. One day, when he was not within, Mr West, President of the Royal Academy, called upon him, and waited his return. On the drawing-room table was the book. Mr West opened it, and, having to wait a considerable time, amused himself by reading a good portion. When the gentleman returned, to his surprise Mr

West acquainted him that he knew the author. I find among some papers a memorandum made at the time of this interview with Mr West, of which I here give the substance —no, I will rather transcribe the memorandum, dated 10th July 1805:—

"He (Mr West) dipped into Penrose's Journal, and read several pages in different parts. I was from home when he came, but returned time enough to give him an account of the author. He seemed very attentive to my history of Williams, and put several questions to me. He said every answer I gave tended to confirm his opinion. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have looked at several parts of this book, and much that I have seen I know to be true. I know the man, too; and what is more extraordinary, had it not been for him, I never should have been a painter. It happened thus: I had a relation at Philadelphia, of the name of Pennington, whom I used frequently to visit while there. I saw a person carrying a picture, a landscape, the first, I believe, I had ever seen. I was very much struck with it, and desired him to show it to me. He did; and asked me if I was fond of painting? and, if I was, desired me to come to his house, and he would show me other things. I saw there some cattle-pieces, admired them, and inquired how he could paint them so accurately? He said he would show me the secret; and took a small box, which proved to be a camera. He showed me the construction of it. I went home, and was not at rest till I had made one for myself; and my father gave me the glass out of an old pair of spectacles to complete it. My delight was then to go into the farmyards, and, by means of my camera, draw the cattle, &c. I knew that Williams had seen many of the things he describes in the journal; and he gave me the same account of them. He first lent me *The Lives of the Painters*,* which lighted up a fire in my breast which has never been extinguished, and confirmed my inclination for the art. On my return from Italy, I sent to my friends in America, as a remembrance of me, my picture, which I had painted whilst abroad. I received a letter from Williams, for that was his name, with a complimentary copy of verses, in which he was pleased to flatter me very highly; but, what is more extraordinary, the lines may be considered as prophetic of my future success in life, which they anticipate. I have his

* This book, in Williams's handwriting, which was then lent to the youth West, is now in my possession.

letter and verses by me now somewhere. I take it, he adopted the name Penrose from a great ship-builder of that name, who was a great friend of his; it being very common for sea-faring men to adopt the names of their particular friends, instead of their own. Williams afterwards came to England. I was of some service to him in London, but of a sudden missed him from town; and on inquiring, I believe of one Smith, an engraver, who knew him well, he told me he was gone to Bristol, as he was very poor, and had almost lost his eyesight, to claim some provision to which he was entitled from the parish. I was struck with this coincidence with the history of Williams; it induced me to put further questions concerning him, which confirmed my opinion that it was my old friend's composition that was before me; and what you had shown me of *The Lives of the Painters* I knew to be his handwriting.'"

Again:—

"13th. Saw Mr West again. He said, 'Perhaps I am the only person in existence who could give any account of Williams's life and manners. He first came to Virginia, from London, in a ship commanded by Captain Hunter. Between this time and his appearance at Philadelphia, when I first met him, was an interval of more than twenty years; which time I consider him to have passed in the adventures related in the journal.'"

I have likewise the following letter from Mr West:—

"From the year 1747 to 1760, my attention was directed to every point necessary to accomplish me for the profession of painting. This often brought me to the house of Williams; and as he was an excellent actor in taking off character, he often, to amuse me, repeated his adventures among the Indians, many of which adventures were strictly the same as related in your manuscript of Penrose, as was also the description of the scenery of the coasts, the birds on them, in particular the flamingo birds, which he described, when seen at a distance, as appearing like companies of soldiers dressed in red uniforms. He spoke the language of the savages, and appeared to me to have lived among them some years. I often asked him how he came to be with them: he replied he had gone to sea when young, but was never satisfied with that pursuit; that he had been shipwrecked, and thrown into great difficulties, but Providence had preserved him through a variety of dangers. He told me he imbibed his

love for painting when at a grammar-school in Bristol, where his greatest delight was to go and see an elderly artist who painted heads in oil, as well as small landscapes."

To this account I can add what I heard from Mr West, that this Williams — so many years having passed since they met in America—surprised him by calling upon him in London. He was then painting the battle of La Hogue, and he made Williams sit for a figure in the boat, and whoever wishes to see his portrait will see it in this print, and I think, from the description I have given of him, will not miss finding out the man. Mr West further said that he used very frequently to come and smoke his pipe while he (Mr West) was painting; that he knew him to be collecting prints and heads of painters. That, thinking him poor, he had questioned him, but could never prevail with him to own poverty or to accept money. That he suddenly missed him, and knew not anything of him till he had read the book at the lodgings in London, and had the interview with the transcriber.

I think I have shown that this "Beggar" was indeed a singular man. In the midst of poverty, and with perhaps a wounded heart, he wandered, and yet in some way made art his pursuit. He might have had assistance from an able friend, the President of the Academy. He would none of it; but at an instinct, as it were, yielding to the perverseness of his fortune, he wandered further still, to seek misery, from which, in spite of himself, Fortune, to show her caprice, rescued him, and compelled him to rest at last, and die in peace.

But I have said nothing yet of the value of the legacy. I will speak but of one part of it. I sold to Mr Murray one edition of the "Journal of Penrose, Seaman," for two hundred guineas. It appeared in 1815 in four volumes. Subsequently I received a proposal from Messrs Hessey and

Taylor for another edition. It appeared in one volume, but, owing to some circumstances relating to that firm, I received no accounts, and cannot speak of its success. Thus ends this narrative, which I have thought so curious, of such strange coincidences and character, that I have specially made it the subject of a paper for Maga. I hope, with the accompanying comments, it has been amusing, if not instructing. At least it may teach, from this example of the fraternity, not to be too hard upon beggars, and think with Mr Bumble that they all deserve whipping. For neither would any Bumble, nor many of his superiors, were they in my place, as legatee by succession, despise a "Beggar's Legacy." No, let none despise a "beggar," with or without a legacy prospect. Who knows who a beggar may be? Archbishop Usher appeared as a beggar at a curate's gate, and was reproved by the curate's wife for misnumbering the commandments, as being eleven; but it was understood when next morning he preached a sermon in the church, and gave out his text—"A new commandment I give unto you, that *ye love one another.*" By this, said he, it should appear that there are eleven commandments. The good curate's wife would not again say, "for shame, old man,"—and there will be some wisdom in all of us, if we be made cautious of casting contempt even on a poor beggar. May we not sometimes even go beyond this forbearance? Reader, I will give you an example of a beggar worthy your very highest admiration—one neither fabulous nor of a worn-out date, but of this day, at this hour. The last example was of an archbishop, and he in disguise; this shall be of a bishop, and not in any disguise, but in the very dignity of beggary. It is known that Bishop Selwyn, when he supposed he was by agreement to receive from the Government £600 per annum, for the expenditure imposed by his episcopal office, gave up his private fortune, and devoted it to the best pur-

poses. Finding himself, however, deprived of his Parliamentary grant, and altogether without resources, he simply said, "he would *dig or beg, or both;*" and indeed that good pious bishop will not, and need not ever say, "Dig I cannot —to beg I am ashamed."

It may not be difficult to make out pretty clearly that, in some way or other, we are all beggars—all of one fraternity, and requiring aid in some need. Let us then accept willingly the archbishop's eleventh commandment, and look to ourselves that we do "love one another." We may perhaps, in that case, all receive a "Beggar's Legacy," payable from a never-failing fund, by the hands of those pure celestial executrixes—Faith, Hope, and Charity.

THE END.

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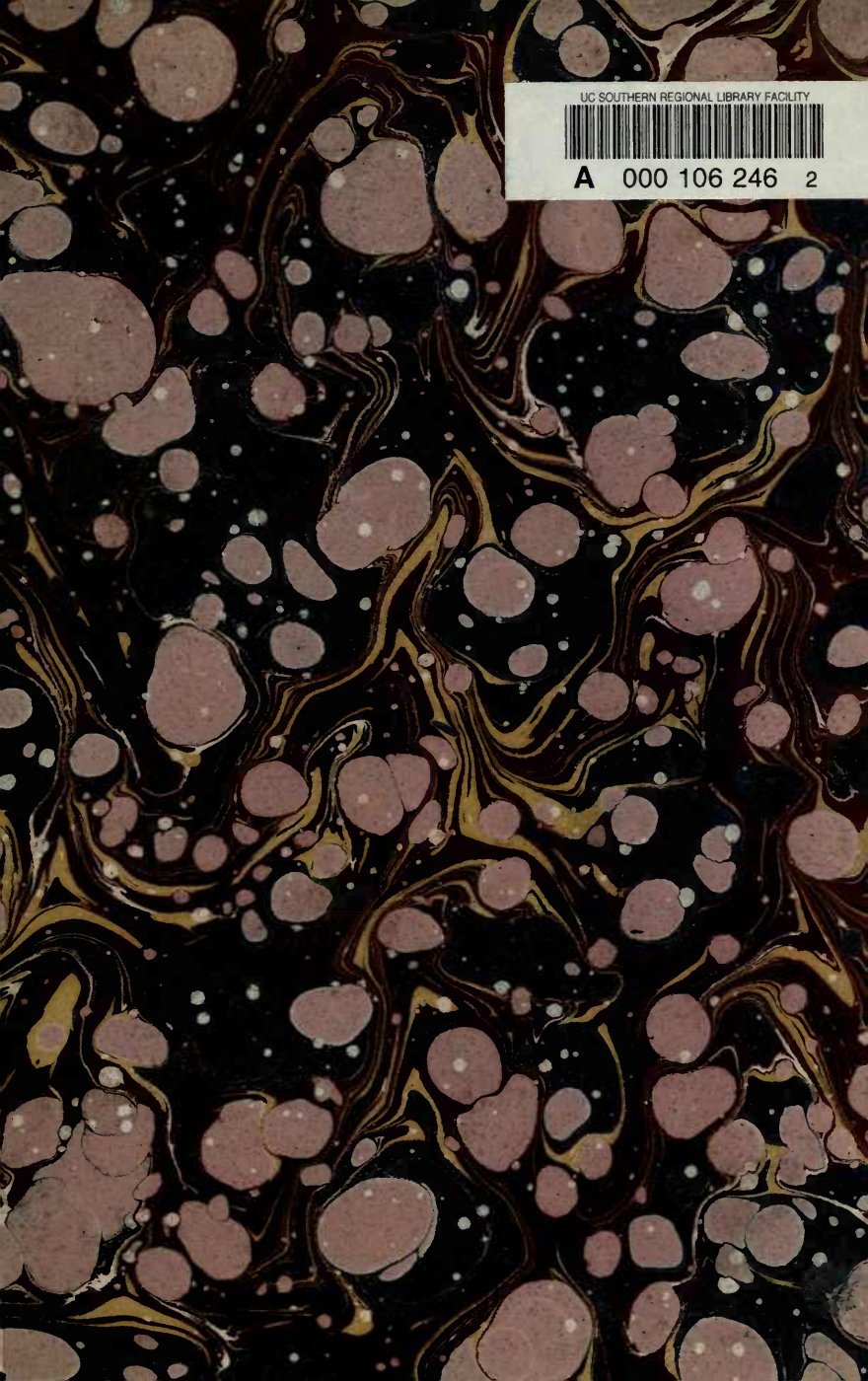
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